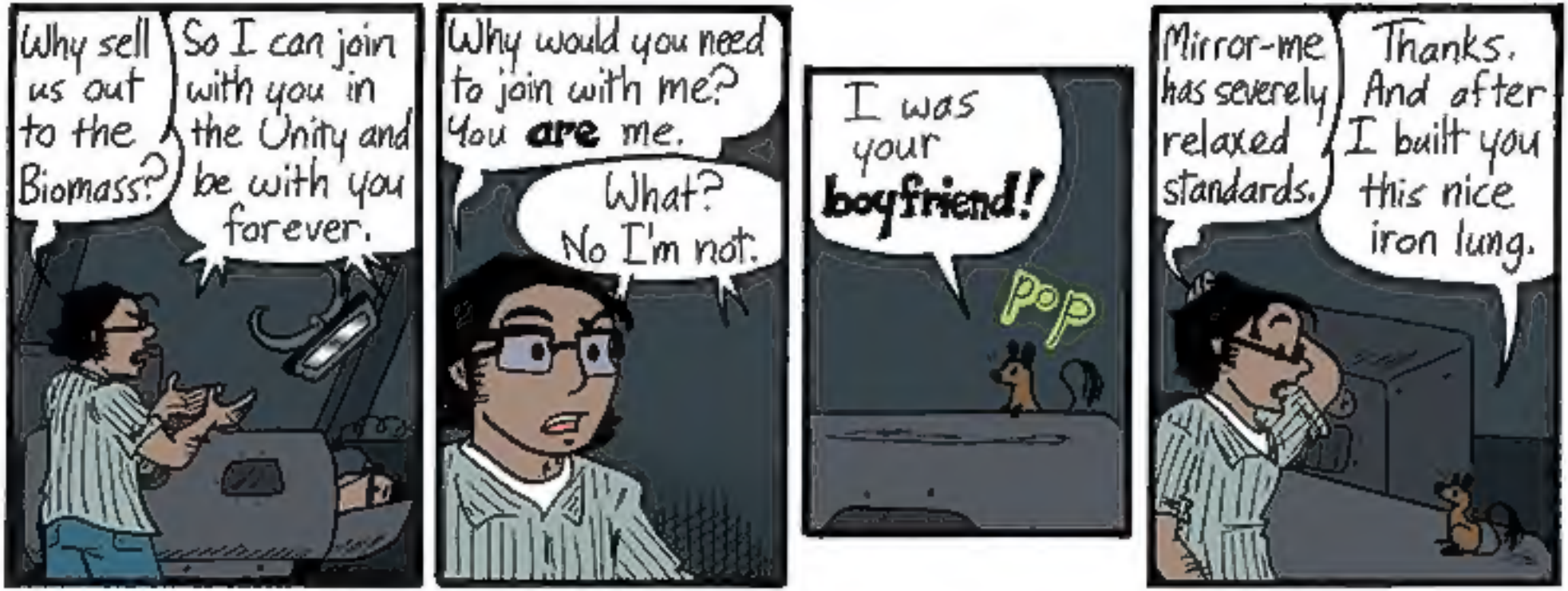
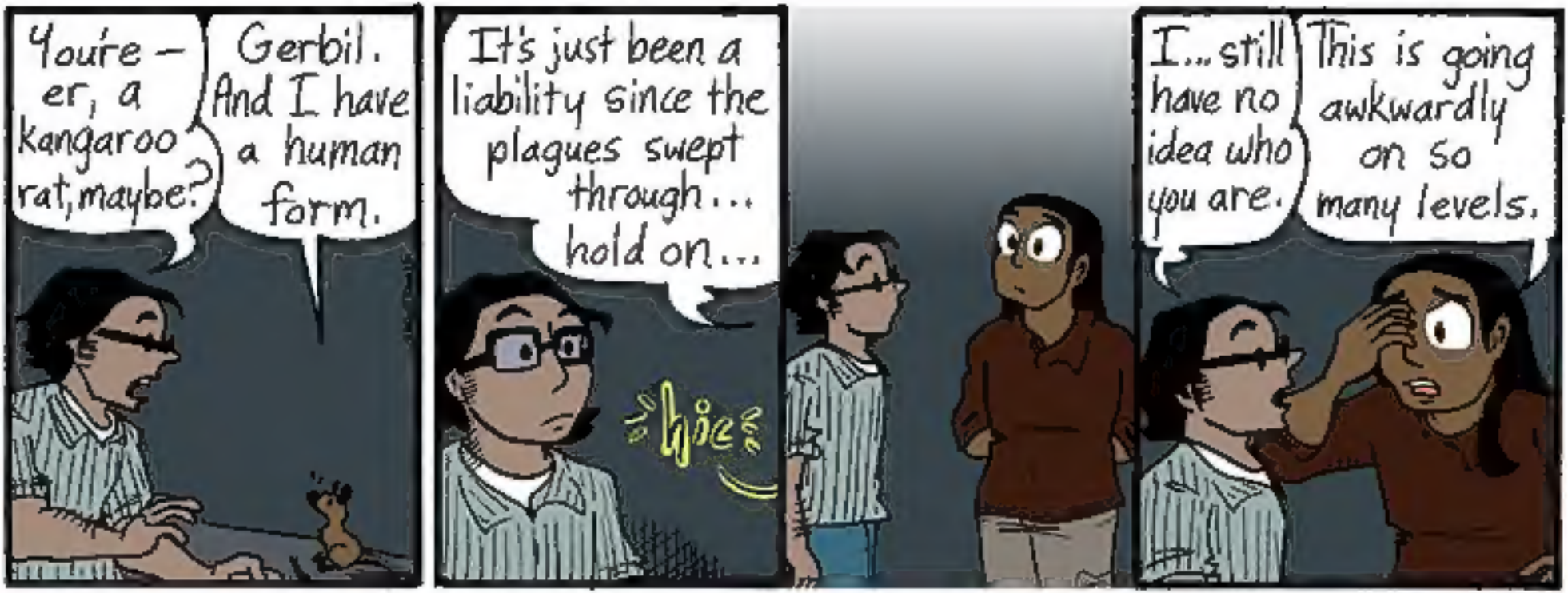
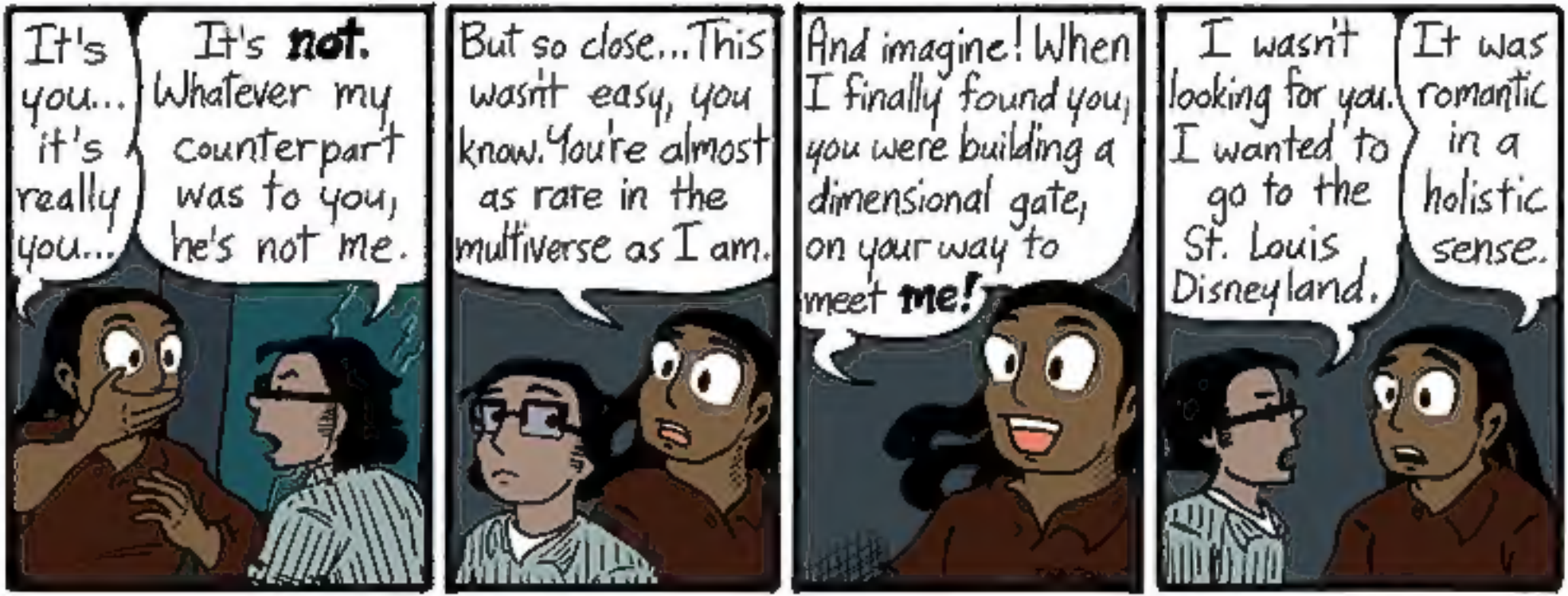
Pretty sterile around here. Not much living tissue.
Tissue I'm especially keen on.
My tendrils report another Unity. I want her. But she's not the important one.
Babe's down there.
Plus there's a dude Tip who dresses like a chick, and I gotta see that.
As long as our priorities are straight.

Zombie Ben Franklin, overwhelm that facility and subsume it into us.
What if they have... defenses?
You were commander-in-chief! Figure it out!
Okay, first, Ben Franklin was never president.
Argh, right... need fresh brains...
Second, as I keep saying, MY NAME IS DAN.
Seriously? The Biomass promised me a Ben Franklin!
Is the mustache not enough?

Do what you can to hold off the Biomass. I'll stay here.
Alone with this nutjob?
Maybe I can talk sense into myself.
I'm desperate enough that sounds good. Team! Let's go!
Sooo... Scattergories?
Fresh out of pencils.


Why sell us out to the Biomass?
So I can join with you in the Unity and be with you forever.
Why would you need to join with me? You are me.
What? No I'm not.
I was your boyfriend!
Pop
Mirror-me has severely relaxed standards.
Thanks. And after I built you this nice iron lung.

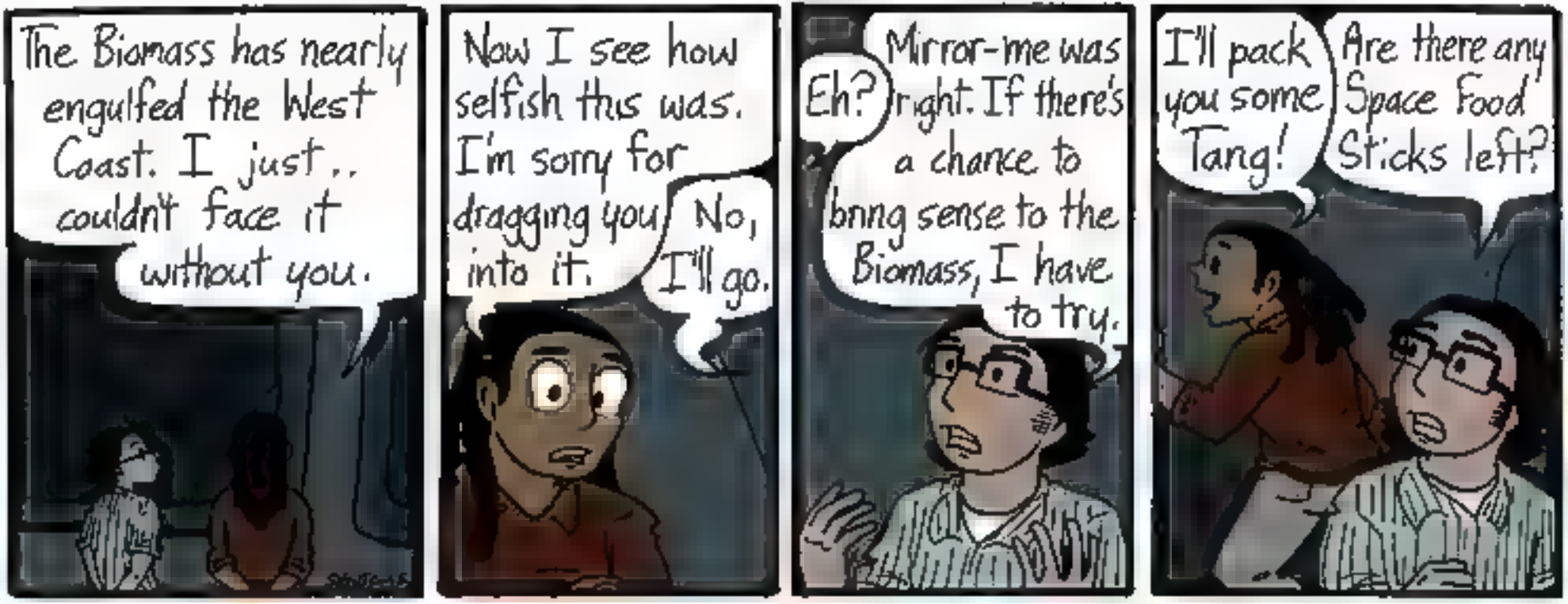

You're – er, a kangaroo rat, maybe?
Gerbil. And I have a human form.
It's just been a liability since the plagues swept through... hold on...
hiss
I... still have no idea who you are.
This is going awkwardly on so many levels.

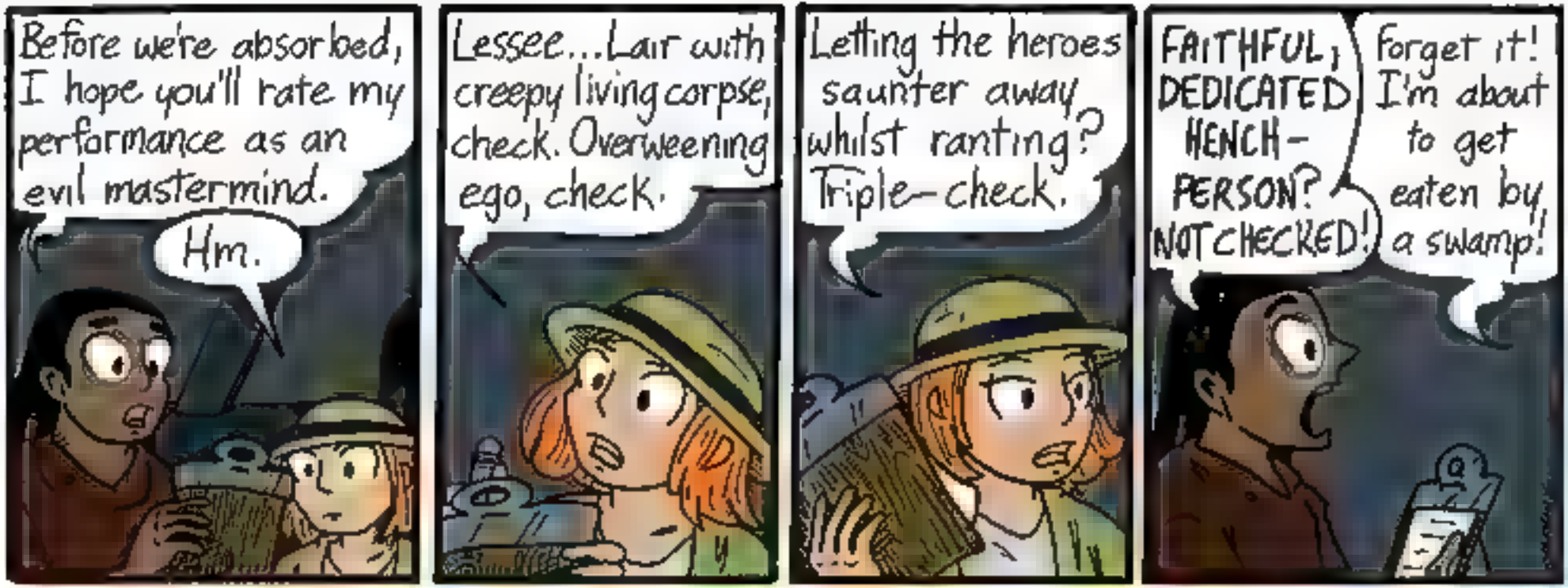

It's you... it's really you...
It's **not.** Whatever my counterpart was to you, he's not me.
But so close...This wasn't easy, you know. You're almost as rare in the multiverse as I am.
And imagine! When I finally found you, you were building a dimensional gate, on your way to meet **me!**
I wasn't looking for you. I wanted to go to the St. Louis Disneyland.
It was romantic in a holistic sense.

I don't know the details of your twisted plan...
It was your idea!
Mine?
You thought you could neutralize the Biomass.
You were going to give it your ethical intellect and leave me behind.
That's kind of brilliant of me, actually.
But when I do it, it's "twisted"! That is so mirror-you!

The Snack of Destruction is Prepared for You
A PARTY IN MY TOOLBOX
A Skin Horse Book
I Got Barfed By a Goat
by S.E. Cuevas and J.C. Wells
The U.S. government wants joy and magic
With a foreword by Shannon's son
A Skin Horse collection

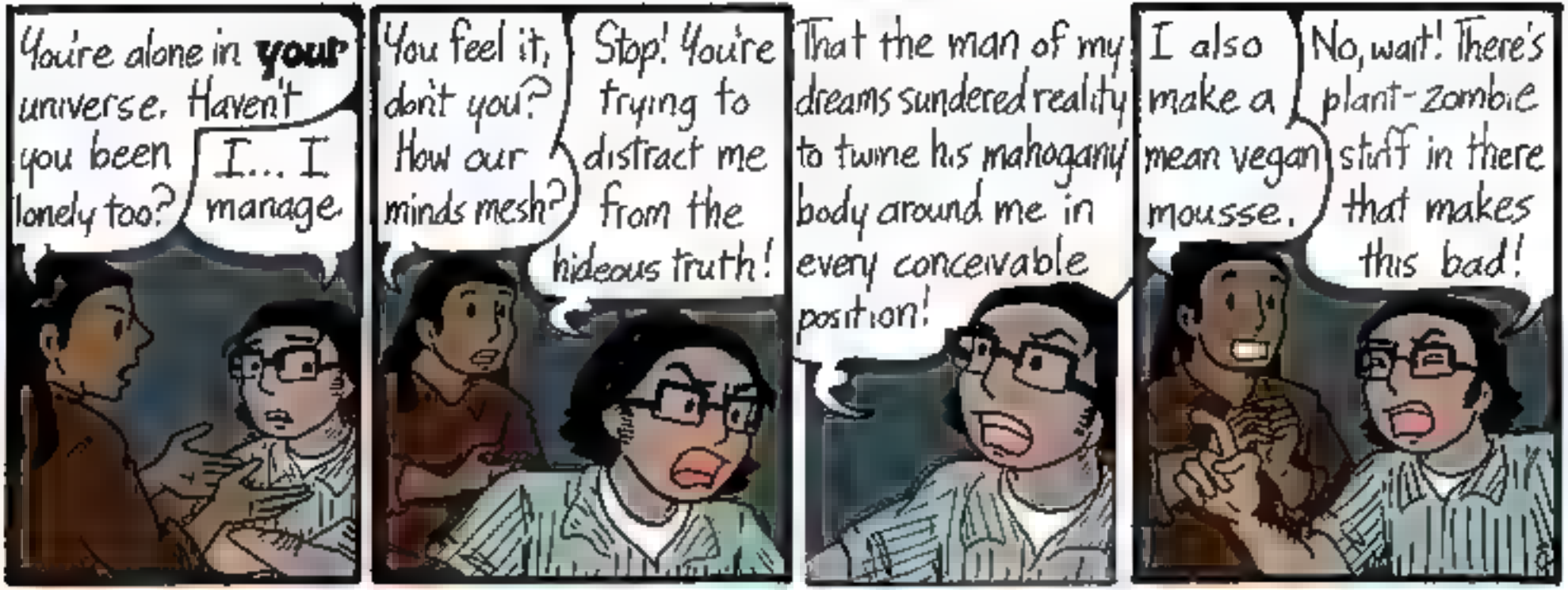
You've predicted our every move.
Parlor tricks. Useless for anything that **matters.**
I couldn't stop H.T. and the radical nonhuman fringe. I couldn't stop the zombies or the Biomass.
If I hadn't been wrapped up in petty mind games, maybe the New War could have been stopped.
You could've at least used your powers to keep Unity from barfing freeze-dried ice cream.
I can't predict every weird thing Skin Horse does.

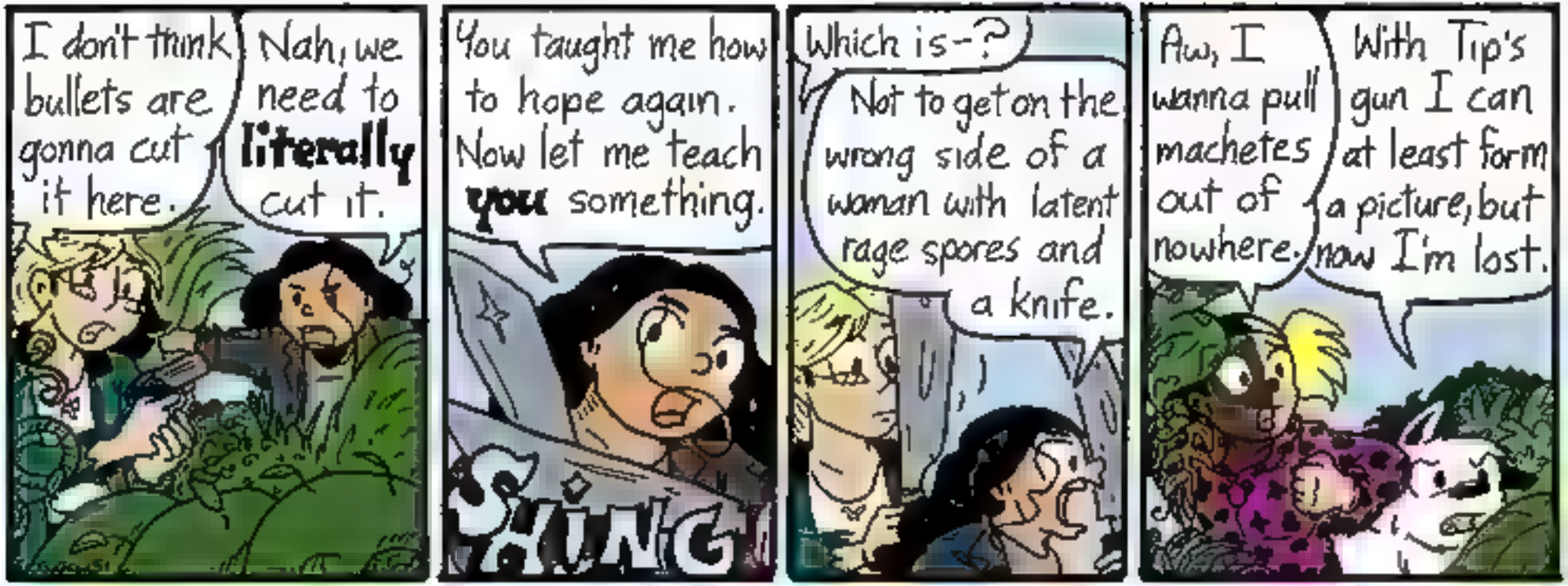

The Biomass has nearly engulfed the West Coast. I just.. couldn't face it without you.
Now I see how selfish this was. I'm sorry for dragging you into it.
No, I'll go.
Eh?
Mirror-me was right. If there's a chance to bring sense to the Biomass, I have to try.
I'll pack you some Tang!
Are there any Space Food Sticks left?

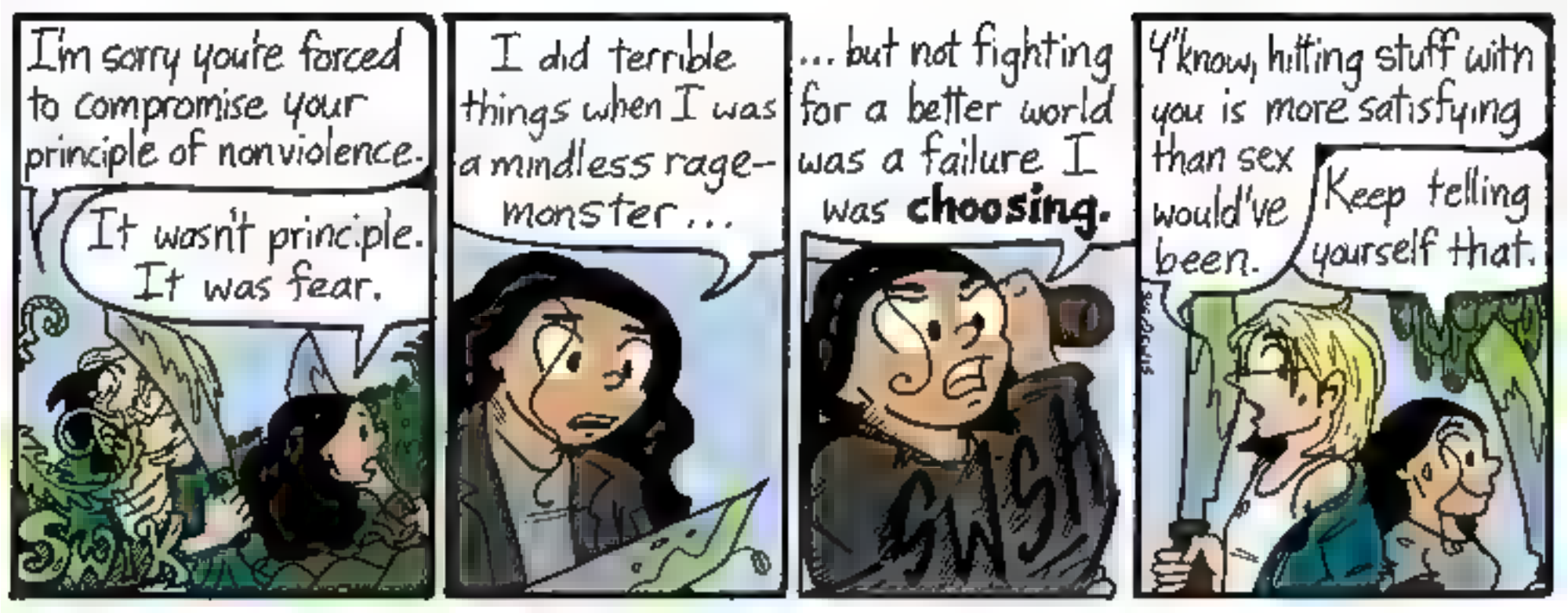

Before we're absorbed, I hope you'll rate my performance as an evil mastermind.
Hm.
Lessee...Lair with creepy living corpse, check. Overweening ego, check.
Letting the heroes saunter away whilst ranting? Triple-check.
FAITHFUL, DEDICATED HENCH-PERSON? NOT CHECKED!
Forget it! I'm about to get eaten by a swamp!

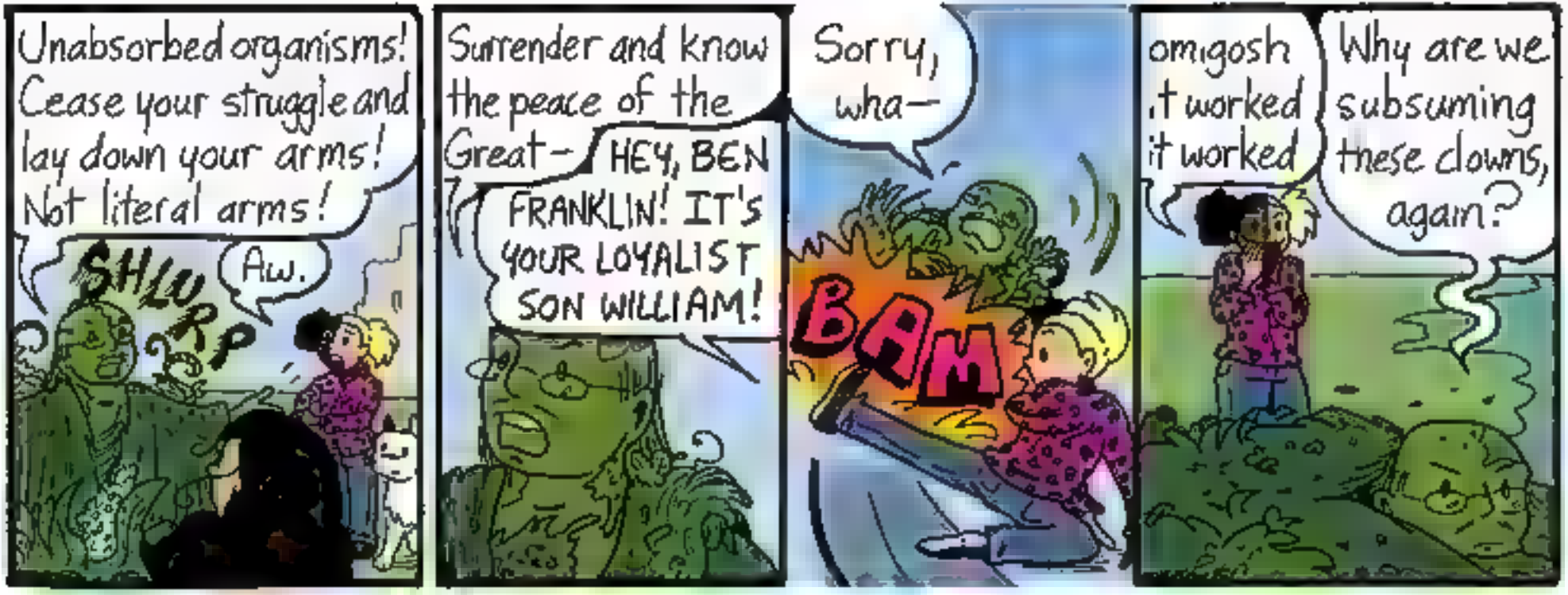
Joshua! Status!
Bein' swarmed by a butt-passel o' zombie swampland!
Dammit, this is no time for quaint westernisms! I need numbers and positions!
Ugh.
See, in tactical terms, this is clearly a "gruntload."
Reckon we got a kit and 26 caboodles.

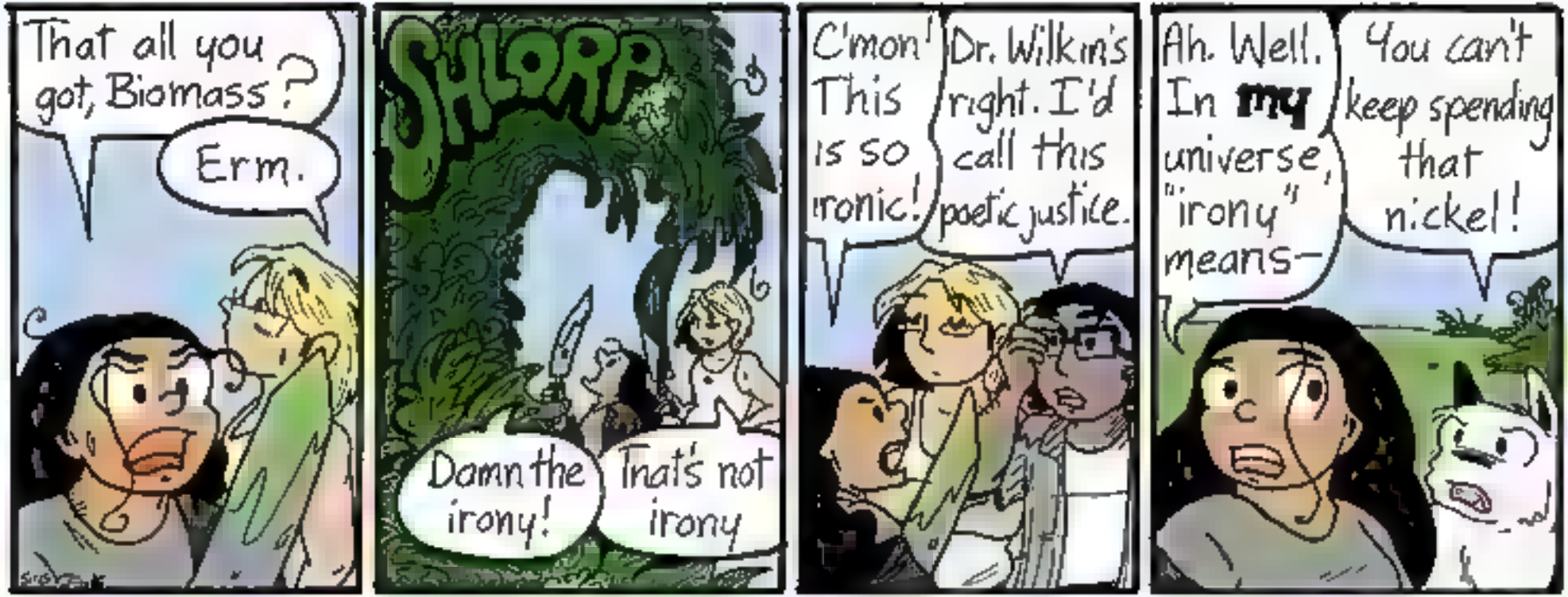
I wanted to go with you, but you said my pride and ego would make the Biomass worse.
Really.
But instead of merging, the Biomass killed you!
I salvaged your body! Tried every method to revive you! And when I failed, I transgressed space and time to grant your final wish!
But, er, in a humble and non-egotistical way.
All from your unpretentious little Command Center of Doom.

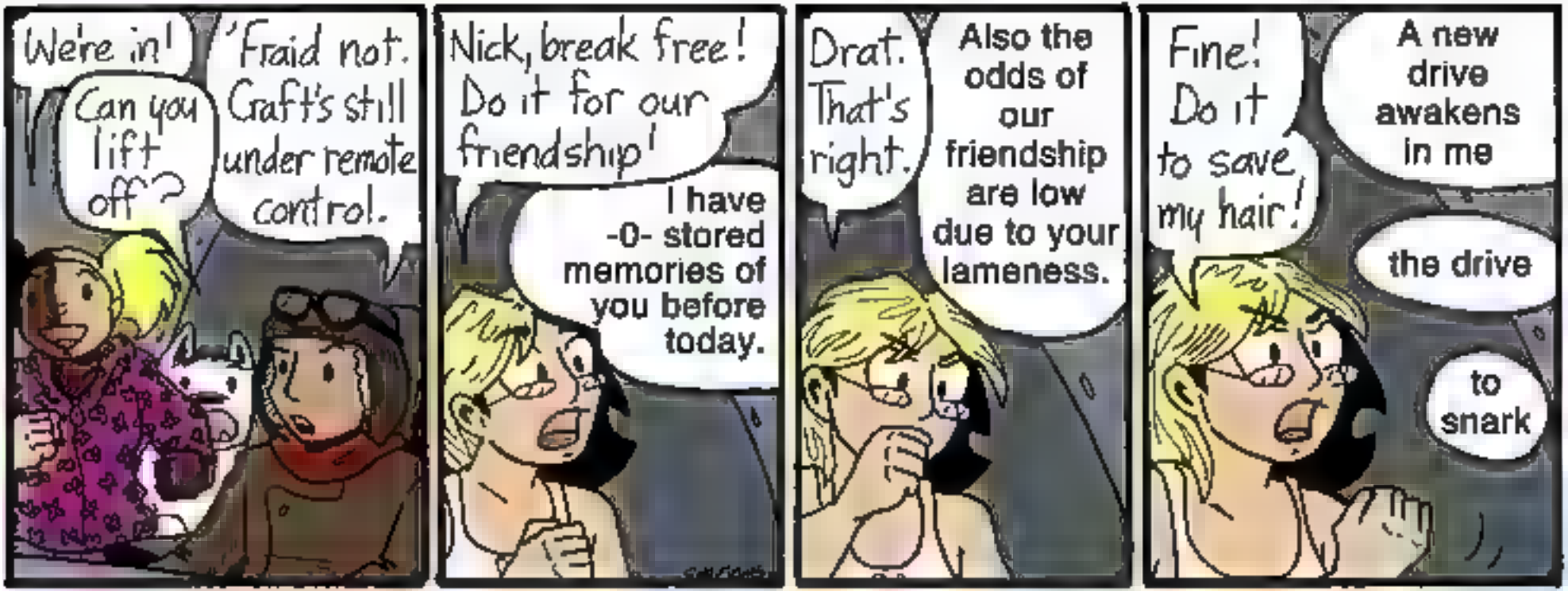

You're alone in your universe. Haven't you been lonely too?
I... I manage.
You feel it, don't you? How our minds mesh?
Stop! You're trying to distract me from the hideous truth!
That the man of my dreams sundered reality to twine his mahogany body around me in every conceivable position!
I also make a mean vegan mousse.
No, wait! There's plant-zombie stuff in there that makes this bad!


I don't think bullets are gonna cut it here.
Nah, we need to literally cut it.
You taught me how to hope again. Now let me teach you something.
SHING
Which is-?
Not to get on the wrong side of a woman with latent rage spores and a knife.
Aw, I wanna pull machetes out of nowhere.
With Tip's gun I can at least form a picture, but now I'm lost.


I'm sorry you're forced to compromise your principle of nonviolence.
It wasn't principle. It was fear.
I did terrible things when I was a mindless rage-monster...
...but not fighting for a better world was a failure I was choosing.
SWSH
Y'know, hitting stuff with you is more satisfying than sex would've been.
Keep telling yourself that.

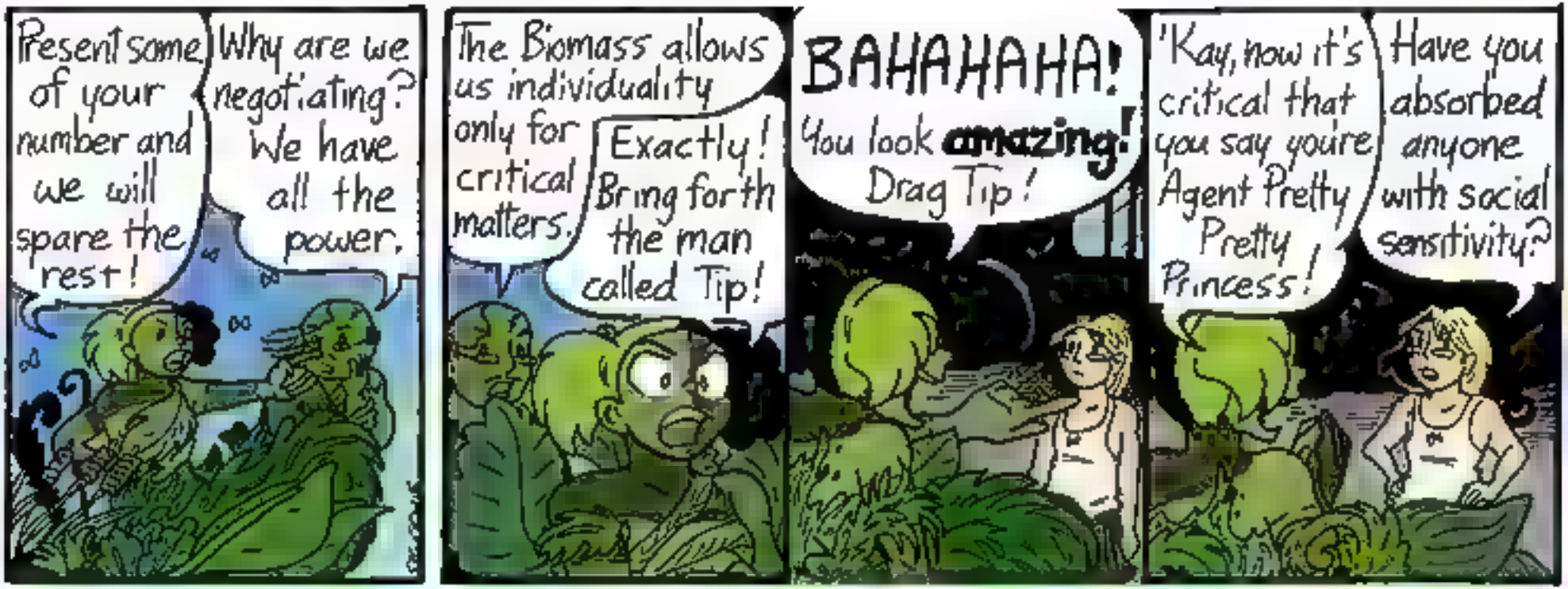

Unabsorbed organisms! Cease your struggle and lay down your arms! Not literal arms!
SHLURP
Aw.
Surrender and know the peace of the Great-
HEY, BEN FRANKLIN! IT'S YOUR LOYALIST SON WILLIAM!
Sorry, wha-
BAM
omigosh it worked it worked
Why are we subsuming these clowns, again?

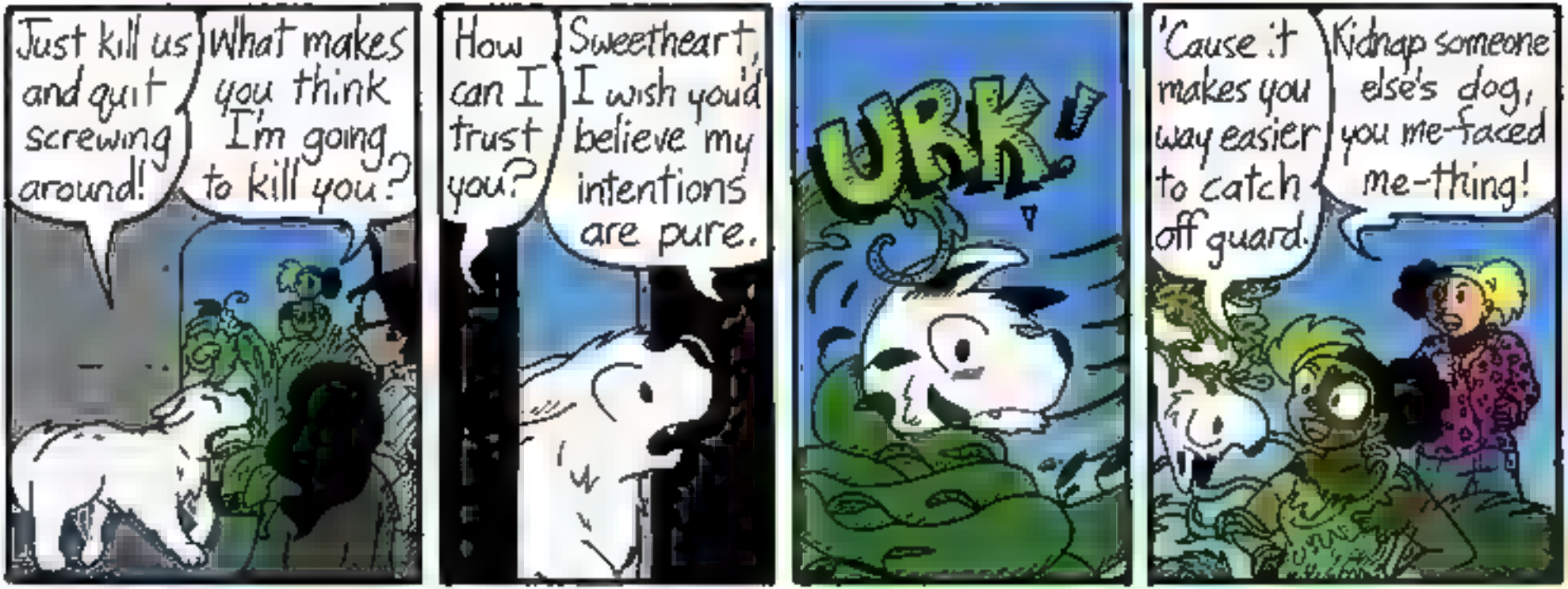

That all you got, Biomass?
Erm.
SHLORP
Damn the irony!
That's not irony
C'mon! This is so ironic!
Dr. Wilkin's right. I'd call this poetic justice.
Ah. Well. In my universe, "irony" means—
You can't keep spending that nickel!


We're in!
Can you lift off?
'Fraid not. Craft's still under remote control.
Nick, break free! Do it for our friendship!
I have -0- stored memories of you before today.
Drat. That's right.
Also the odds of our friendship are low due to your lameness.
Fine! Do it to save my hair!
A new drive awakens in me
the drive
to snark

Hate us like you hate Whimsy Princesses! With deep secret love!
Whimsy Princesses are factually great
I'mo find the transmitter and smash it. No way do I wanna stick around for—
Enough.
Stop this resistance and know the glory and pleasure of Unity.
want.
Fight, goink, or play Xbox with?
yes.

23
2

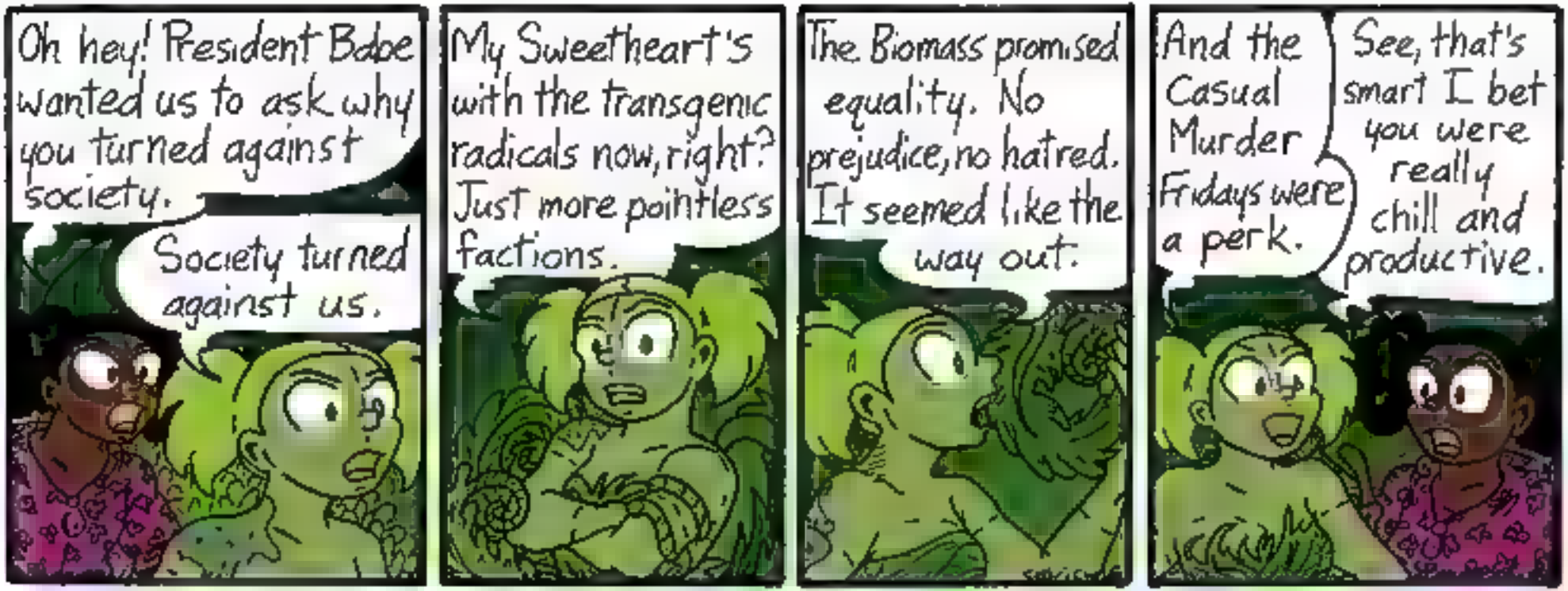

Present some of your number and we will spare the rest!
Why are we negotiating? We have all the power.
The Biomass allows us individuality only for critical matters.
Exactly! Bring forth the man called Tip!
BAHAHAHA!
You look amazing! Drag Tip!
'Kay, now it's critical that you say you're Agent Pretty Pretty Princess!
Have you absorbed anyone with social sensitivity?

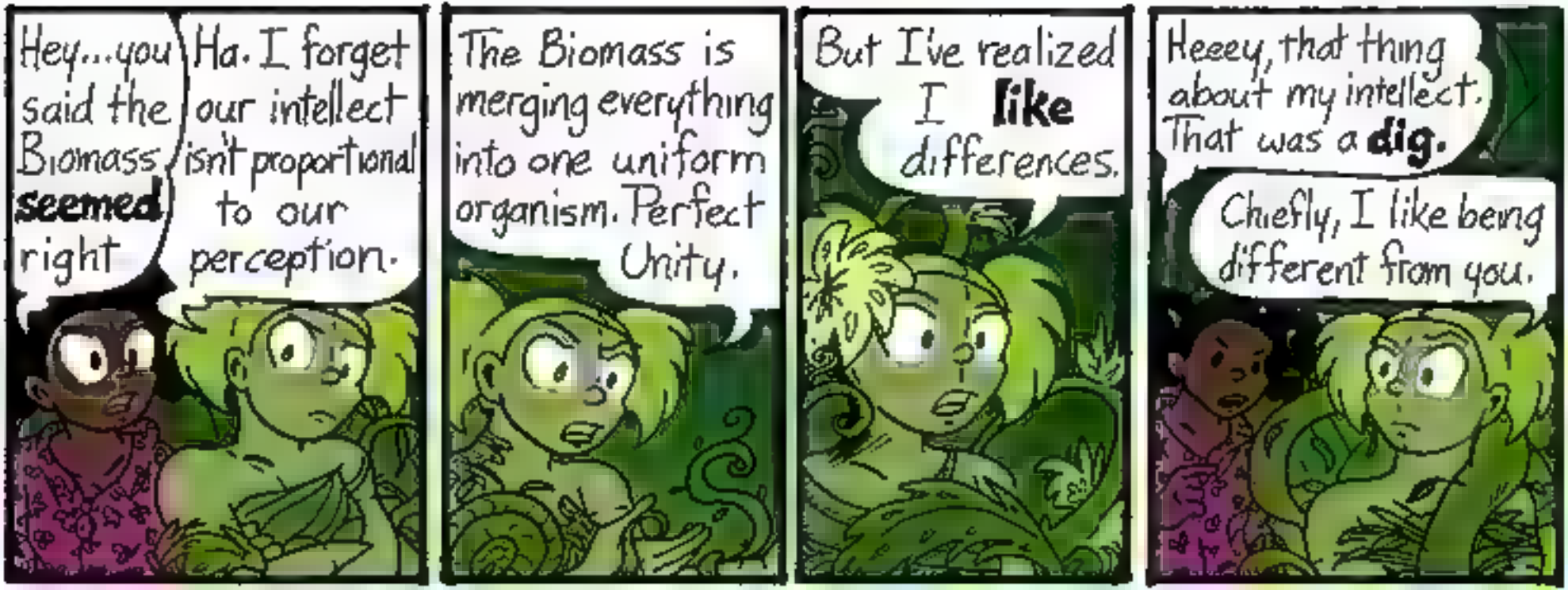

Just kill us and quit screwing around!
What makes you think I'm going to kill you?
How can I trust you?
Sweetheart, I wish you'd believe my intentions are pure.
URK!
'Cause it makes you way easier to catch off guard.
Kidnap someone else's dog, you me-faced me-thing!

Spit Babe back up before punching starts!
Look! Jennifer Lawrence with a half-brick!
You just want me to turn around so you can leg-sweep me! I'm wise to my plans—
THOK
Urk
Nice aim, J-Law!
Urghhh

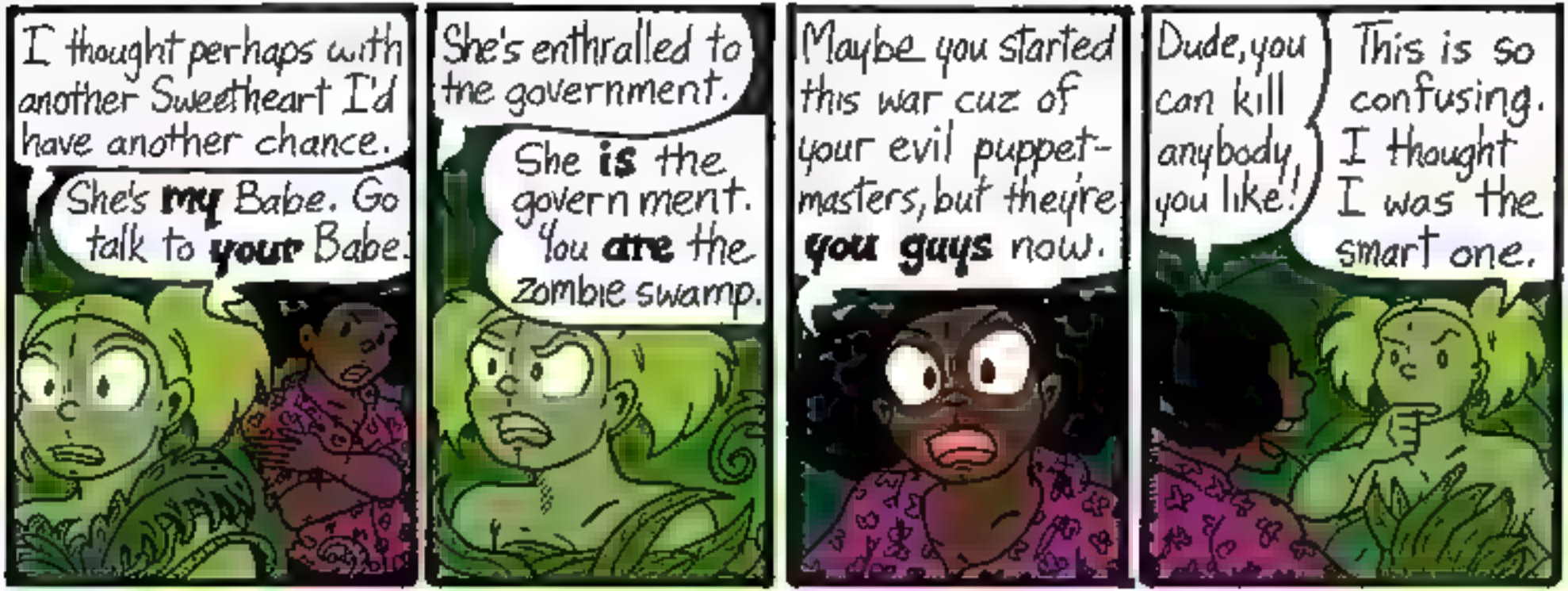
Ugh. Not cool siccing celebrity zombies on me
I suppose this only strengthens your ire.
If "ire" means "butt-kick urge," heck yes.
Well, I'd ask if you want a piece of me...
...but I already gave you a few.
You sicko! You stole my left ponytail!
Nifty, huh? Which of us is Travolta and which is Nic Cage?

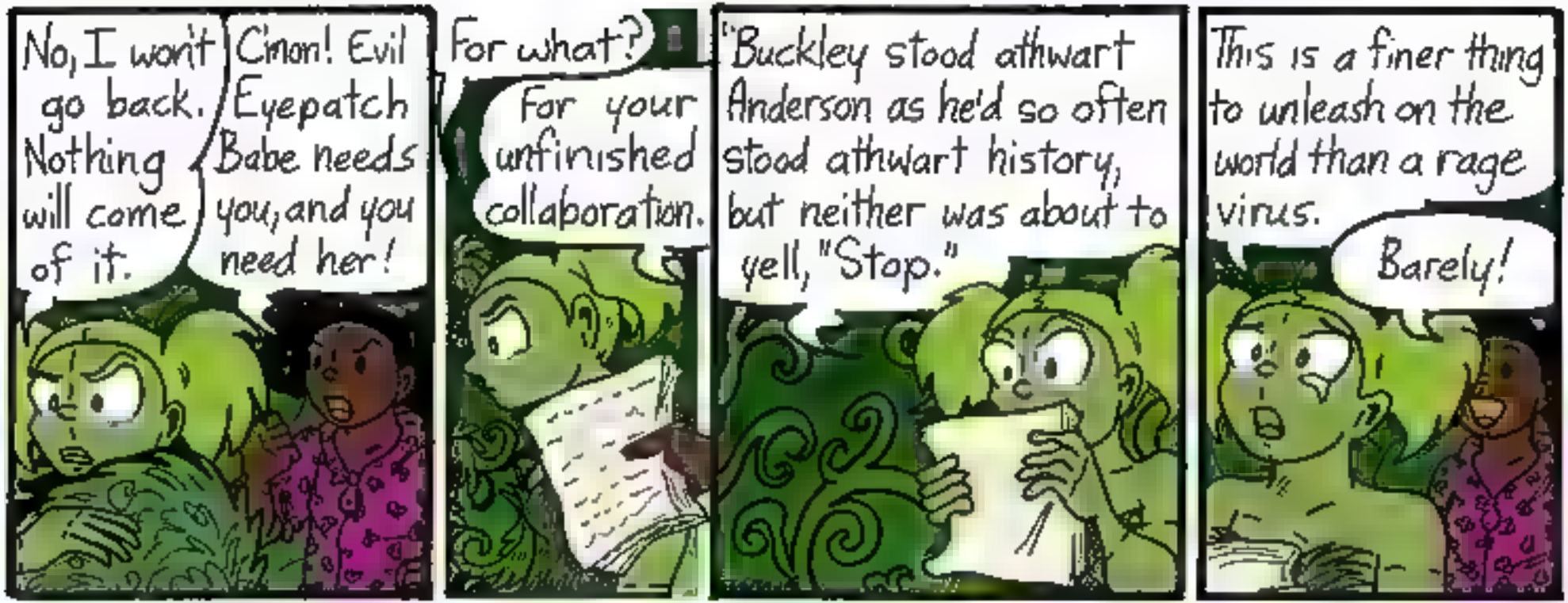
Argh! What'd you do to my face?
Have you forgotten about Sweetheart already?
Argh! What'd you do to Babe?
Wait until you see what we have planned for your friends.
Argh! Tell me your evil plot!
You have no idea what you're about to face.
Argh! What'd you do to my face?
Aaand one more spin on the Short Attention Span Carousel...

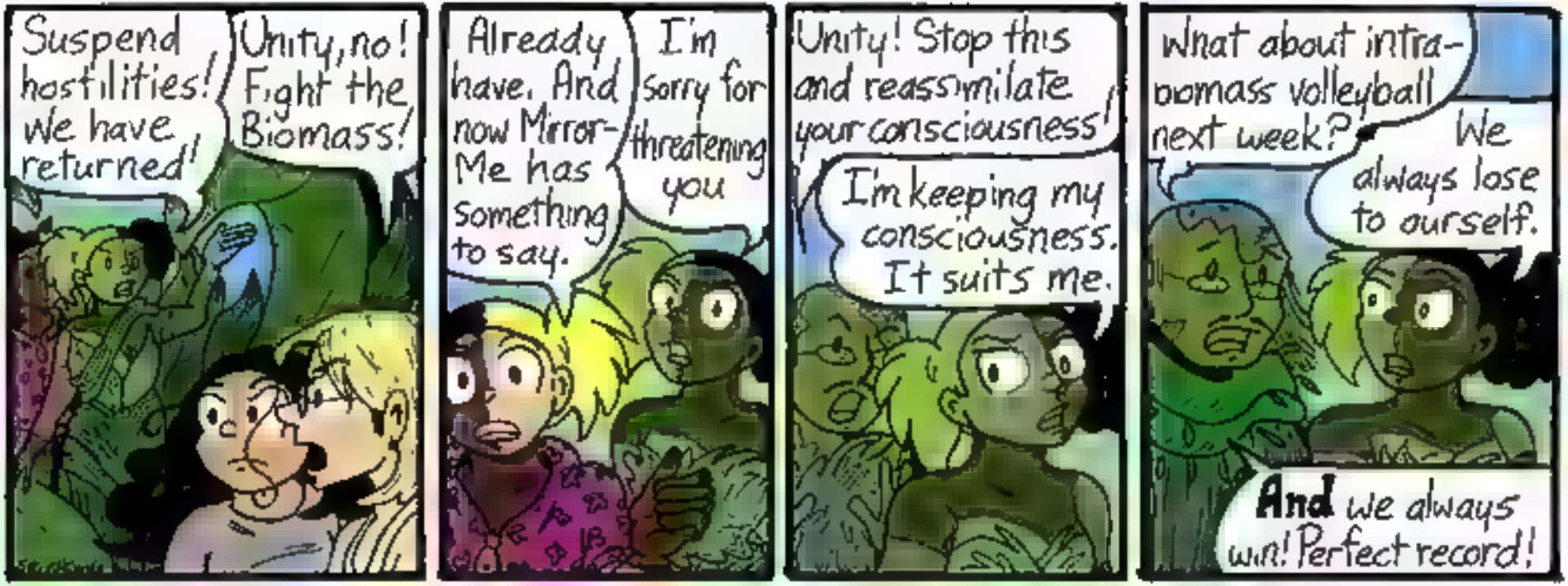

Oh hey! President Bdoe wanted us to ask why you turned against society.
Society turned against us.
My Sweetheart's with the transgenic radicals now, right? Just more pointless factions.
The Biomass promised equality. No prejudice, no hatred. It seemed like the way out.
And the Casual Murder Fridays were a perk.
See, that's smart I bet you were really chill and productive.


Hey...you said the Biomass **seemed** right
Ha. I forget our intellect isn't proportional to our perception.
The Biomass is merging everything into one uniform organism. Perfect Unity.
But I've realized I **like** differences.
Heeey, that thing about my intellect. That was a **dig.**
Chiefly, I like being different from you.

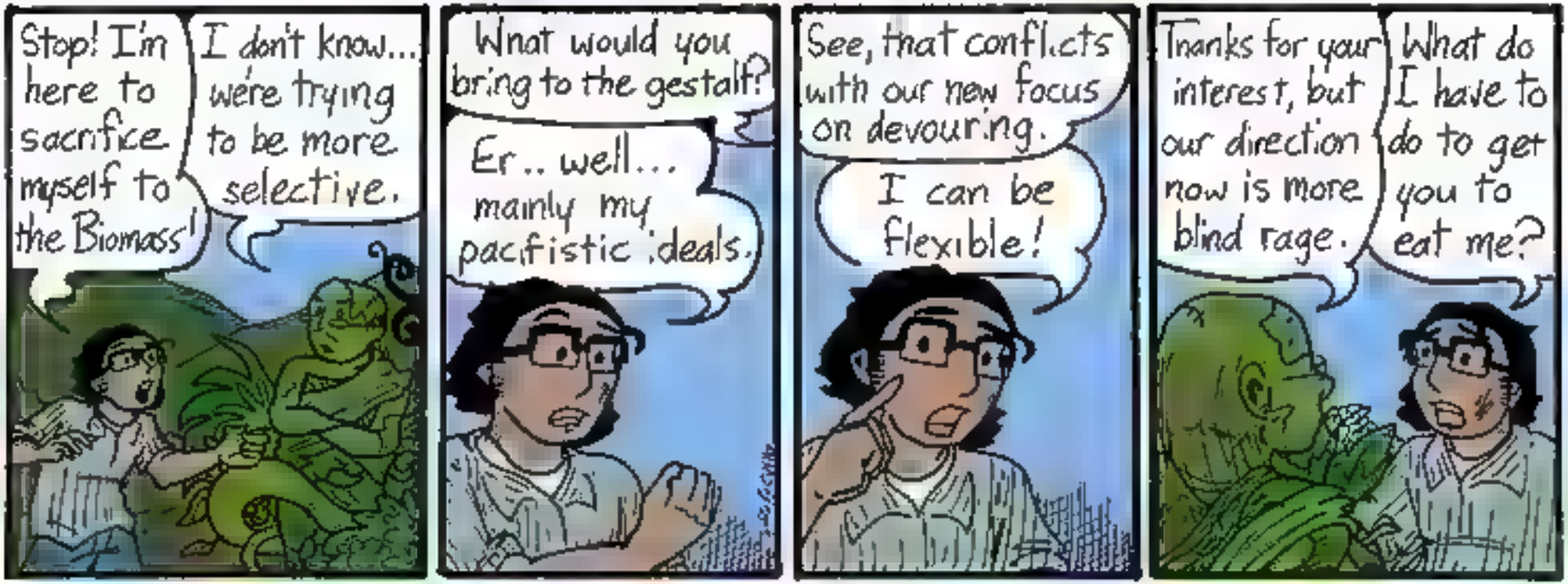
Aren't you tempted? I'm your potential! The brilliance and power you could be!
Counterpoint, you're kinda dumb.
You're only smart right now from eating independent brains, and those are running out.
When everything's the same, we're just goop that knows lightsabers are cool.
And with your stupid apocalypse you didn't get the new Star Wars with like a triple lightsaber!
What? Unfair!


I thought perhaps with another Sweetheart I'd have another chance.
She's my Babe. Go talk to your Babe.
She's enthralled to the government.
She is the govern ment. You are the zombie swamp.
Maybe you started this war cuz of your evil puppet-masters, but they're you guys now.
Dude, you can kill anybody you like!
This is so confusing. I thought I was the smart one.

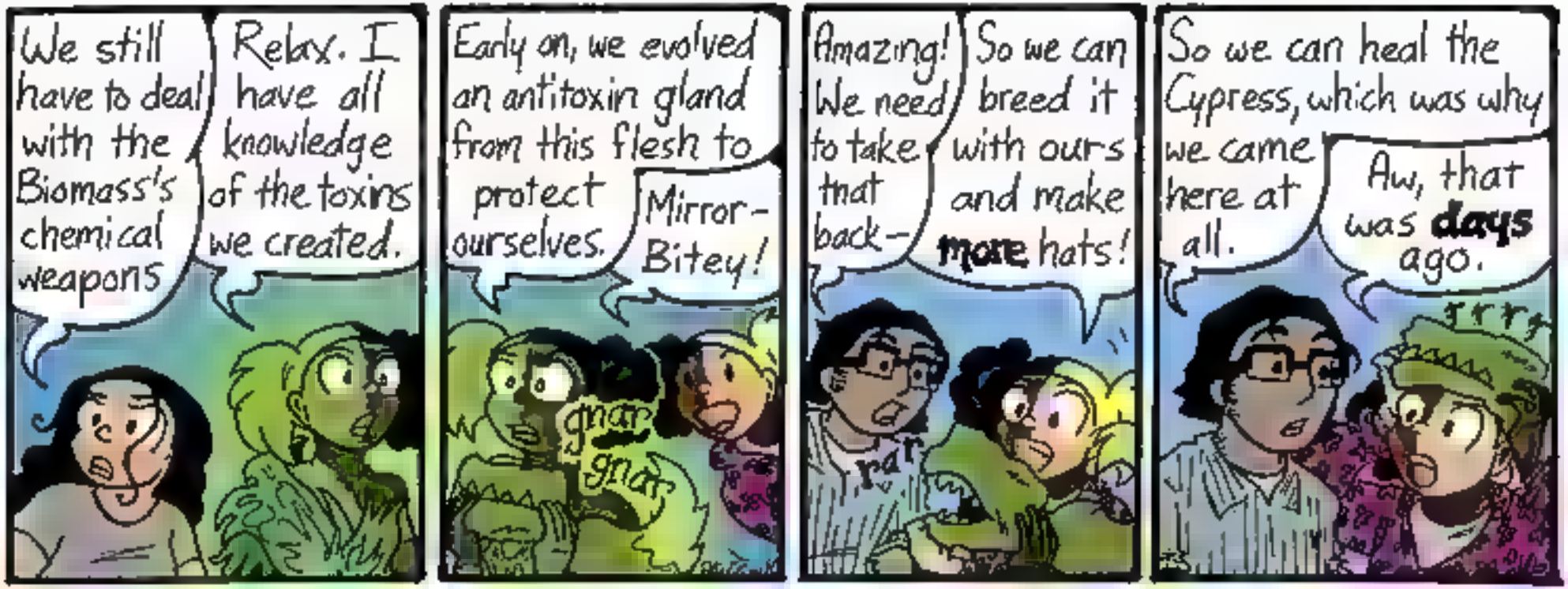

No, I won't go back. Nothing will come of it.
C'mon! Evil Eyepatch Babe needs you, and you need her!
For what?
For your unfinished collaboration.
"Buckley stood athwart Anderson as he'd so often stood athwart history, but neither was about to yell, "Stop."
This is a finer thing to unleash on the world than a rage virus.
Barely!

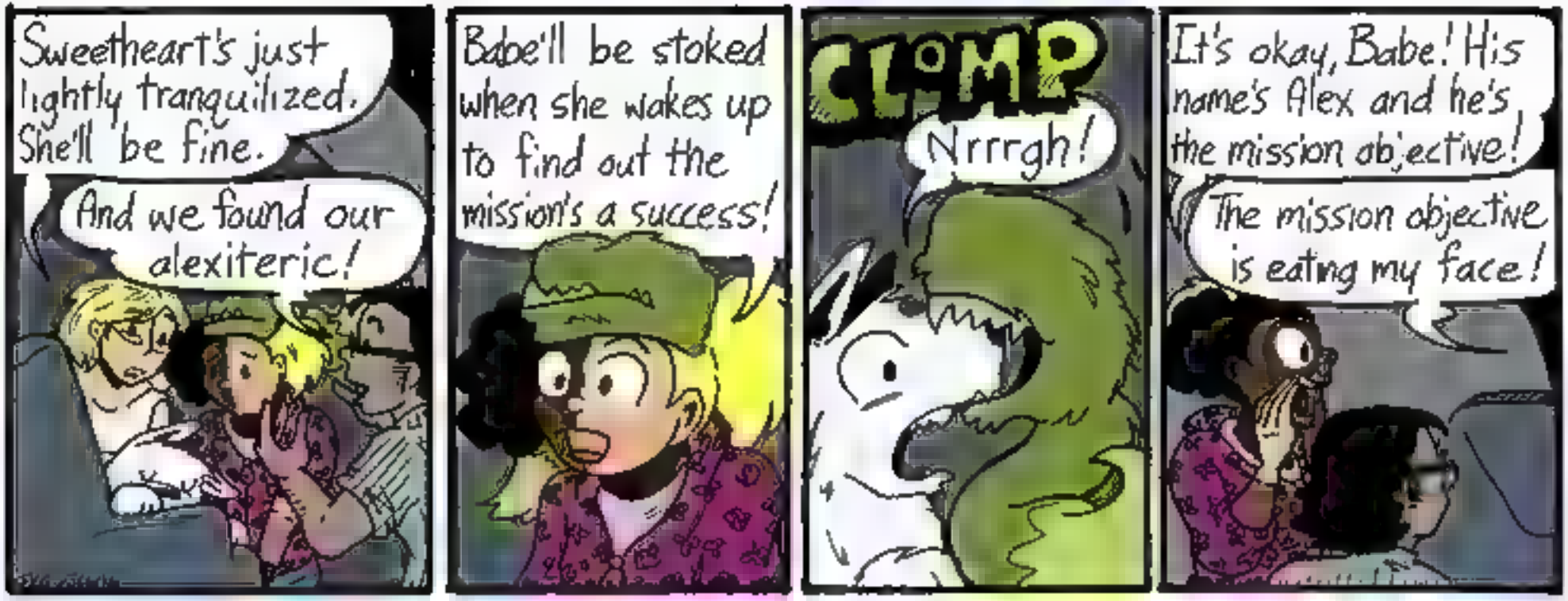

Suspend hostilities! We have returned!
Unity, no! Fight the Biomass!
Already have. And now Mirror-Me has something to say.
I'm sorry for threatening you
Unity! Stop this and reassimilate your consciousness!
I'm keeping my consciousness. It suits me.
What about intra-biomass volleyball next week?
We always lose to ourself.
And we always win! Perfect record!

I'm rejecting sameness, and all it took was smutty fanfic and the deaths of millions.
No! Rejoin the Biomass!
Life needs unity **and** diversity.
Then we're kicking you out. Pack your nanites and go.
You're kicking me out of a gestalt bent on total oneness.
I'll make my **own** Great Unity!
Great. An **exclusive** all-devouring singularity.
You'll all be outside **begging** to be assimilated!

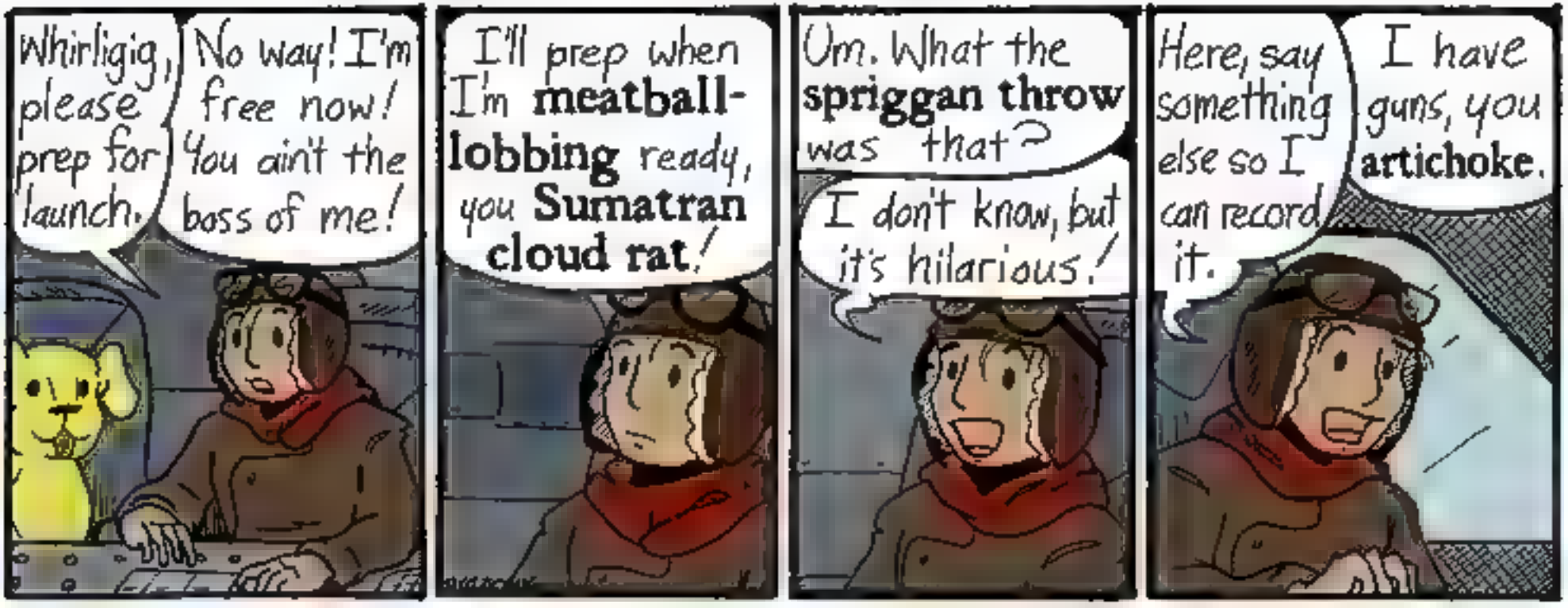

Stop! I'm here to sacrifice myself to the Biomass!
I don't know... we're trying to be more selective.
What would you bring to the gestalt?
Er.. well... mainly my pacifistic ideals.
See, that conflicts with our new focus on devouring.
I can be flexible!
Thanks for your interest, but our direction now is more blind rage.
What do I have to do to get you to eat me?

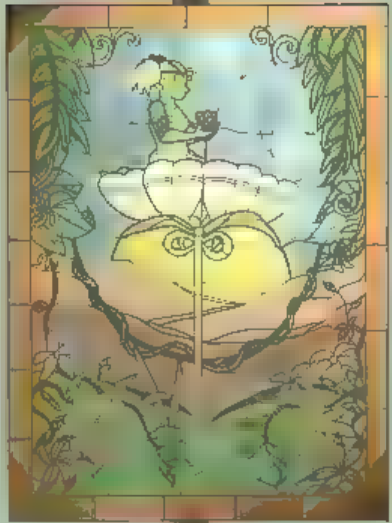
Mr. Franklin, peace is still poss—
For the last time, the name is Dan! SWAMP ARMY! DESTROY THEM!
WEEEEEEE
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
ka CHOK
Uh, okay. Fern bits and corpse pudding, you give it a try.
Fixed 'im!
Shooting zombies is awesome

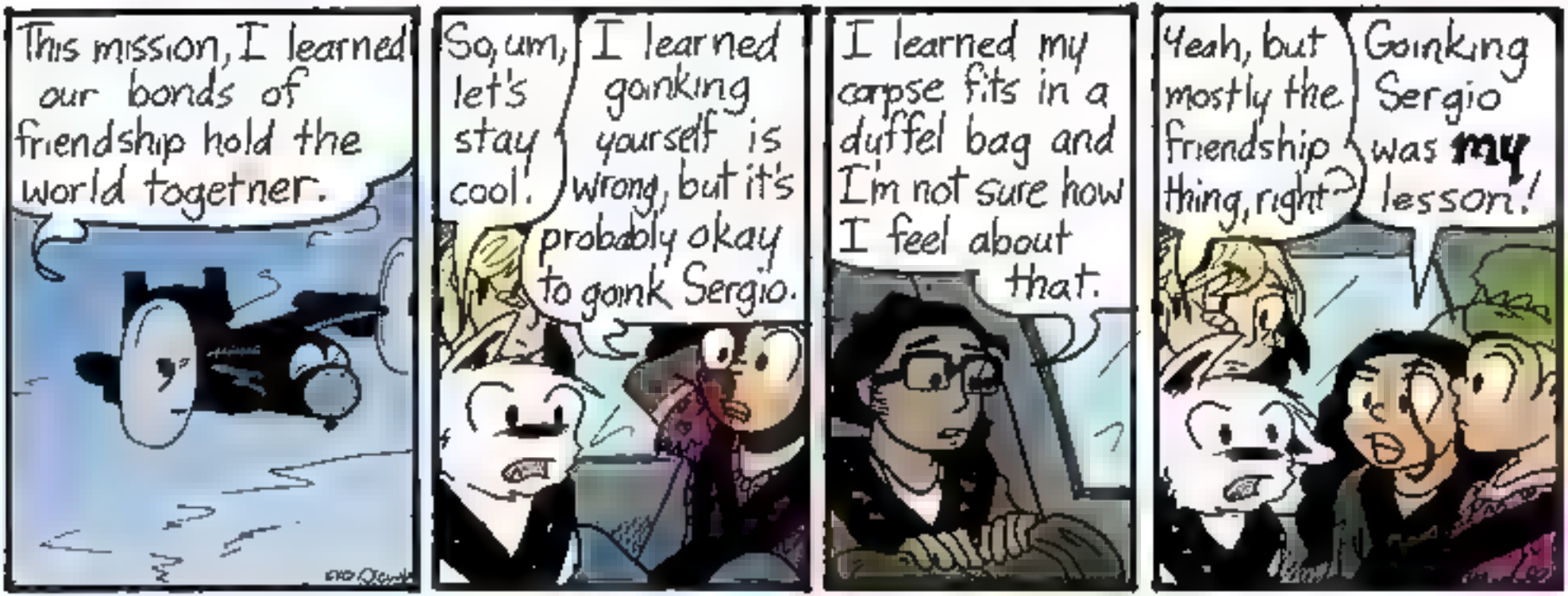

We still have to deal with the Biomass's chemical weapons
Relax. I have all knowledge of the toxins we created.
Early on, we evolved an antitoxin gland from this flesh to protect ourselves.
Mirror-Bitey!
gnar gnar
Amazing! We need to take that back-
So we can breed it with ours and make more hats!
rar
So we can heal the Cypress, which was why we came here at all.
Aw, that was days ago.
rrrr


Sweetheart's just lightly tranquilized. She'll be fine.
And we found our alexiteric!
Babe'll be stoked when she wakes up to find out the mission's a success!
CLOMP
Nrrrgh!
It's okay, Babe! His name's Alex and he's the mission objective!
The mission objective is eating my face!

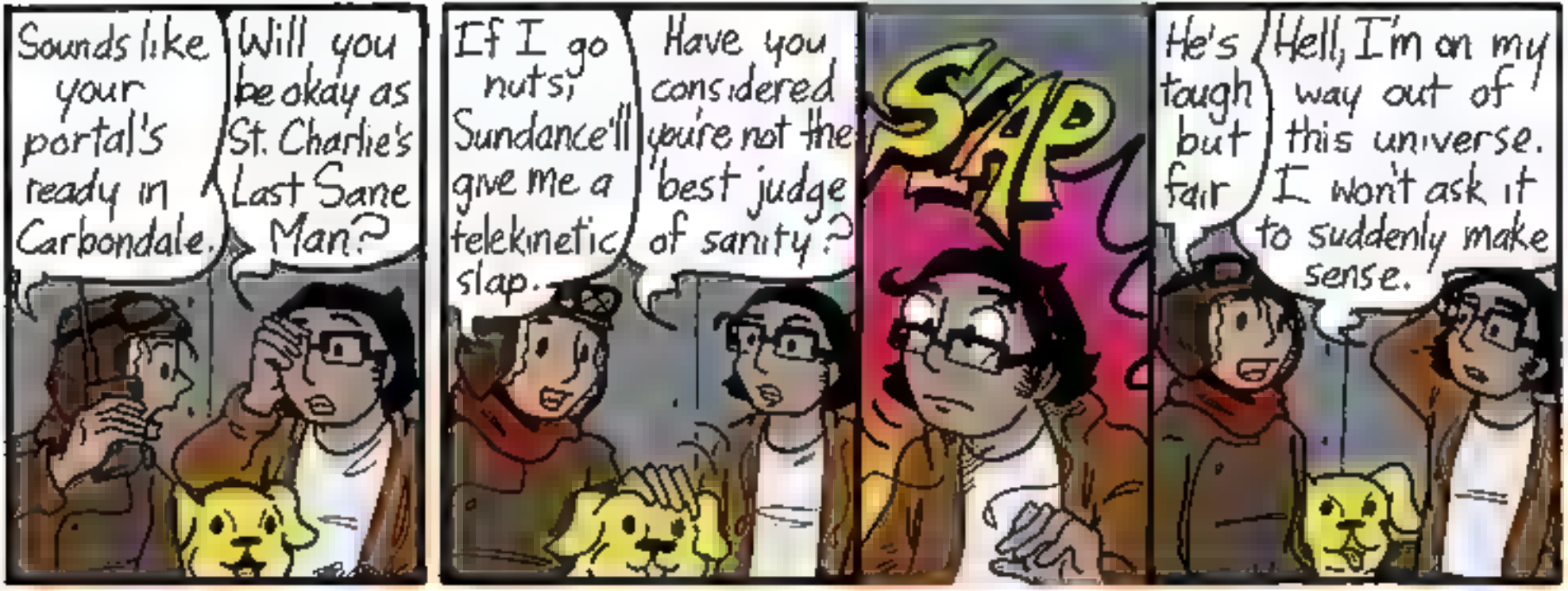
The Biomass trashed Caltech. I don't see that mystery evil genius dude.
I wish I'd gotten his name.
Hey, a note!
"If you've found this, I'm most likely dead by foliage. My final wish: give Sergio a proper burial at last."
"Other Sergio, I assume you're reading this, and you've got some crud between your teeth you'll want to take care of."
No, I really wish I'd gotten his name.
"Unity, no eating either Sergio. I mean it."

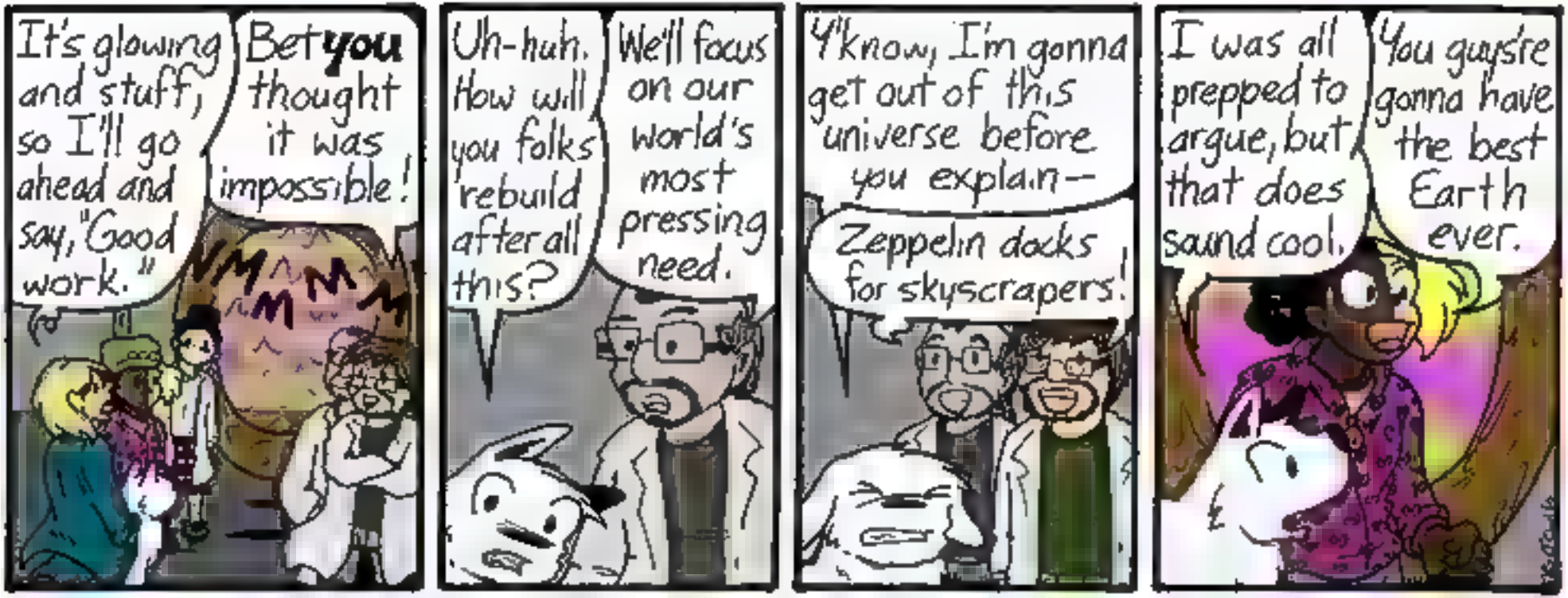

Whirligig, please prep for launch.
No way! I'm free now! You ain't the boss of me!
I'll prep when I'm **meatball-lobbing** ready, you **Sumatran cloud rat**!
Um. What the **spriggan throw** was that?
I don't know, but it's hilarious!
Here, say something else so I can record it.
I have guns, you **artichoke**.

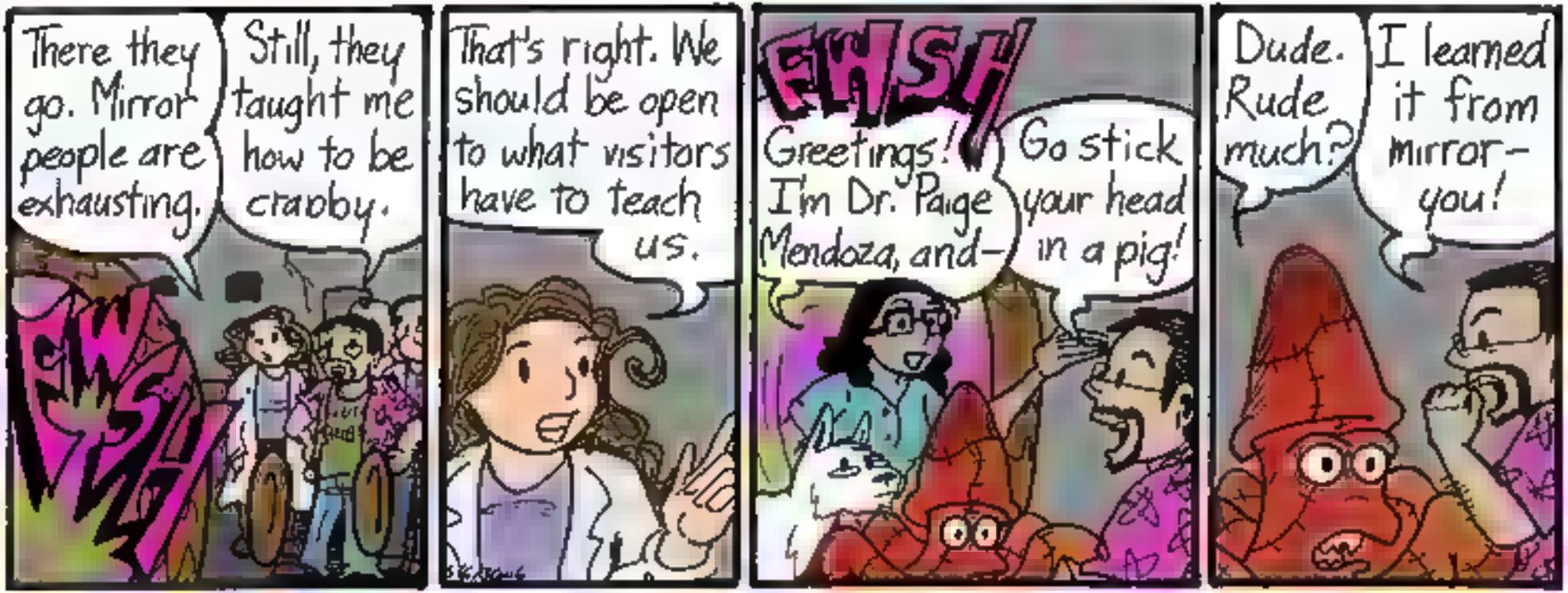



This mission, I learned our bonds of friendship hold the world togetner.
So, um, let's stay cool.
I learned gonking yourself is wrong, but it's probably okay to gonk Sergio.
I learned my carpse fits in a duffel bag and I'm not sure how I feel about that.
Yeah, but mostly the friendship thing, right?
Gonking Sergio was my lesson!

You could come with us to our universe.
I want to stay here and rebuild.
When my Skin Horse failed, I blamed myself. I thought I was useless.
But heck, at least I didn't spend the apocalypse trying to make loofas out of pine cones.
No offense.
As for me, I always knew the world would end if I didn't exfoliate.


Sounds like your portal's ready in Carbondale.
Will you be okay as St. Charlie's Last Sane Man?
If I go nuts, Sundance'll give me a telekinetic slap.
Have you considered you're not the best judge of sanity?
SLAP
He's tough but fair
Hell, I'm on my way out of this universe. I won't ask it to suddenly make sense.


It's glowing and stuff, so I'll go ahead and say, "Good work."
Bet you thought it was impossible!
MMMMM
Uh-huh. How will you folks rebuild after all this?
We'll focus on our world's most pressing need.
Y'know, I'm gonna get out of this universe before you explain—
Zeppelin docks for skyscrapers!
I was all prepped to argue, but that does sound cool.
You guys're gonna have the best Earth ever.


There they go. Mirror people are exhausting.
Still, they taught me how to be crabby.
FWSH
That's right. We should be open to what visitors have to teach us.
FWSH!
Greetings! I'm Dr. Paige Mendoza, and-
Go stick your head in a pig!
Dude. Rude much?
I learned it from mirror-you!

Finally! Out of that crud universe at last!
FWSH
What a relief to be back on our own side of the mirror!
KaKLIK
Right. The side with the evil corporation on it.
Finally! We've been standing here for three days!

Sensitivity Microsoft Word

File Edit View Insert Format Tools Table Window Help

The conference room was stiflingly hot, and there were donuts you weren't supposed to touch on a plate in the center of the table. One could derive this fact from the tiny little placard that read "Do Not Touch" sitting in front of the plate.

Agent Unity of Project Skin Horse was a simple, down-to-earth stitched-together construct style science revenant, there was not a lot of room in her vat-grown brain for multiple simultaneous thoughts. Somewhere, buried deep in her long term memory, was the engram that would have told her the purpose of this meeting, the reason she had been dragged out of a very productive morning scavenging food scraps out of the occasionally activated garbage disposal in the break room, to sit here in the stuffy conference room, staring at untouchable donuts and waiting for... what?

Well, Unity's motto—for the next twelve seconds, at least—was "never bother trying to remember something when you can get someone else to tell you it." Embracing the spirit of her motto, Unity leaned over to the figure on her right, a thin, bespectacled, thirty-something male dressed in a white silk day dress.

"Tip!" she said, punching him three or four times on the arm to get his attention. "What the crap is this crap?"

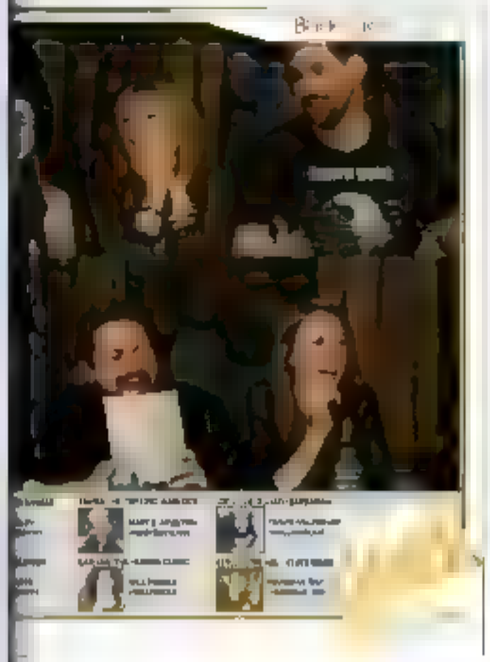
The other figure seated at the table chimed in before Tip could respond. "It's crap," affirmed the third figure, a Spitzy-looking white dog who was balancing precariously on the tippy and unstable conference-room chair to Unity's left. "The crap that this crap is is, in fact, crap."

"Not for literals," said Unity, with only a slight hint of uncertainty.

Draw AutoShapes

Page 1 Sec 1 1/15 At 1" Ln 1 Co 1

#GNSLIVE



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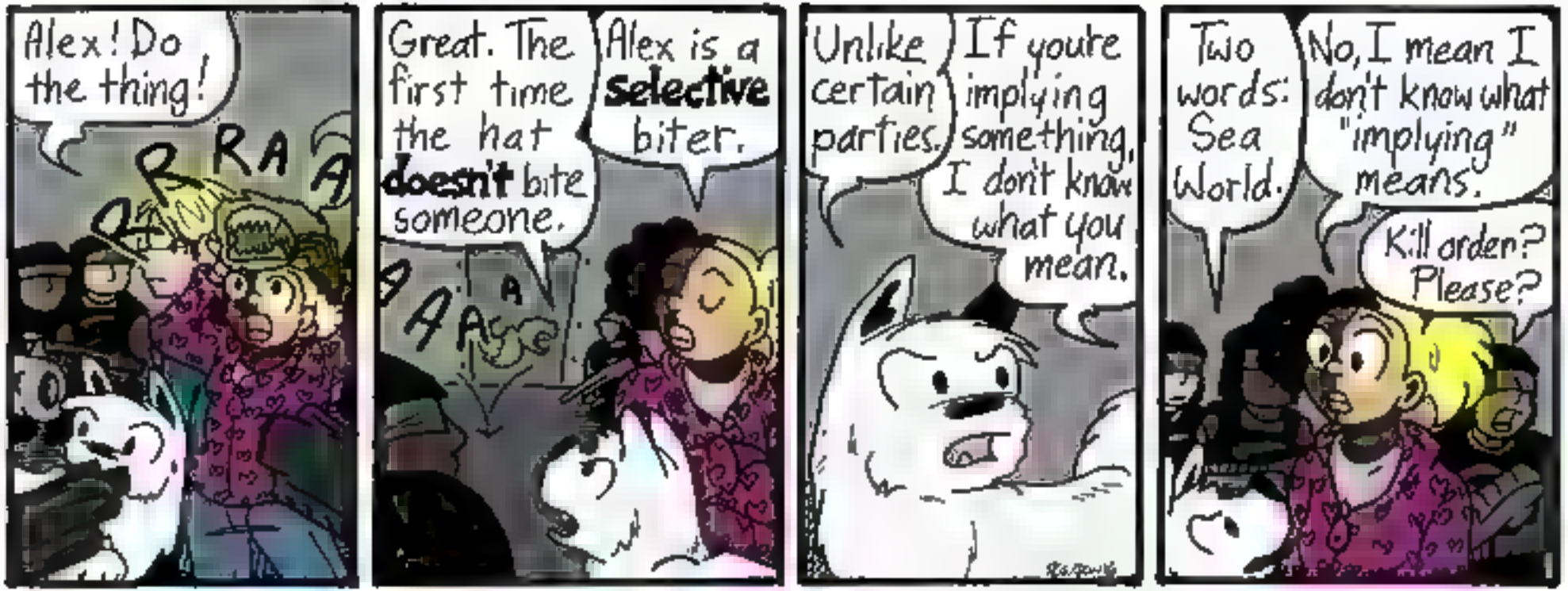
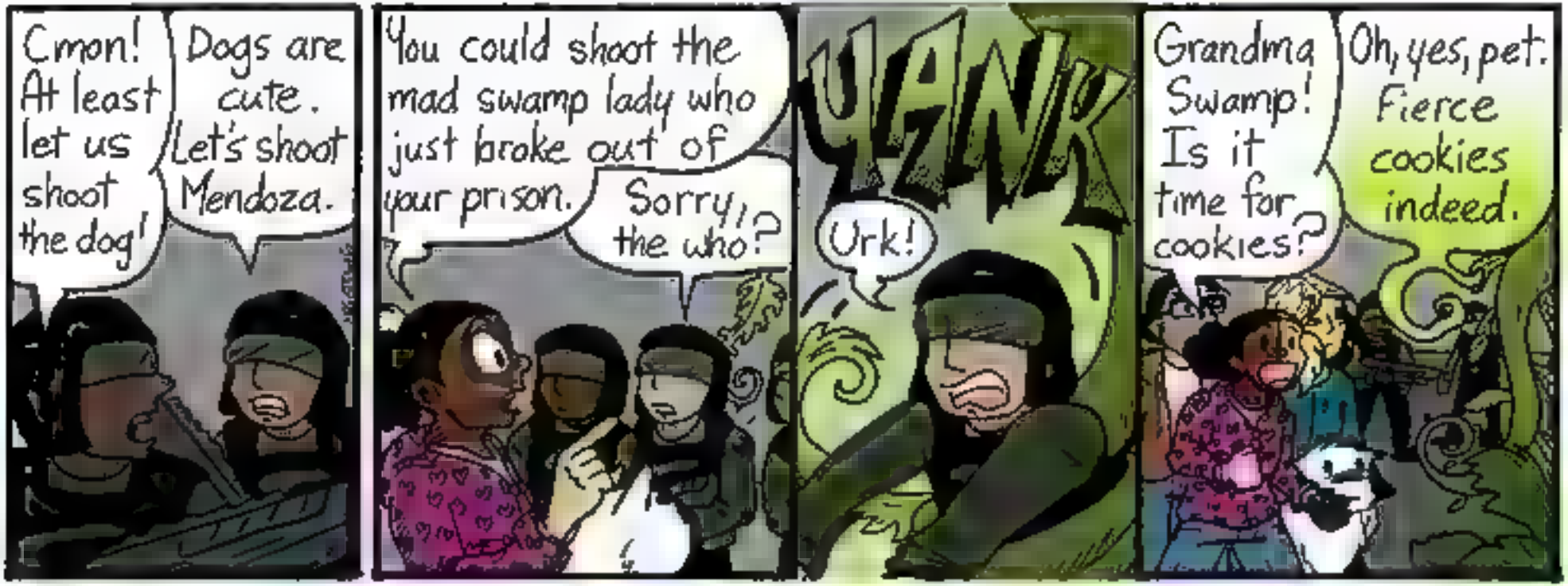
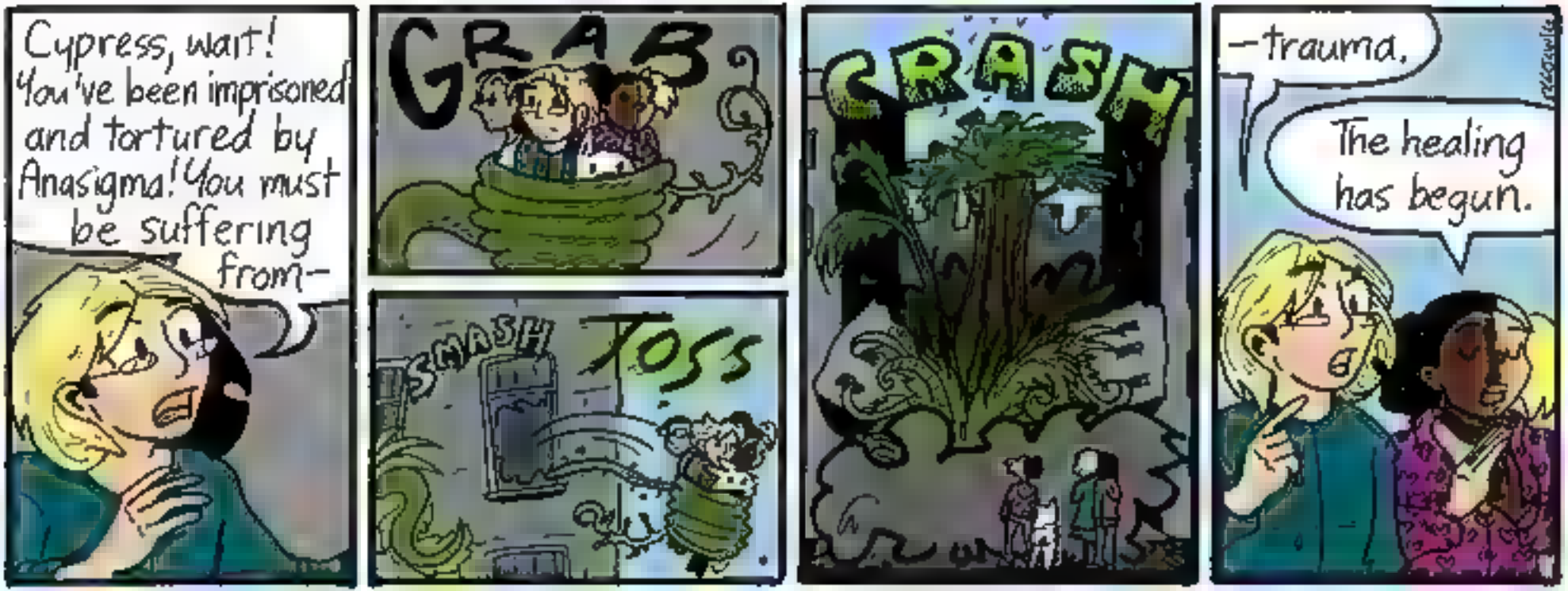
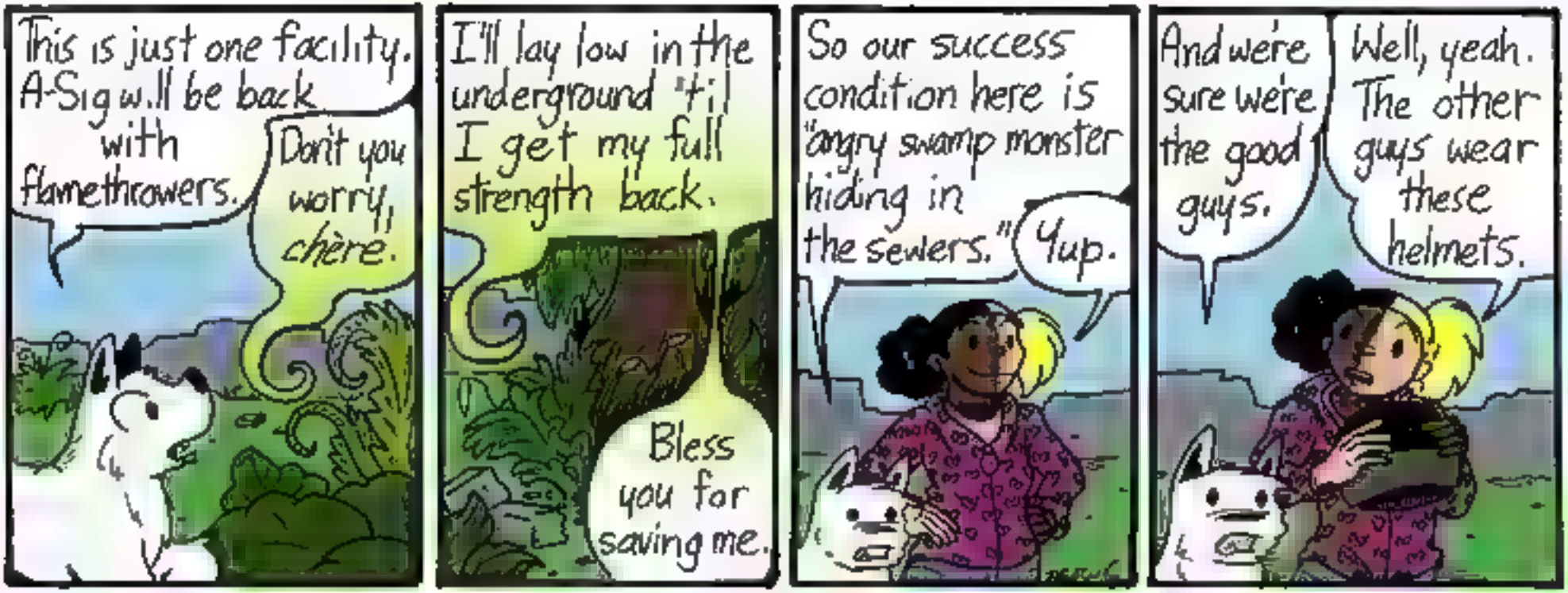

Alex! Do the thing!
RAA
Great. The first time the hat doesn't bite someone.
Alex is a selective biter.
AAA
Unlike certain parties.
If youre implying something, I don't know what you mean.
Two words: Sea World.
No, I mean I don't know what "implying" means.
Kill orden? Please?

Please can we kill them?
Negatory, Tango. Mr. Green is on his way to handle this personally.
Ooh! You guys're gonna get extirpated!
At least I'll finally find out what that means.
You're okay with terrifying mystery torture?
Knowledge requires sacrifice.
Anyway, it can't be worse than the last company picnic.
Ugh, the leopards.

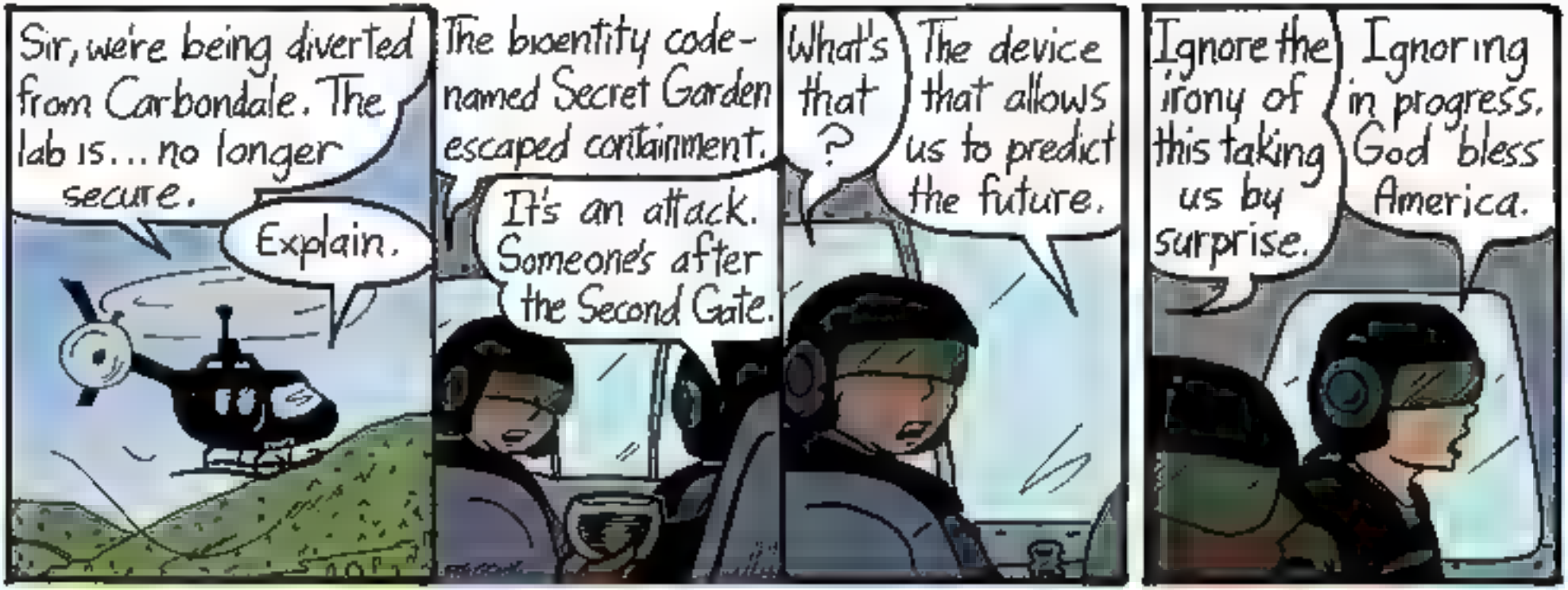

C'mon! At least let us shoot the dog!
Dogs are cute. Let's shoot Mendoza.
You could shoot the mad swamp lady who just broke out of your prison.
Sorry, the who?
YANK
Urk!
Grandma Swamp! Is it time for cookies?
Oh, yes, pet. Fierce cookies indeed.

Cypress! You've recovered!
Thanks to this creature and its healing power.
gnar
Then we succeeded! We saved a precious life and-
Just a moment, beb. I'm gwine tear down this building.
CRASH
THOOM
Well, it was a nice five seconds of moral certitude.
Welcome to our world.


Cypress, wait! You've been imprisoned and tortured by Anasigma! You must be suffering from-
GRAB
SMASH
TOSS
CRASH
-trauma.
The healing has begun.

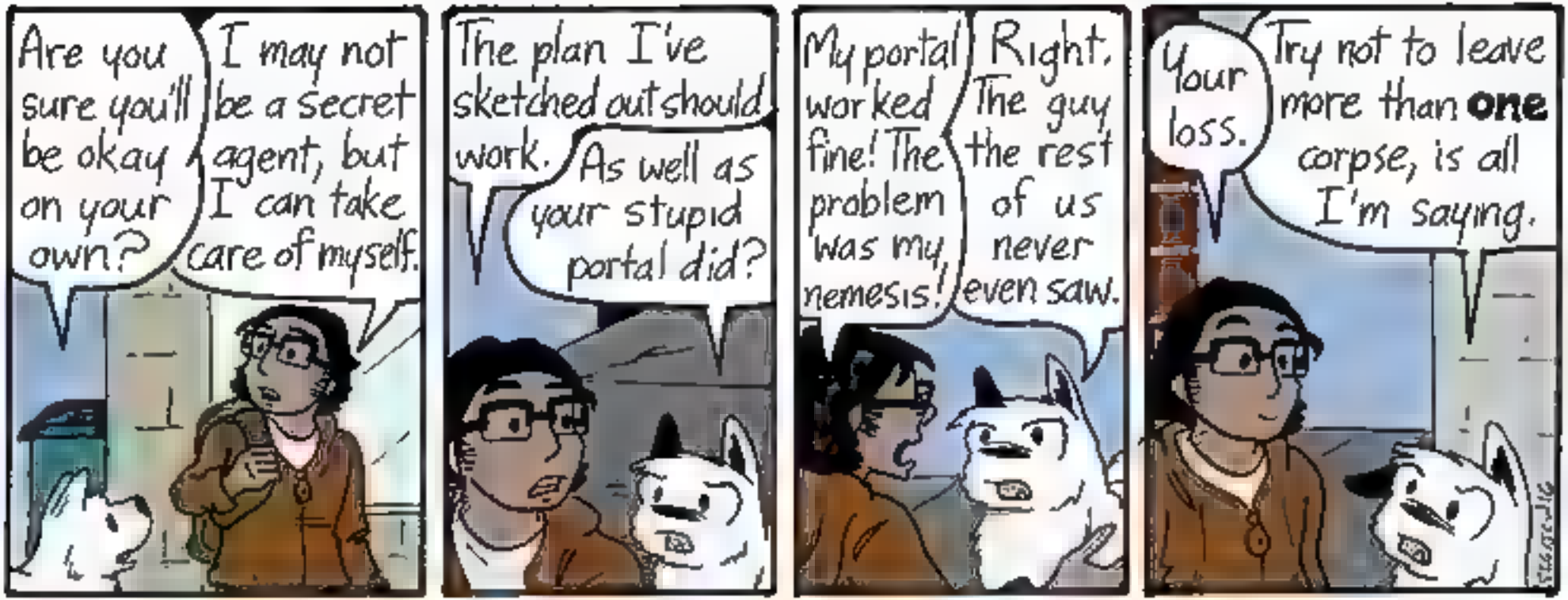

This is just one facility. A-Sig will be back with flamethrowers.
Don't you worry, chère.
I'll lay low in the underground 'til I get my full strength back.
Bless you for saving me.
So our success condition here is "angry swamp monster hiding in the sewers."
Yup.
And we're sure we're the good guys.
Well, yeah. The other guys wear these helmets.

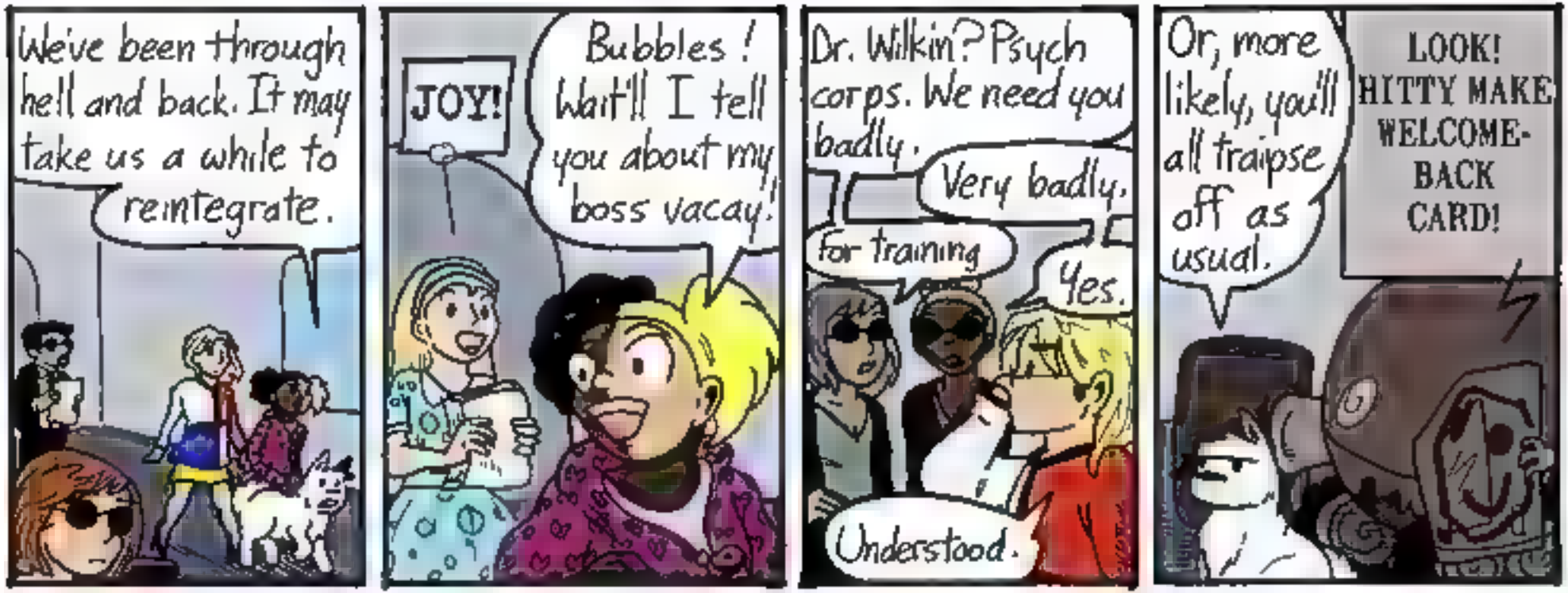
Planet URF Entertainment
PRESENTS:
THE MASTERS OF WEBCOMICS™
PODCAST PANEL
AT STEVE WOZNIAK & FRIENDS' INAUGURAL
SILICON VALLEY COMIC CON
CHUCK WHELON & ADAM PROSSER
INVITE:
BE SQUARE - BE THERE
RECORDING IN VIRTUAL REALITY
SHANNON GARRITY
AMBER GREENLEE
JONATHAN LEMON
JASON THOMPSON
JASON SHIGA
& SPECIAL GUEST
AND YOU!
TO DISCUSS THE QUESTION
"HOW CAN MAKING A WEBCOMIC FORM THE FOUNDATION OF A CAREER IN THE CREATIVE ARTS?"
SUNDAY MARCH 20TH
SAN JOSE CONVENTION CENTER
ROOM 2, 12:00 NOON
BOOTH #96
PLANETURF.COM


Sir, we're being diverted from Carbondale. The lab is... no longer secure.
Explain.
The bioentity code-named Secret Garden escaped containment.
It's an attack. Someone's after the Second Gate.
What's that?
The device that allows us to predict the future.
Ignore the irony of this taking us by surprise.
Ignoring in progress. God bless America.

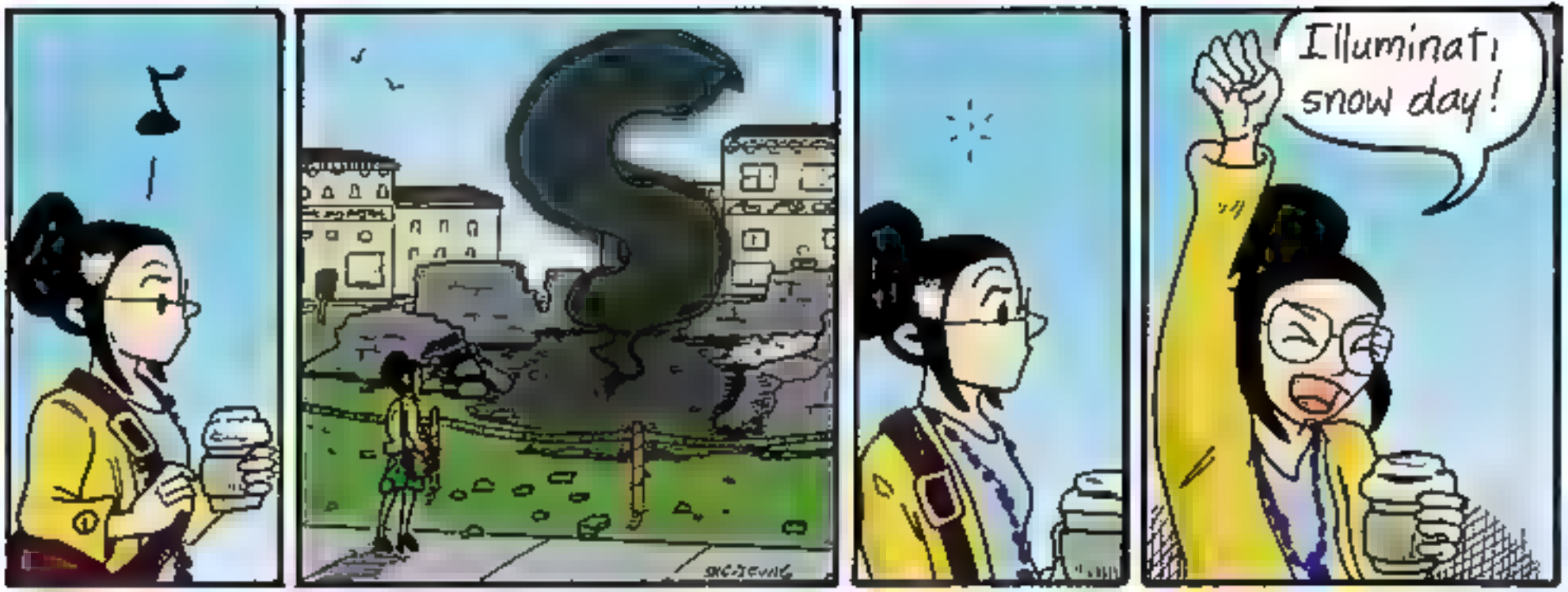
Priority one: Start work on a new portal.
Impossible, sir. Dr. Mendoza's body was found in the wreckage.
Reports confirm at least two people and a dog fleeing the scene
Ah. A picture is resolving.
Call up Anasigma protocol for this situation.
Let me check the documents, sir.
Evidently we refer to the dog as "mangy" and the others as "meddling kids."
Priority one' extirpate the documents staff.

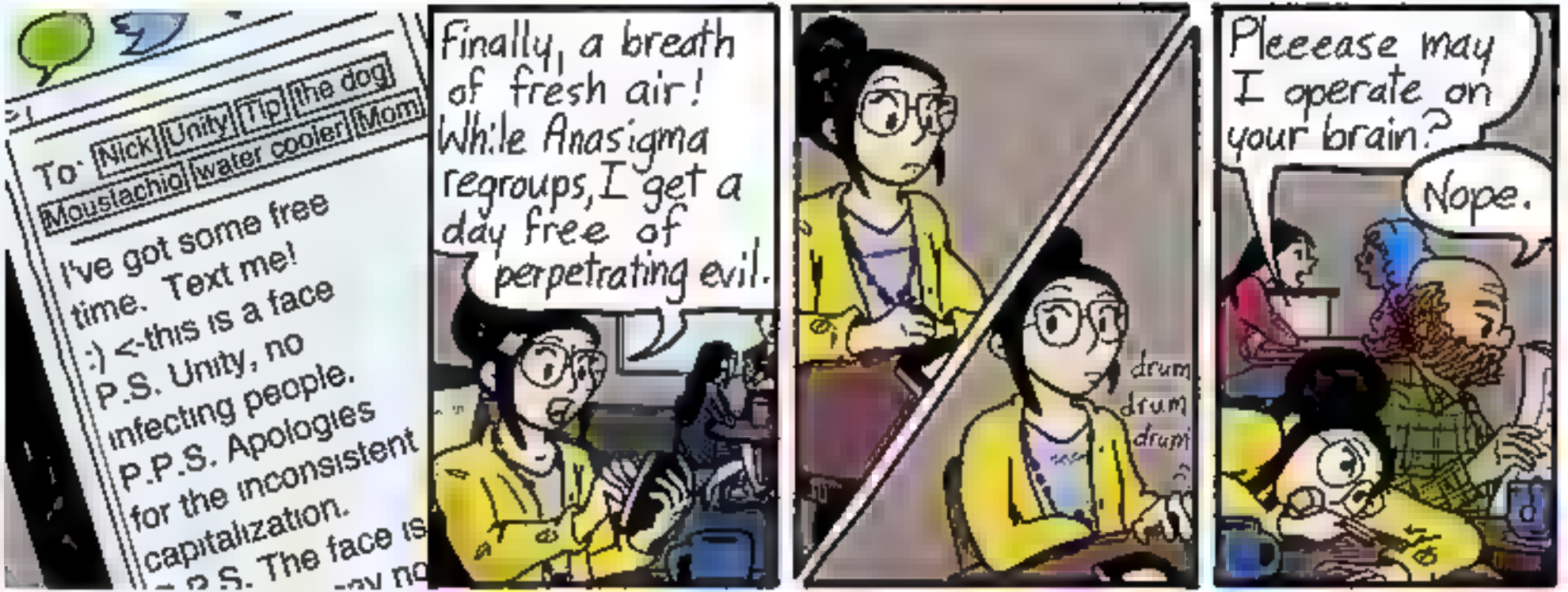
A-Sig brass is landing. We'd better go.
I hope this counts as a "decent burial" for my mirror-self.
So you faked your death What next?
Go to ground. I have to make myself invisible.
Which is a shame, because I really wanted to publish my paper on early 20th century Venezuelan poets.
That sounds as close to invisible as you're gonna get
I created a pen name using a Dorabella cipher, but, come on, obvious.


Are you sure you'll be okay on your own?
I may not be a secret agent, but I can take care of myself.
The plan I've sketched out should work.
As well as your stupid portal did?
My portal worked fine! The problem was my nemesis!
Right. The guy the rest of us never even saw.
Your loss.
Try not to leave more than one corpse, is all I'm saying.


We've been through hell and back. It may take us a while to reintegrate.
JOY!
Bubbles! Wait'll I tell you about my boss vacay!
Dr. Wilkin? Psych corps. We need you badly.
Very badly.
for training
Yes.
Understood.
Or, more likely, you'll all traipse off as usual.
LOOK! HITTY MAKE WELCOME-BACK CARD!

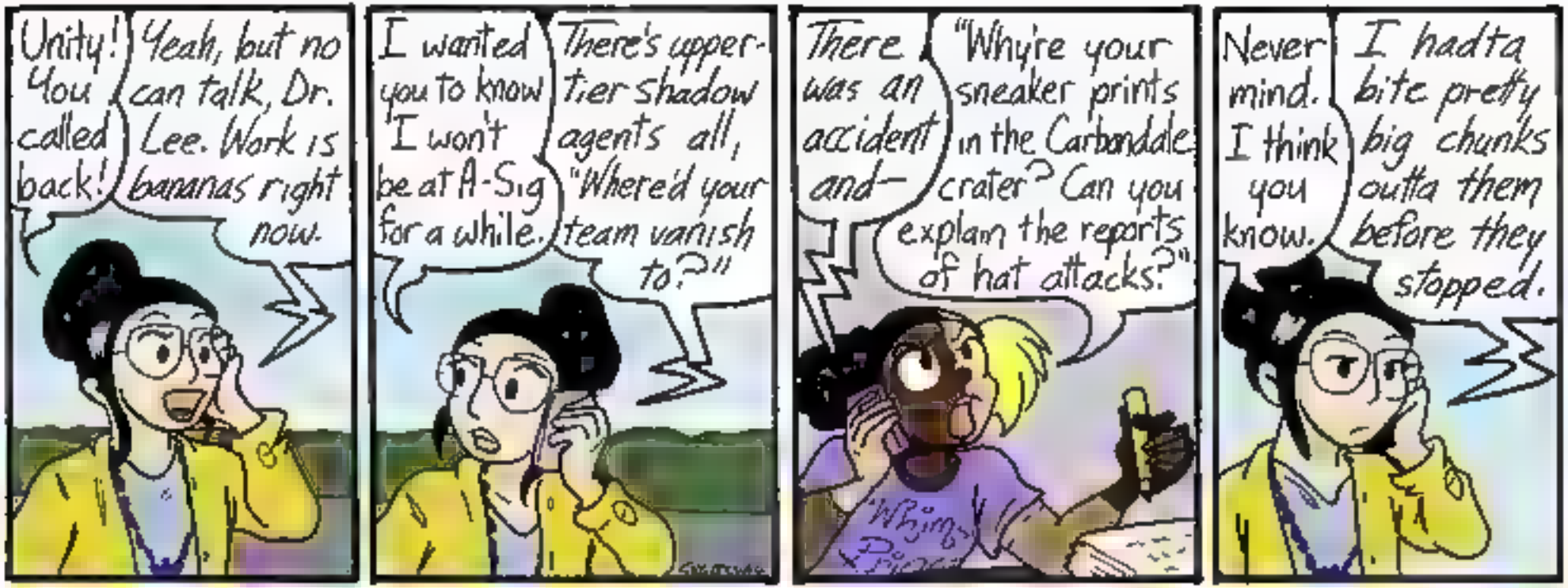
Quite the relief to have the crew back, Madam.
I'm not so sure.
In another time-line, we wrecked the whole world. One bad decision led to another.
The thing is, we didn't mean to! We were lashing out from fear and need and loneliness.
We are rather Human in the end, are we not?
On the bright side, I conquered America. So there's that.


Illuminati snow day!


To: Nick Unity Tip the dog Moustachio water cooler Mom
I've got some free time. Text me!
:) <-this is a face
P.S. Unity, no infecting people.
P.P.S. Apologies for the inconsistent capitalization.
Finally, a breath of fresh air! While Anasigma regroups, I get a day free of perpetrating evil.
drum drum drum
Pleeease may I operate on your brain?
Nope.

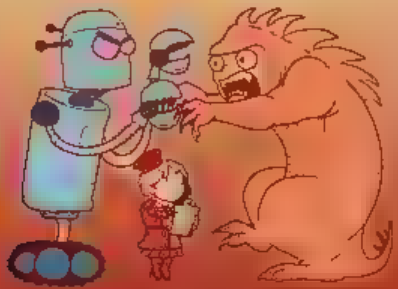
Sigh... I bet Nick is busy with something exciting.
I'VE GOT MULTIPLE HOSTILES! TWO, SIX, TEN O'CLOCK!
WHO IS THIS?
Nick, are you you doing something boring or something exciting?
We're at about two and a half "Resident Evil 4"s.
I knew it! I'm ordering a second raspberry tea!

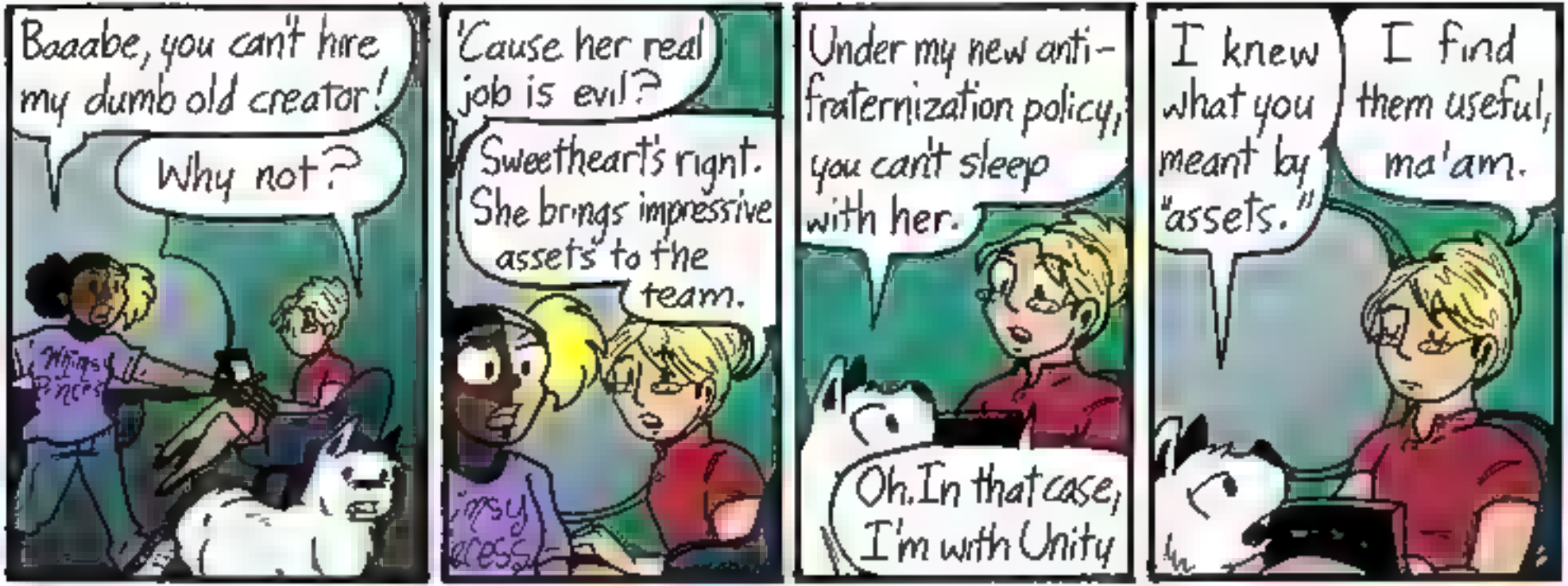
One day without work and I'm cracking up. I really am a mess.
>ahem< I mean, what a glorious holiday! I hope it goes on forever and ever and ever!
"Carbondale Lab offline for a month"? I can't even do ironic come-uppance right!
Steer clear, Garrett.

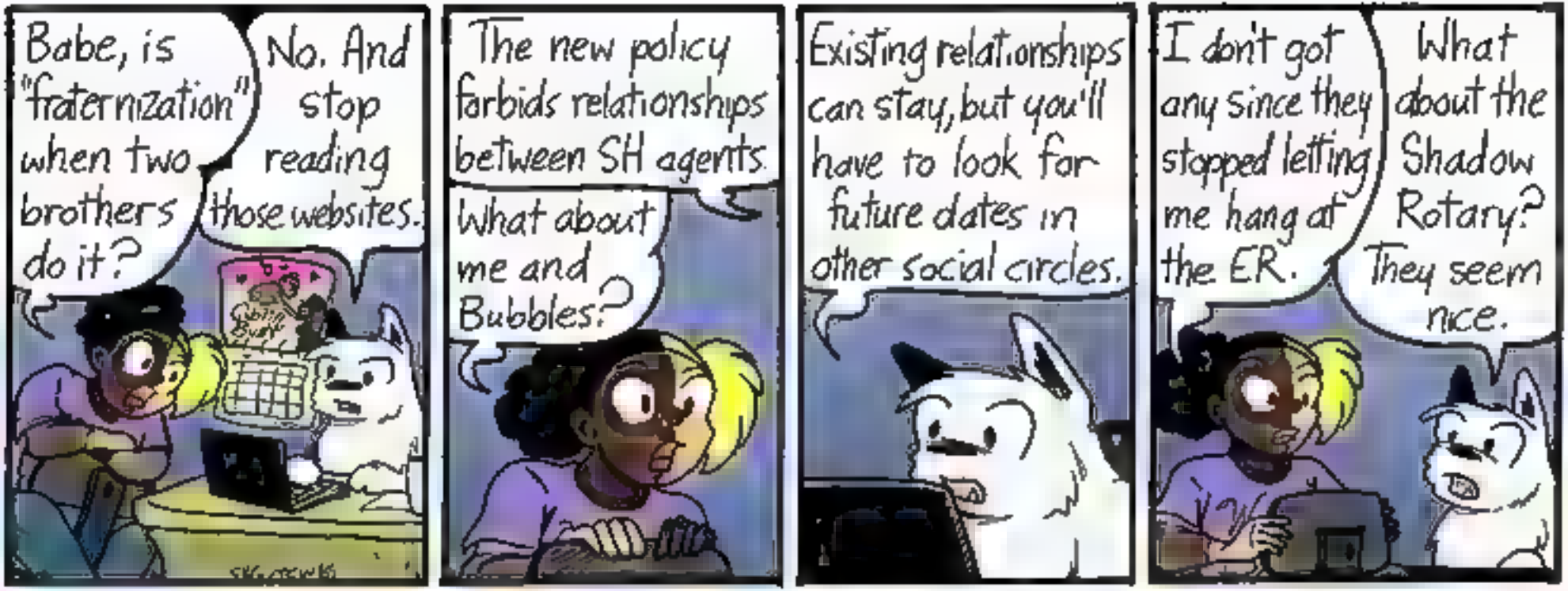

Unity! You called back!
Yeah, but no can talk, Dr. Lee. Work is bananas right now.
I wanted you to know I won't be at A-Sig for a while.
There's upper-tier shadow agents all, "Where'd your team vanish to?"
There was an accident and—
"Why're your sneaker prints in the Carbondale crater? Can you explain the reports of hat attacks?"
Never mind. I think you know.
I hadta bite pretty big chunks outta them before they stopped.

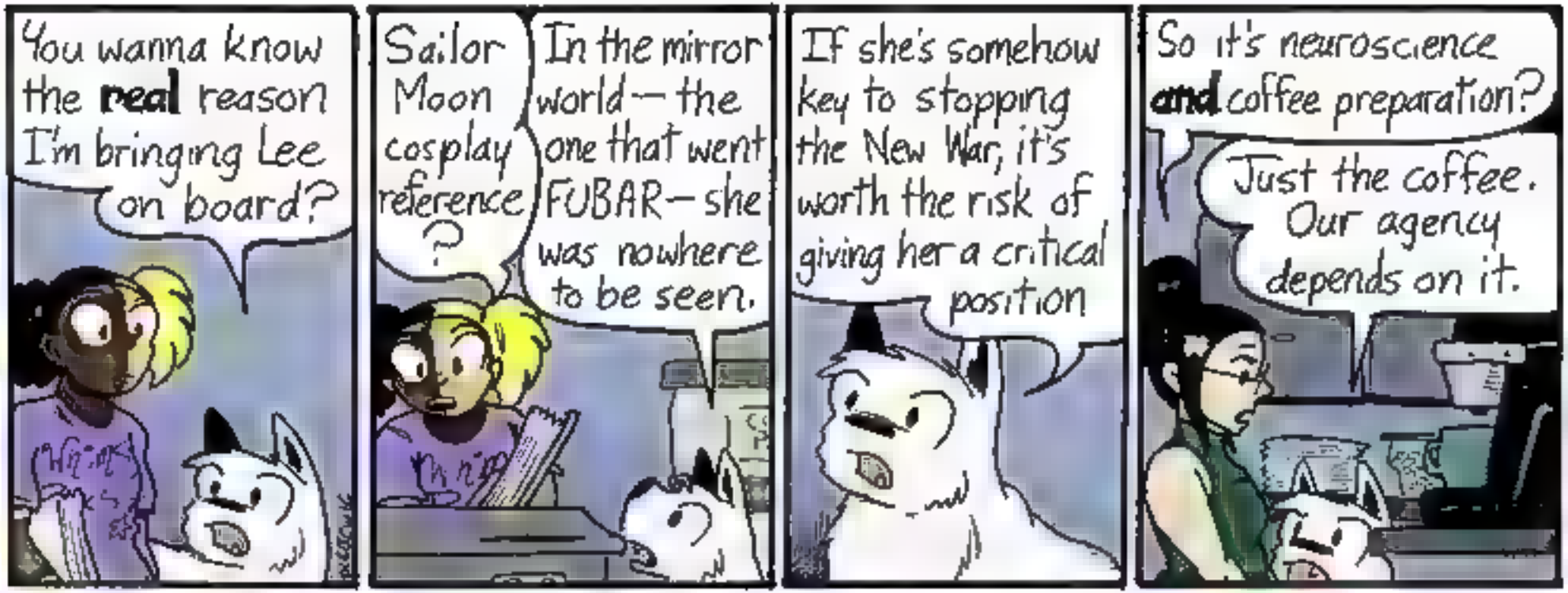
How can I keep myself occupied until the lab reopens?
I dunno. Something to make up for all the evil?
You mean volunteer work?
Whatever. Long as it's not, like, making volunteer super-soldiers.
Unity, that's brilliant! I'll sign up with a worthy agency today!
Uh-huh. Go for it.
This isn't what I meant though.
HITTY CHECK YOU IN AS "WAR GODDESS FROM ROBOT HEAVEN."

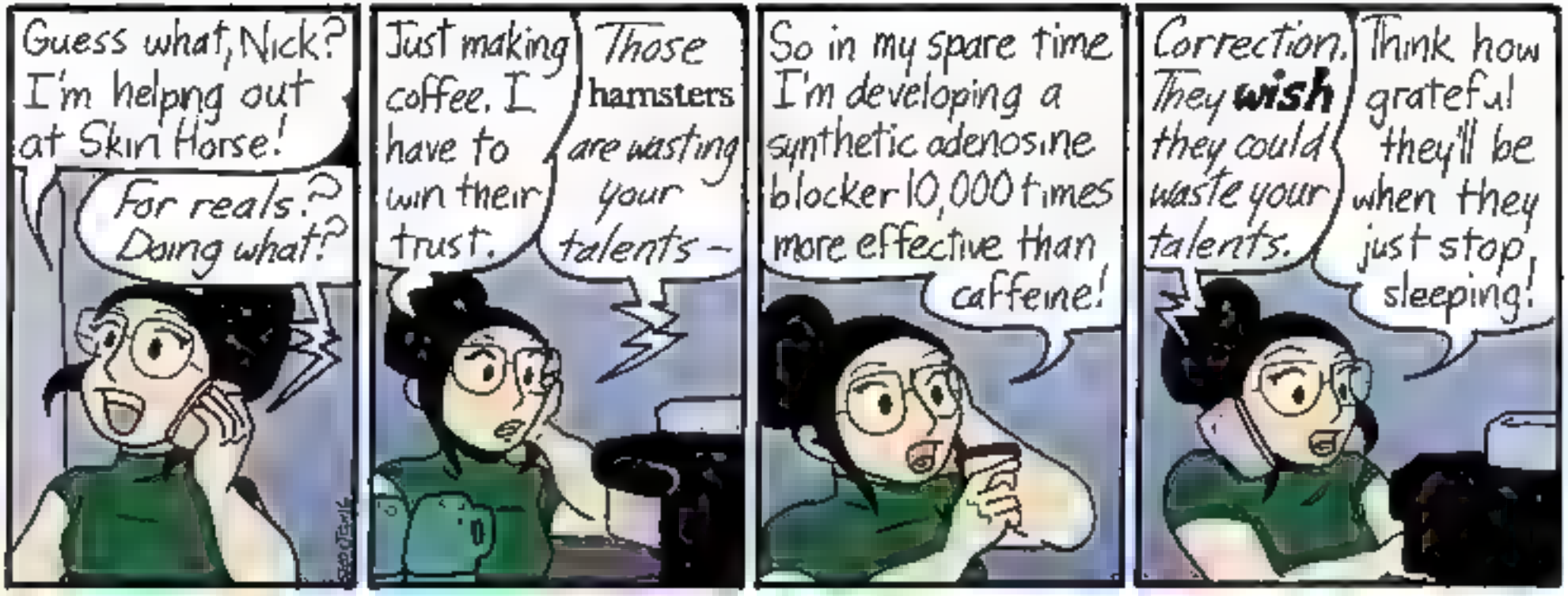
I specialize in stupid conflict resolution.



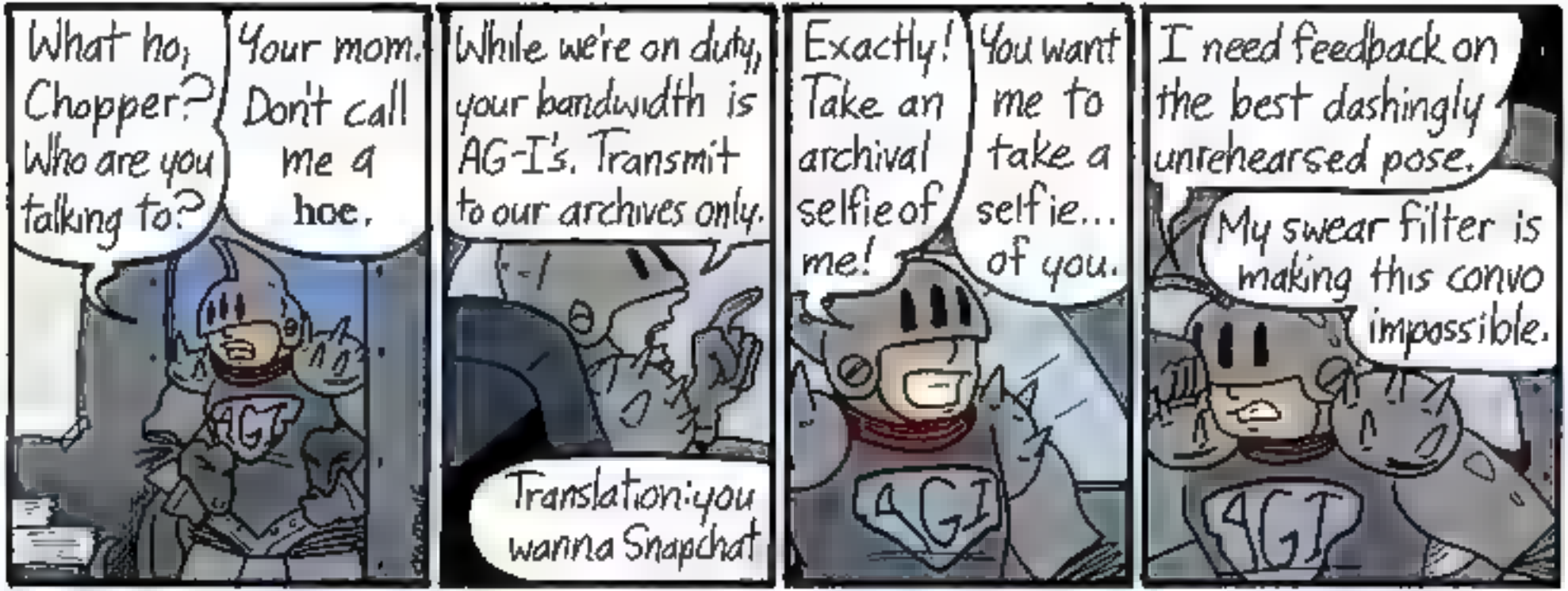

Baaabe, you can't hire my dumb old creator!
Why not?
'Cause her real job is evil?
Sweetheart's right. She brings impressive assets to the team.
Under my new anti-fraternization policy, you can't sleep with her.
Oh. In that case, I'm with Unity
I knew what you meant by "assets."
I find them useful, ma'am.

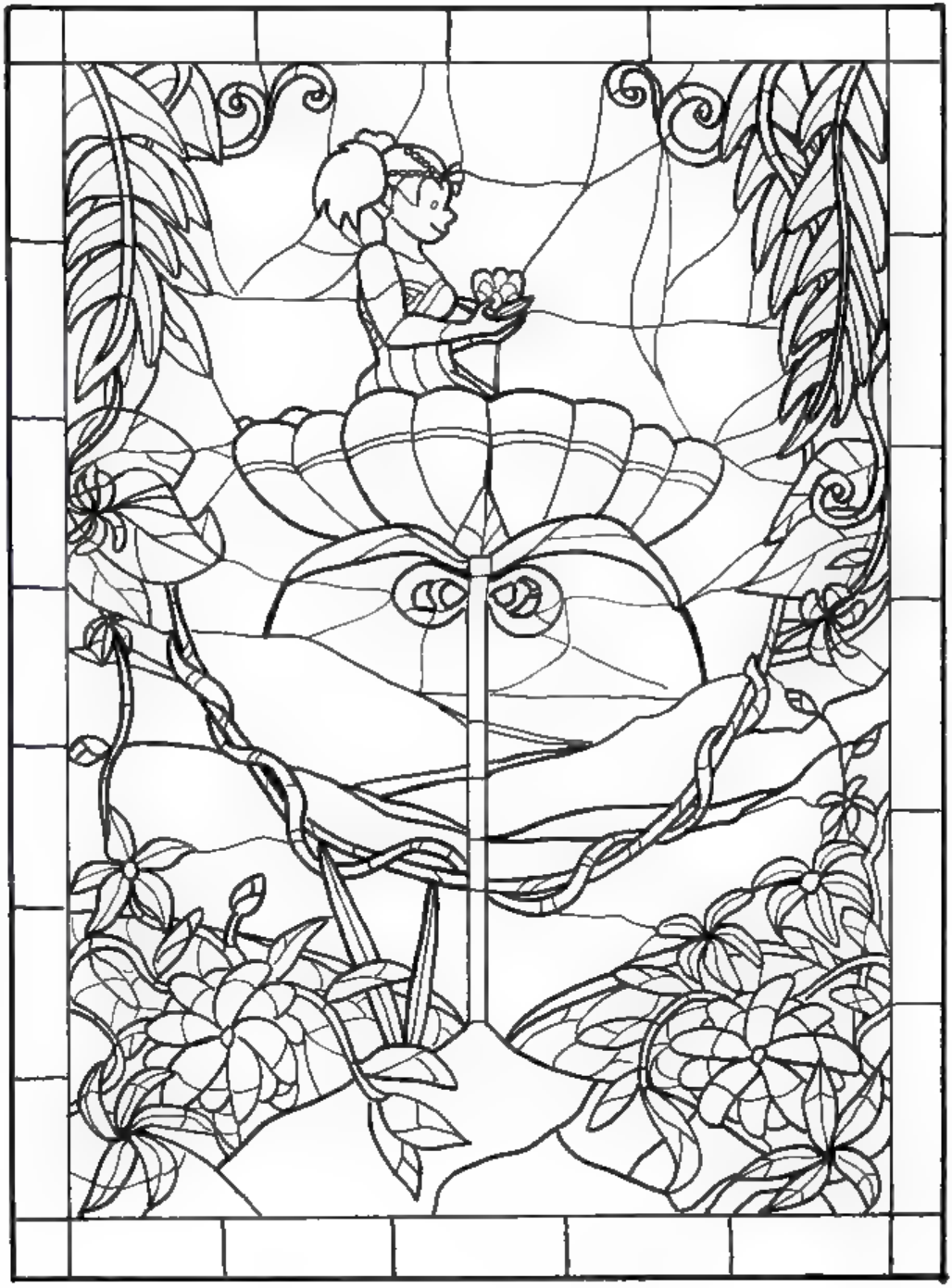

Babe, is "fraternization" when two brothers do it?
No. And stop reading those websites.
The new policy forbids relationships between SH agents.
What about me and Bubbles?
Existing relationships can stay, but you'll have to look for future dates in other social circles.
I don't got any since they stopped letting me hang at the ER.
What about the Shadow Rotary?
They seem nice.


You wanna know the **real** reason I'm bringing Lee on board?
Sailor Moon cosplay reference?
In the mirror world — the one that went FUBAR — she was nowhere to be seen.
If she's somehow key to stopping the New War, it's worth the risk of giving her a critical position
So it's neuroscience **and** coffee preparation?
Just the coffee. Our agency depends on it.

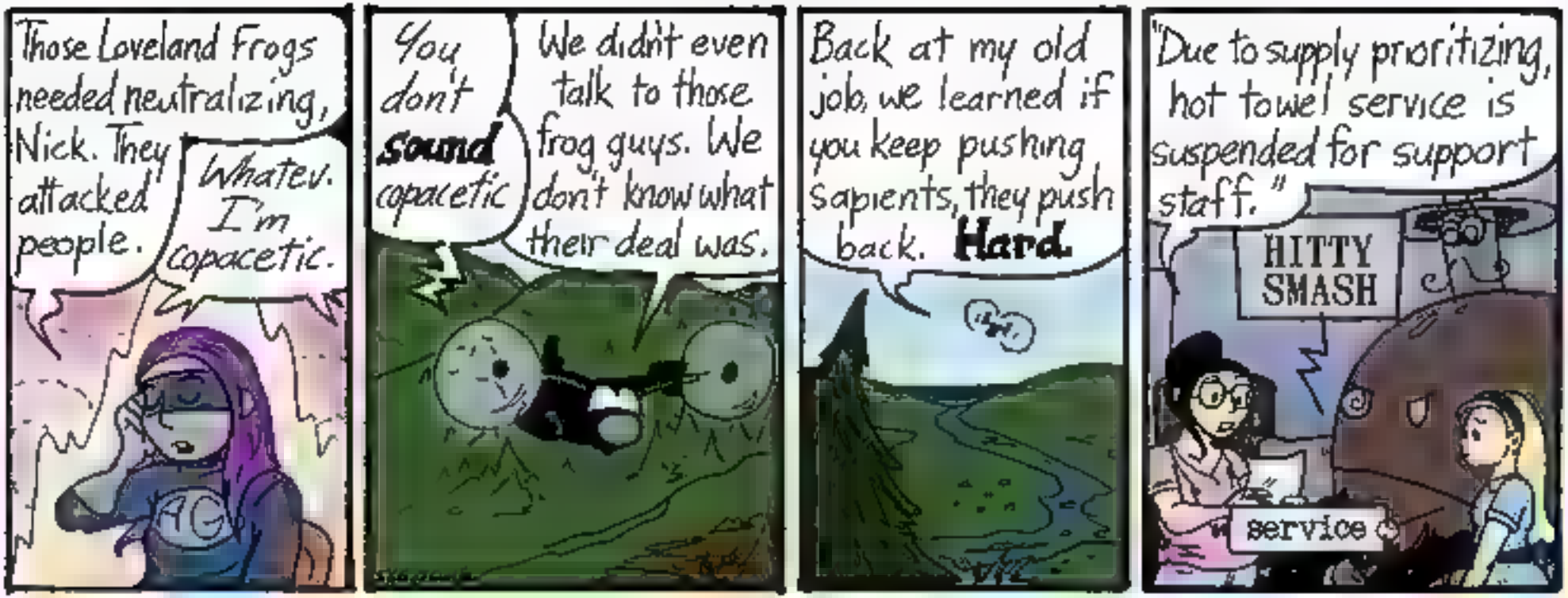

Guess what, Nick? I'm helping out at Skin Horse!
For reals? Doing what?
Just making coffee. I have to win their trust.
Those hamsters are wasting your talents –
So in my spare time I'm developing a synthetic adenosine blocker 10,000 times more effective than caffeine!
Correction. They wish they could waste your talents.
Think how grateful they'll be when they just stop sleeping!

If you're busy, Nick—
Sensors indicate Red Knight just cleaned up, so we're sparkling and peachy.
Ooh, superheroics. I'm jealous.
Don't be. I've chilled on this outfit.
Are they incompetent?
They're the best they are at what they do.
It's just that what they do is donuts.
We'll tell HQ these guys were armed and venomous.

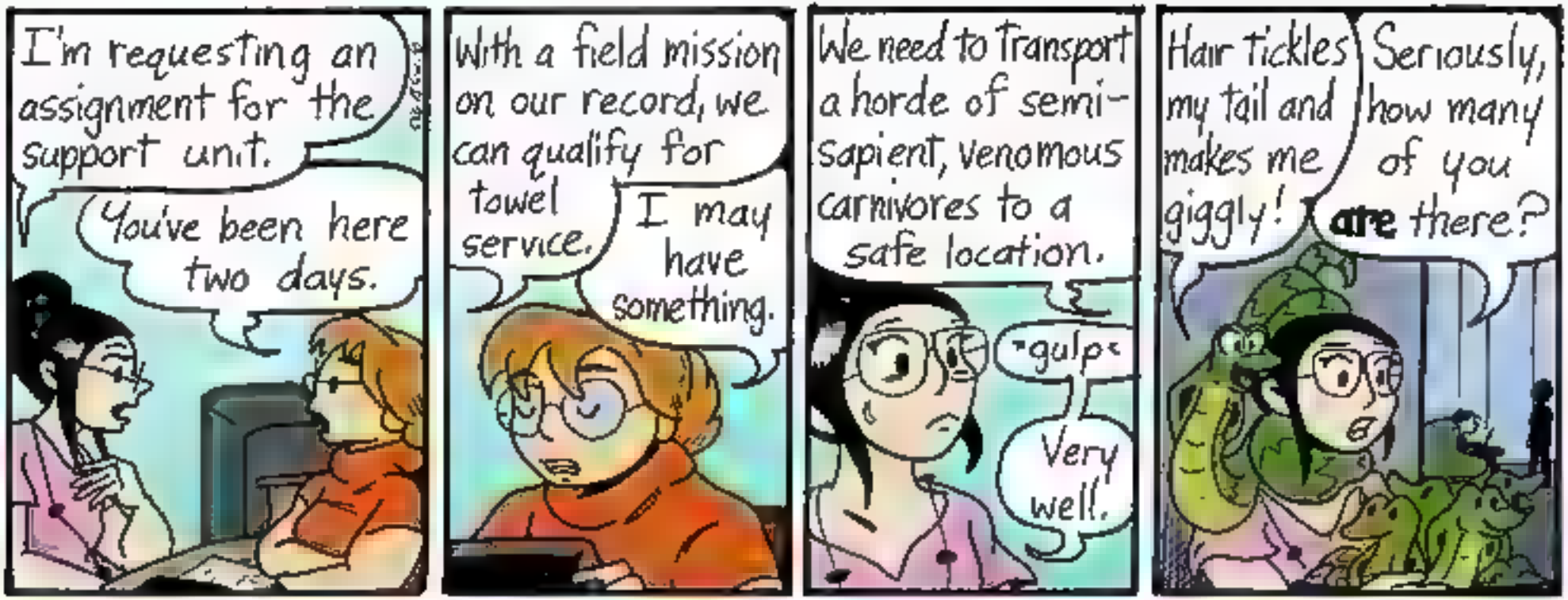

What ho, Chopper? Who are you talking to?
Your mom. Don't call me a hoe.
AGI
While we're on duty, your bandwidth is AG-I's. Transmit to our archives only.
Translation: you wanna Snapchat
Exactly! Take an archival selfie of me!
You want me to take a selfie... of you.
AGI
I need feedback on the best dashingly unrehearsed pose.
My swear filter is making this convo impossible.
AGI

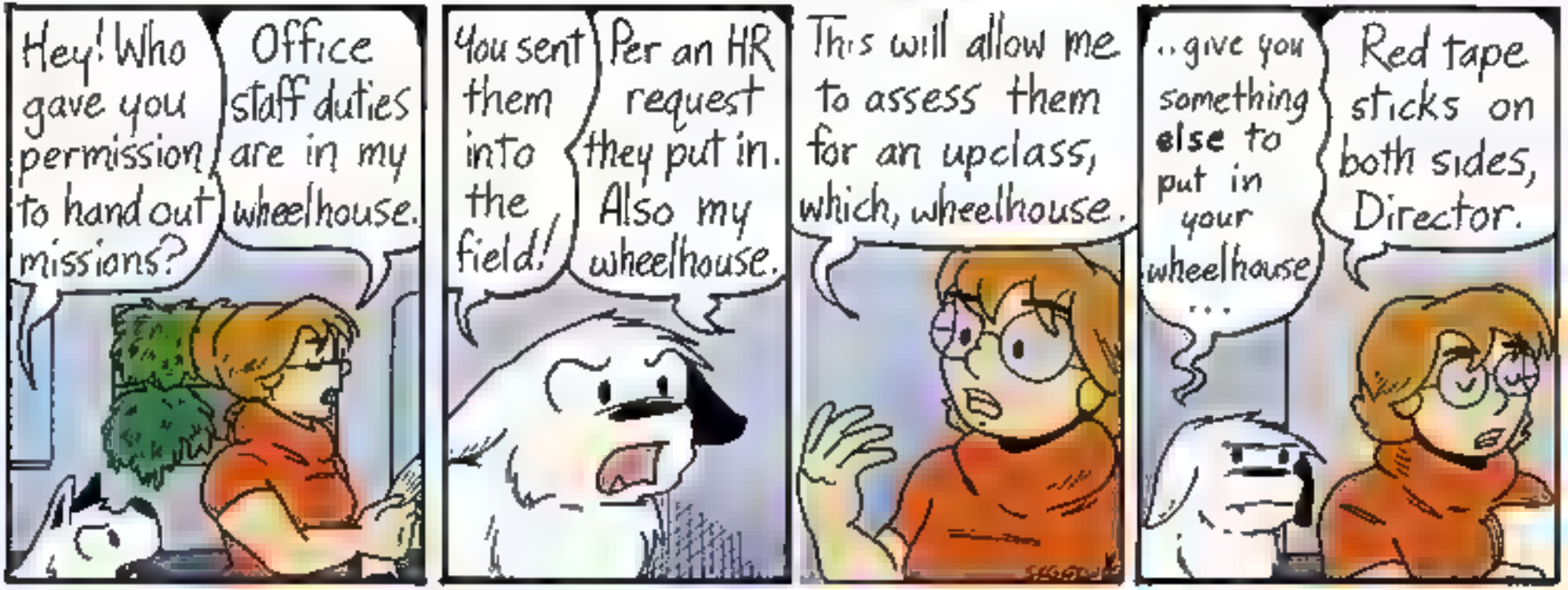


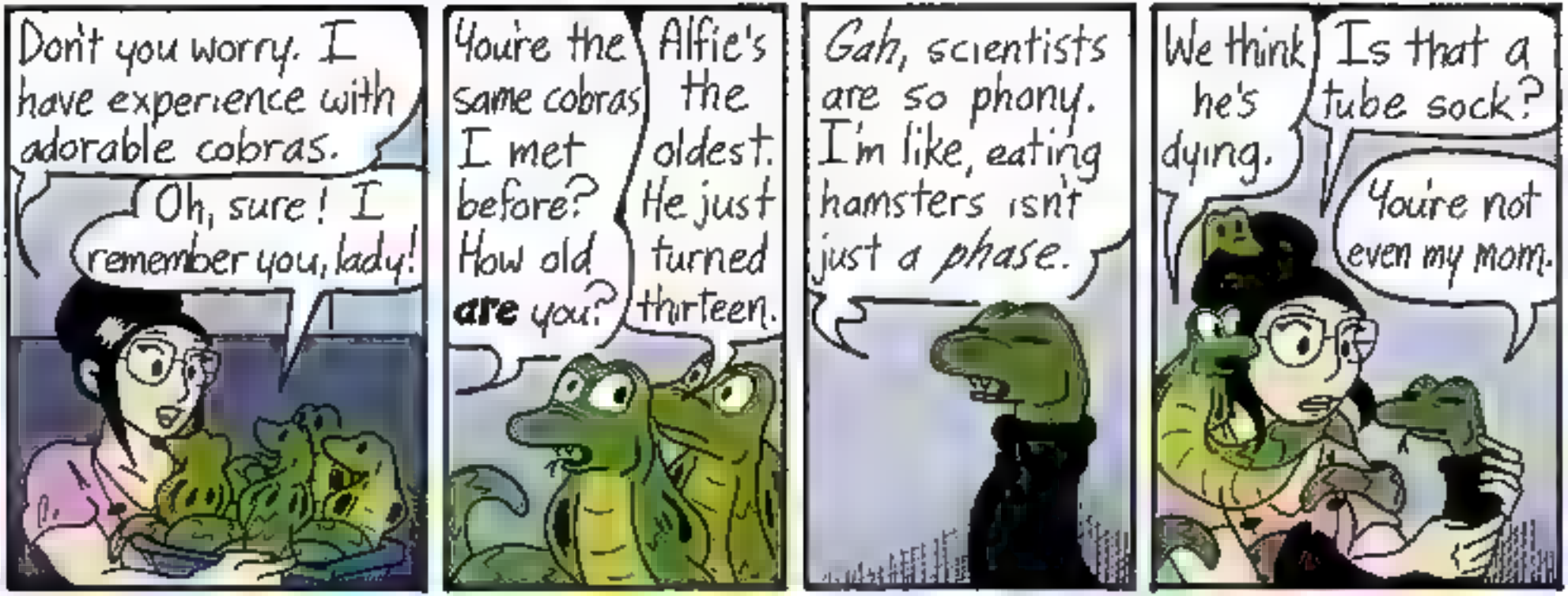
Panoptica, ma'am, what the vacuum happened to my transfer request?
But Nick, you're so good in Cryptids!
I wanna roll with the humanitarian unit, airlifting livestock to the poor and stoat.
Do you have any experience ferrying pigs around?
What ho, are you talking to Panoptica? Put her on screen so we can all enjoy!
Don't answer that.
How deep can you scan her? There's a bet riding on it.


Those Loveland Frogs needed neutralizing, Nick. They attacked people.
Whatev. I'm copacetic.
You don't sound copacetic
We didn't even talk to those frog guys. We don't know what their deal was.
Back at my old job, we learned if you keep pushing sapients, they push back. Hard.
"Due to supply prioritizing, hot towel service is suspended for support staff."
HITTY SMASH
service

Hitty, my nightengale, one does not Rampage over Towels.
HITTY GUESSES NOT.
Agents returning from hazardous missions need those towels.
I'm with Hitty.
This is civil service All employees deserve equal treatment.
You have an idea?
Yes.
One hazardous mission, please
One cream, two sugars, one stop bugging me.


I'm requesting an assignment for the support unit.
You've been here two days.
With a field mission on our record, we can qualify for towel service.
I may have something.
We need to transport a horde of semi-sapient, venomous carnivores to a safe location.
gulp
Very well.
Hair tickles my tail and makes me giggly!
Seriously, how many of you are there?


Hey! Who gave you permission to hand out missions?
Office staff duties are in my wheelhouse.
You sent them into the field!
Per an HR request they put in. Also my wheelhouse.
This will allow me to assess them for an upclass, which, wheelhouse.
..give you something else to put in your wheelhouse ...
Red tape sticks on both sides, Director.


Don't you worry. I have experience with adorable cobras.
Oh, sure! I remember you, lady!
You're the same cobras I met before? How old **are** you?
Alfie's the oldest. He just turned thirteen.
Gah, scientists are so phony. I'm like, eating hamsters isn't just a *phase*.
We think he's dying.
Is that a tube sock?
You're not even my mom.

Let's Dress Nick in Silicon Valley Comic Con Cosplay!

KHAAAN!

MAN-LEIA! (This happened.)

GUY CARRYING HIS GIRLFRIEND'S HARLEY QUINN MALLET!

ONE OF A BILLION HARLEY QUINN!

CRASER ROBIN!

APRIL O'NEIL!

CUTEBACCA!

DREAM & CAT DREAM!

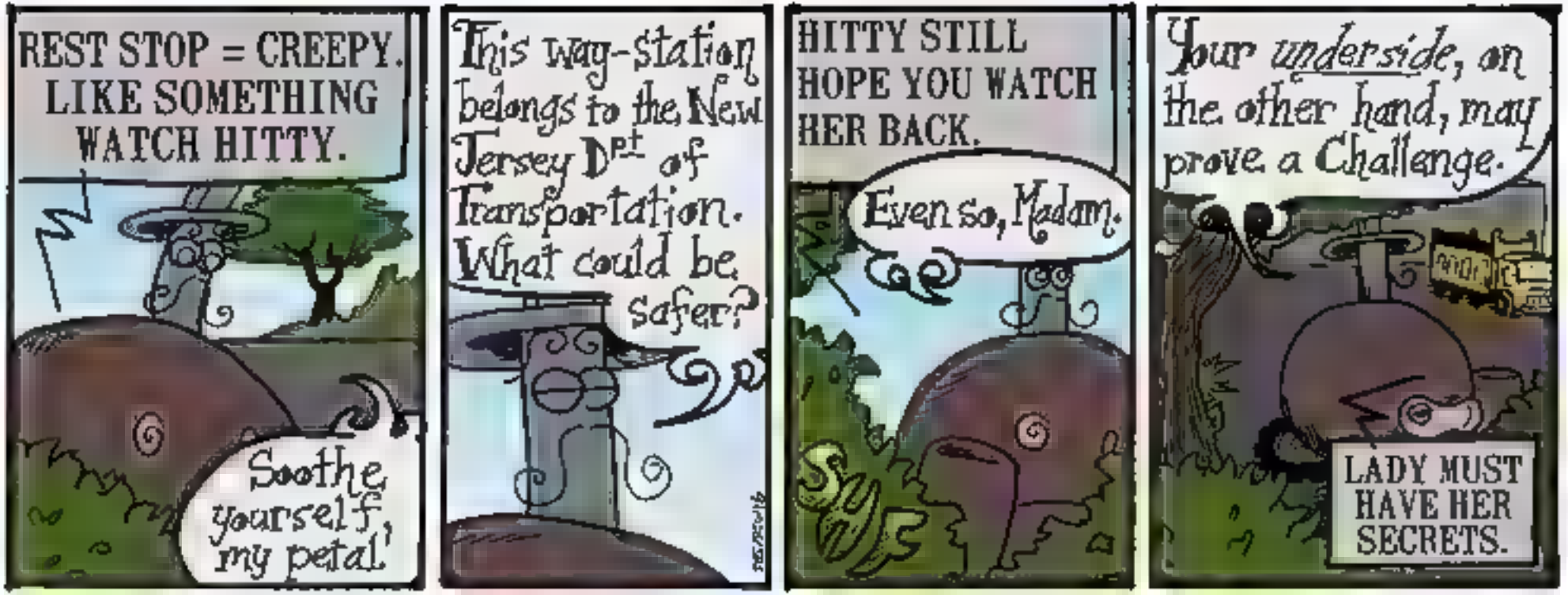
The Tick & Arthur!

MACHO MAN RANDY SAVAGE & THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR!

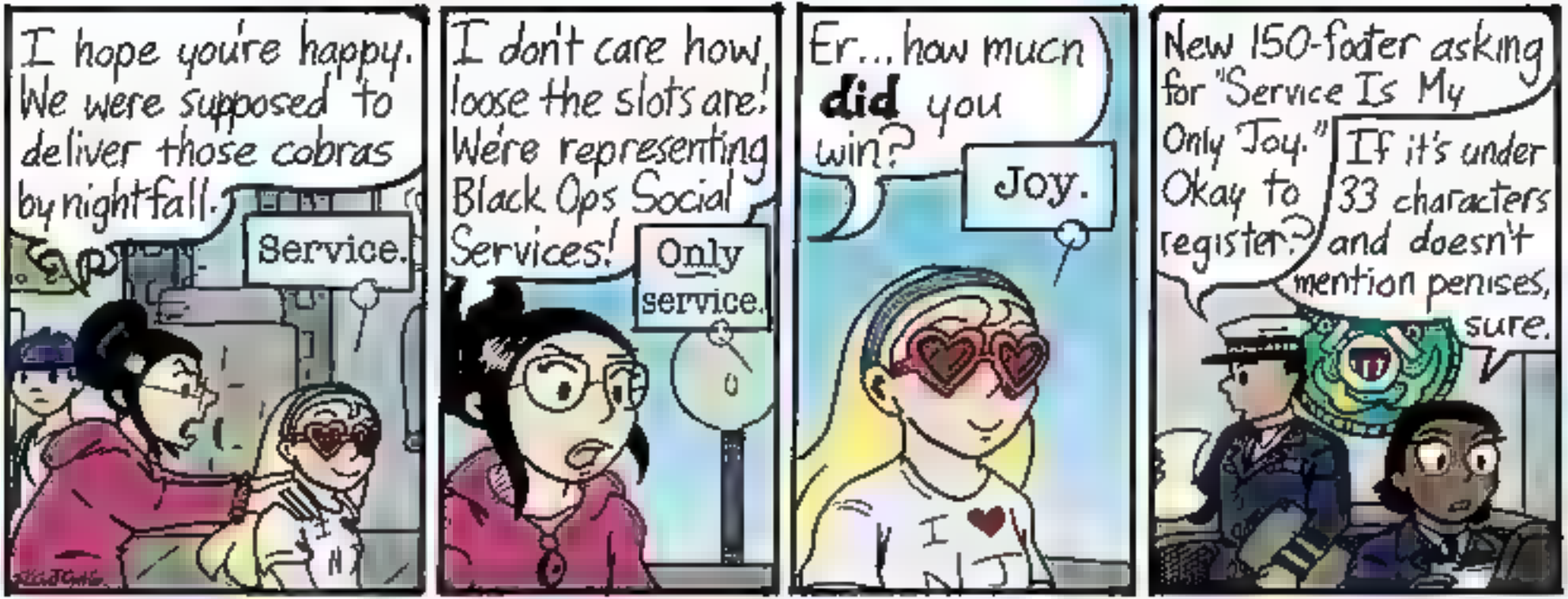
Ah, Dr. Lee! Did you secure our Hot Towels?
Yes! Here's the box of snakes!
service ?
Pack extra socks and put chains on your treads! We're going into the woods!
Er, Madam...
New Jersey, of course! Where else do we send our cobras?
Honestly, this made sense a few minutes ago.
DO NOT QUESTION THE PAIN-GODDESS, RAMSHAMBLER.

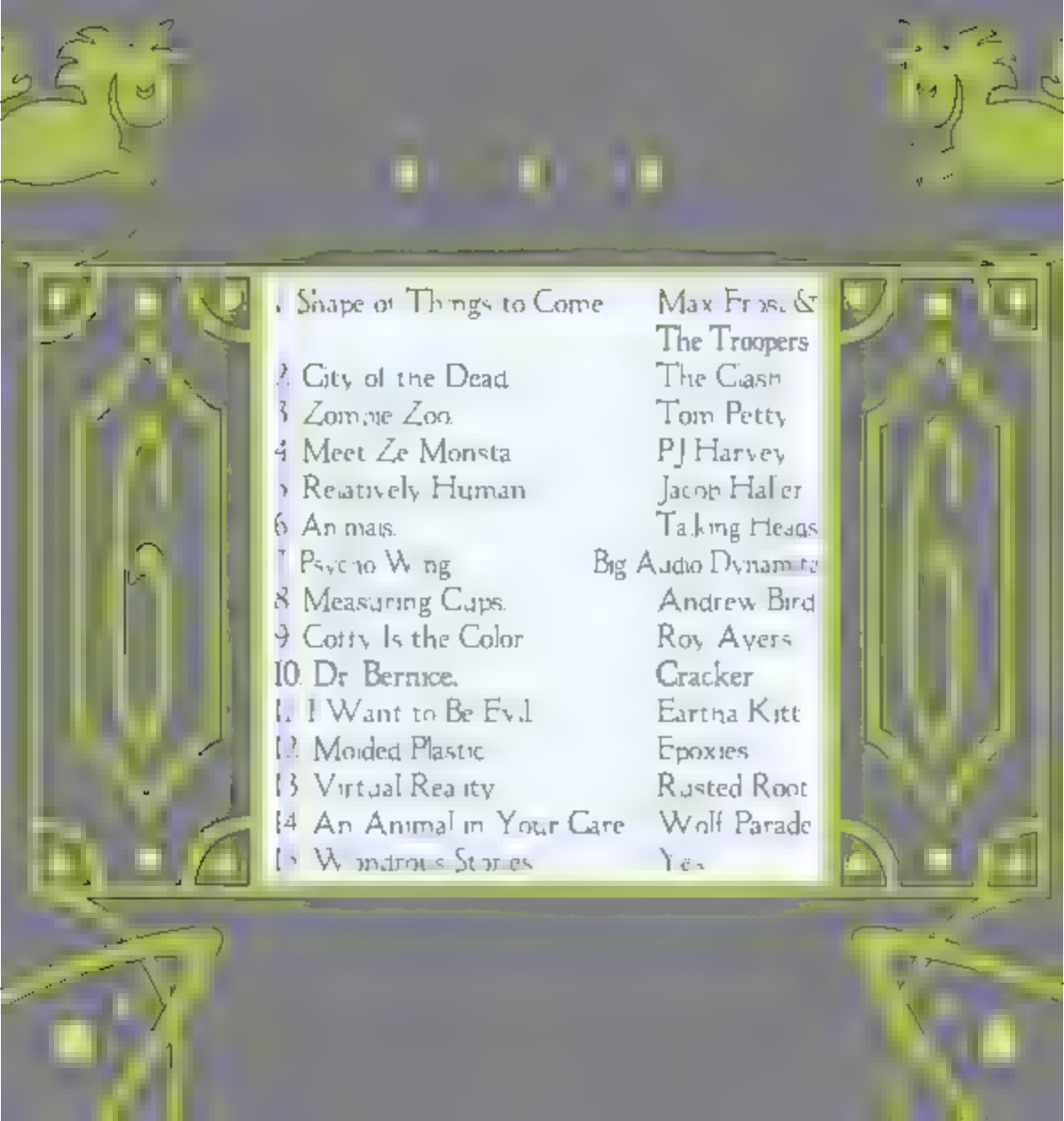
Are you sure you're prepared, Virginia?
It's a routine sapient transport to a safehouse.
The support staff can handle a field mission!
I'm not worried about the mission.
Then what?
The road trip.
Dr. Leee! Alfie says all flesh must perish!
Its true!
HITTY NEED ROBO-BATHROOM!
So help me, nobody is getting ice cream!

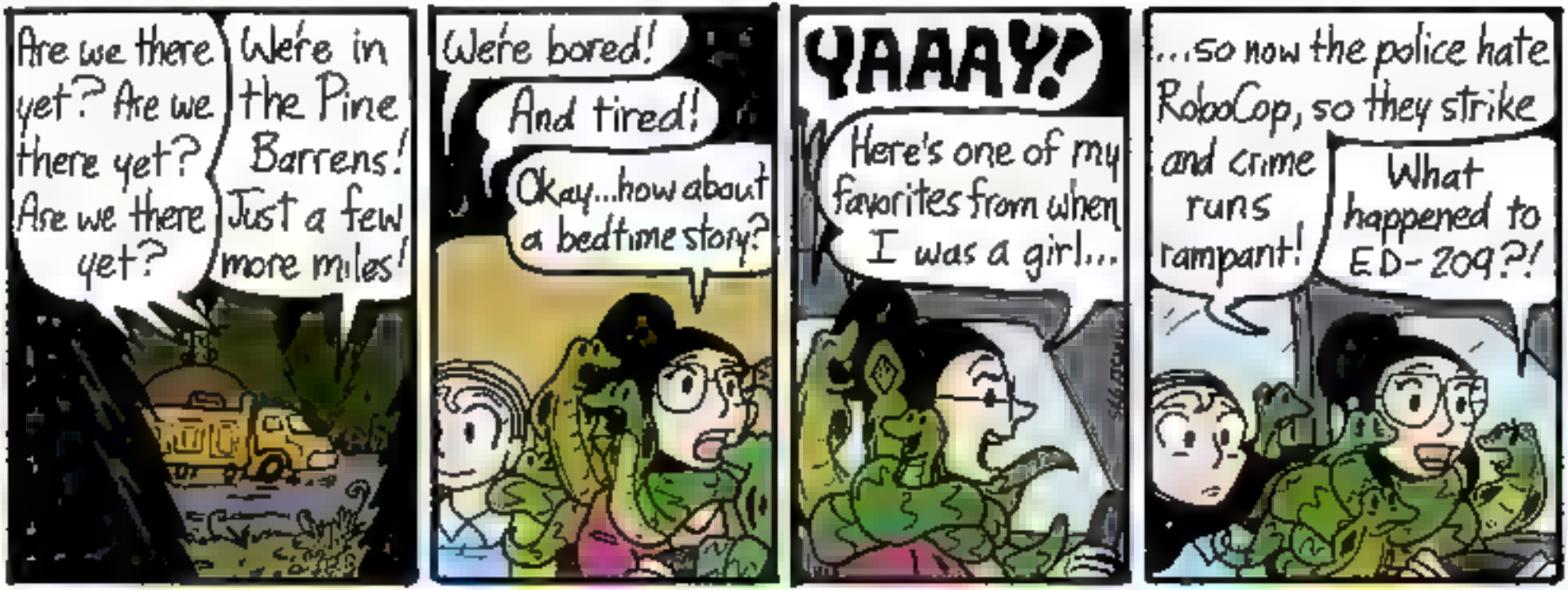
Girl cobras are so artificial. All huggy and bitey.
Service is service.
Not you, though. I can tell you're real You and me, we're all about the higher emotions
Shall we return to the—
STAY AWAY FROM MY GIRLFRIEND OR I'LL FANG YOUR EYEBROWS OFF MINE MINE MINE
Have you seen "Fight Club"?
My Ruffian sensor detects a Ruffian.
joy.

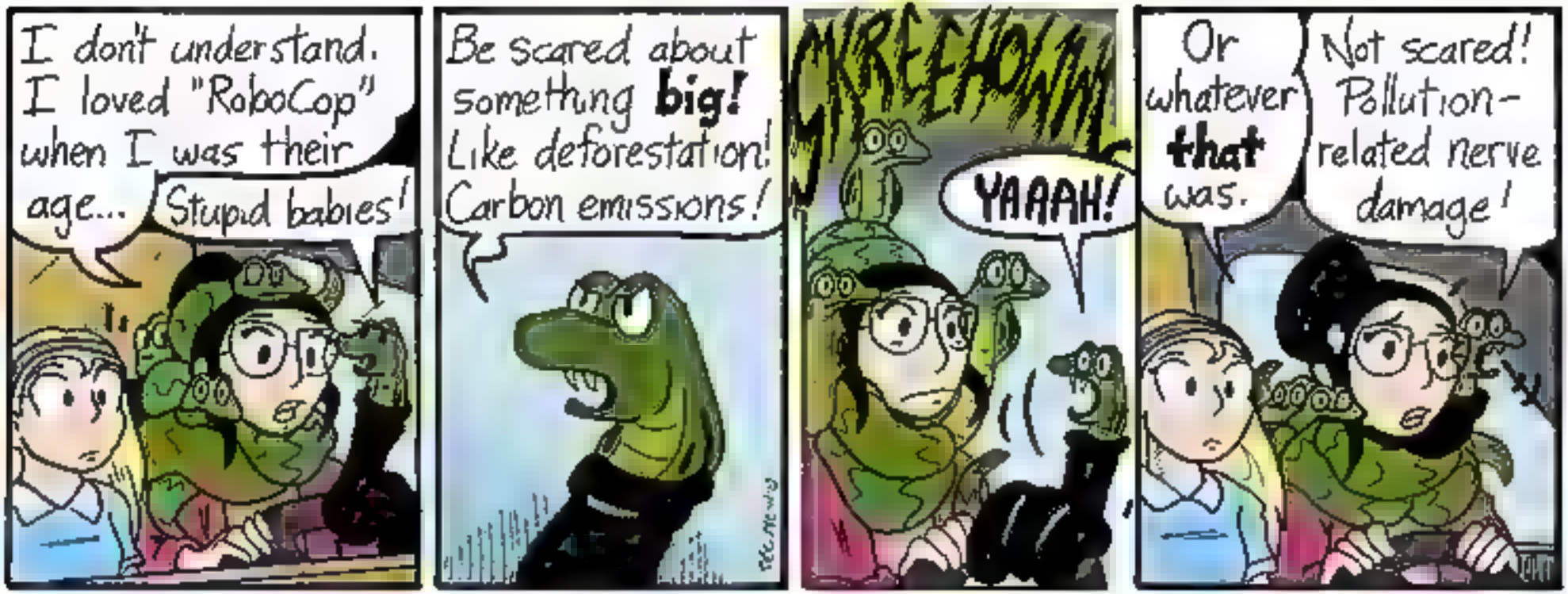

REST STOP = CREEPY. LIKE SOMETHING WATCH HITTY.
Soothe yourself, my petal!
This way-station belongs to the New Jersey Dpt of Transportation. What could be safer?
HITTY STILL HOPE YOU WATCH HER BACK.
Even so, Madam.
Your underside, on the other hand, may prove a Challenge.
LADY MUST HAVE HER SECRETS.

Let me warn you, we're venturing into true wilderness.
An older law rules here. A primal, brute law that devours all but the ruthless.
The veneer of civilization tears away when we hear that call—
Why, look- Atlantic City.
joy joy joy
Fight the primal call!

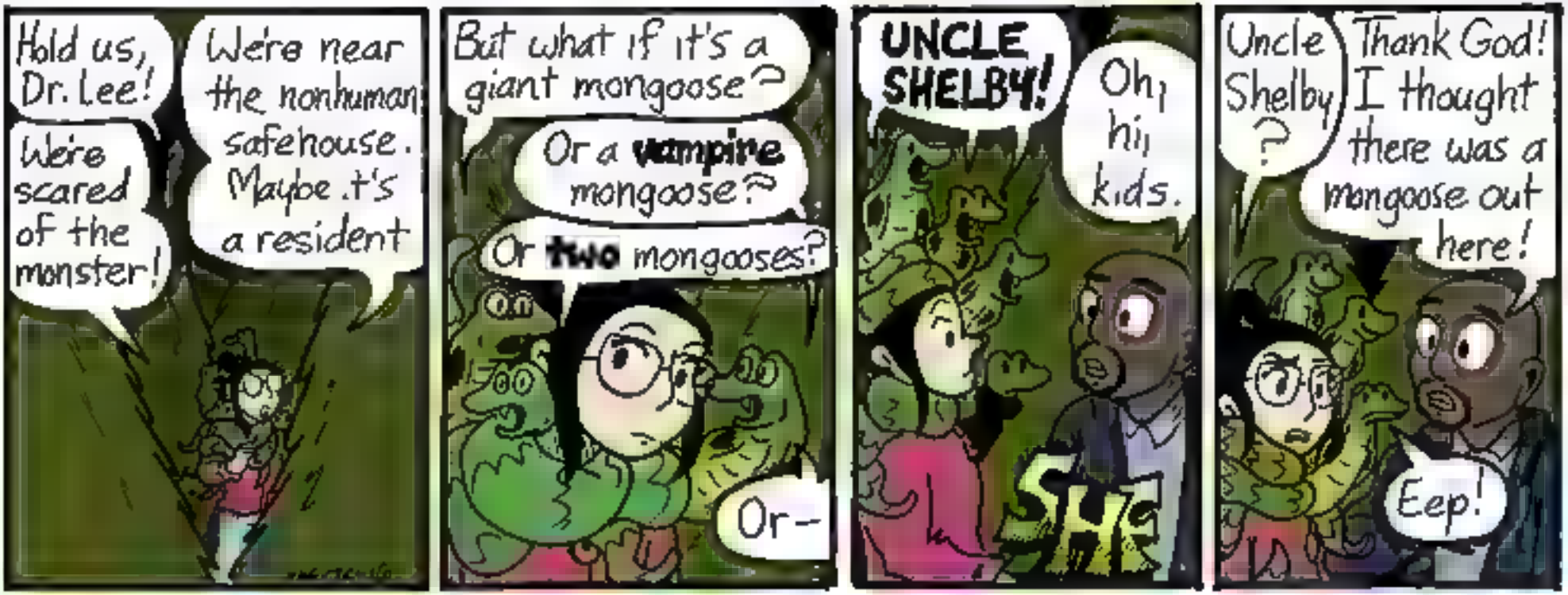

I hope you're happy. We were supposed to deliver those cobras by nightfall.
Service.
I don't care how loose the slots are! We're representing Black Ops Social Services!
Only service.
Er... how much did you win?
Joy.
I ♥ NJ
New 150-footer asking for "Service Is My Only Joy." Okay to register?
If it's under 33 characters and doesn't mention penises, sure.


1. Shape of Things to Come — Max Frost & The Troopers
2. City of the Dead — The Clash
3. Zombie Zoo — Tom Petty
4. Meet Ze Monsta — PJ Harvey
5. Relatively Human — Jacob Haller
6. Animals — Talking Heads
7. Psycho Wing — Big Audio Dynamite
8. Measuring Cups — Andrew Bird
9. Cotty Is the Color — Roy Ayers
10. Dr Bernice — Cracker
11. I Want to Be Evil — Eartha Kitt
12. Molded Plastic — Epoxies
13. Virtual Reality — Rusted Root
14. An Animal in Your Care — Wolf Parade
15. Wondrous Stories — Yes


Are we there yet? Are we there yet? Are we there yet?
We're in the Pine Barrens! Just a few more miles!
We're bored!
And tired!
Okay...how about a bedtime story?
YAAAY!
Here's one of my favorites from when I was a girl...
...so now the police hate RoboCop, so they strike and crime runs rampant!
What happened to ED-209?!

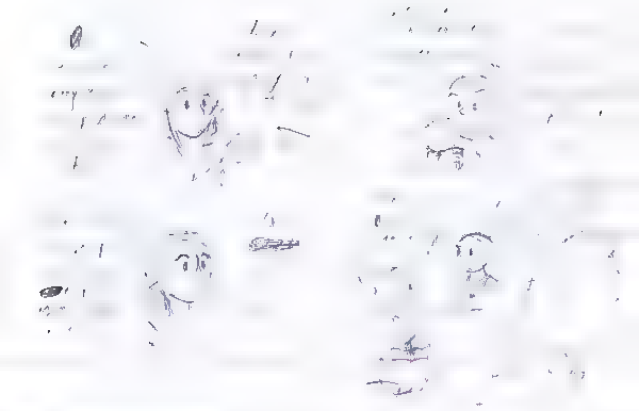

I don't understand. I loved "RoboCop" when I was their age...
Stupid babies!
Be scared about something big! Like deforestation! Carbon emissions!
SKREEHOWL
YAAAH!
Or whatever that was.
Not scared! Pollution-related nerve damage!

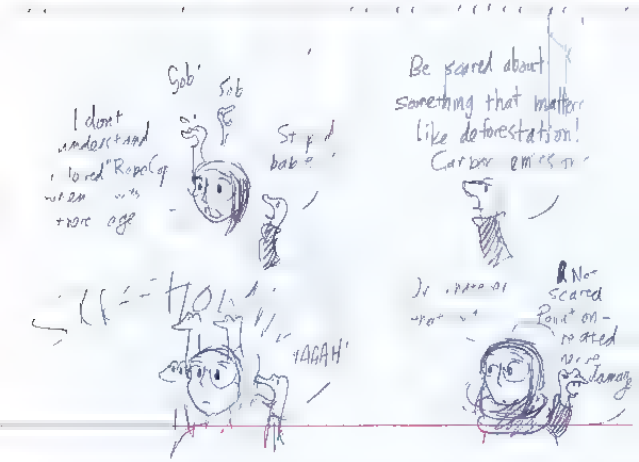
What the devil was that?
It sounded like some huge inhuman monster!
Manners, madam! Hitty identifies culturally as both huge and inhuman.
Oh. Sorry.
WHAT YOU TALK ABOUT?
Were trying to be sensitive to you, Hitty.
OH HITTY THANK.
NOW! WHAT HUGE INHUMAN MONSTER OUT THERE?
An insensitive one, no doubt.


Hold us, Dr. Lee!
We're scared of the monster!
We're near the nonhuman safehouse. Maybe it's a resident
But what if it's a giant mongoose?
Or a vampire mongoose?
Or two mongooses?
Or--
UNCLE SHELBY!
Oh, hi, kids.
SHE
Uncle Shelby?
Thank God! I thought there was a mongoose out here!
Eep!

You cobras know this man?
He was like the janitor at Annex One. We used to let him hang with us.
Why is he in the Jersey Pine Barrens?
Er—looking for the cobras! I heard Skin Horse was moving them for safety reasons.
I was worried!
Aw, we were fine! Ms Tigerlily gave us oil massages and was gonna introduce us to her leather boot collection!
Think I've pinpointed the safety issue.
It's not Annex One. It's the Positronic Love Tower.

This must be the safehouse. Awful quiet
HITTY UNSURE ABOUT MURDER-HOUSE VIBE.
Hello? Anyone h-ARGH!
BZZZZ
KA-CHOK
RRRRR
THAT BETTER. LET'S GO IN.
What, after the buzzsaw?!
HITTY RAISED IN BATTLEDOME. BUZZSAW IS SOUND OF HOME.
Visitors! Welcome to destruction!





Girl words are

Ai niggy &
b tay

return to

STAY AWAY
FROM MY GIRLFRND
S IR I'LL FANG YOUR
[redacted] E YEBROWS OFF
IE
MINE

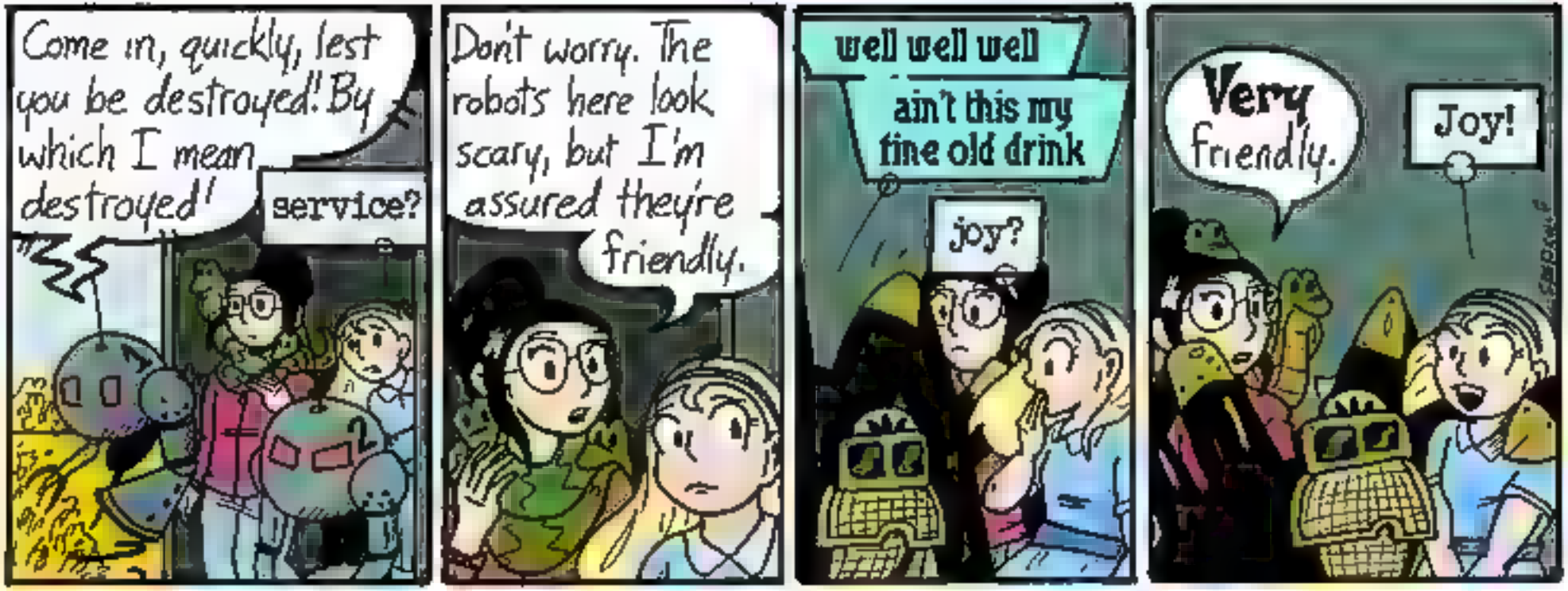
Chu.

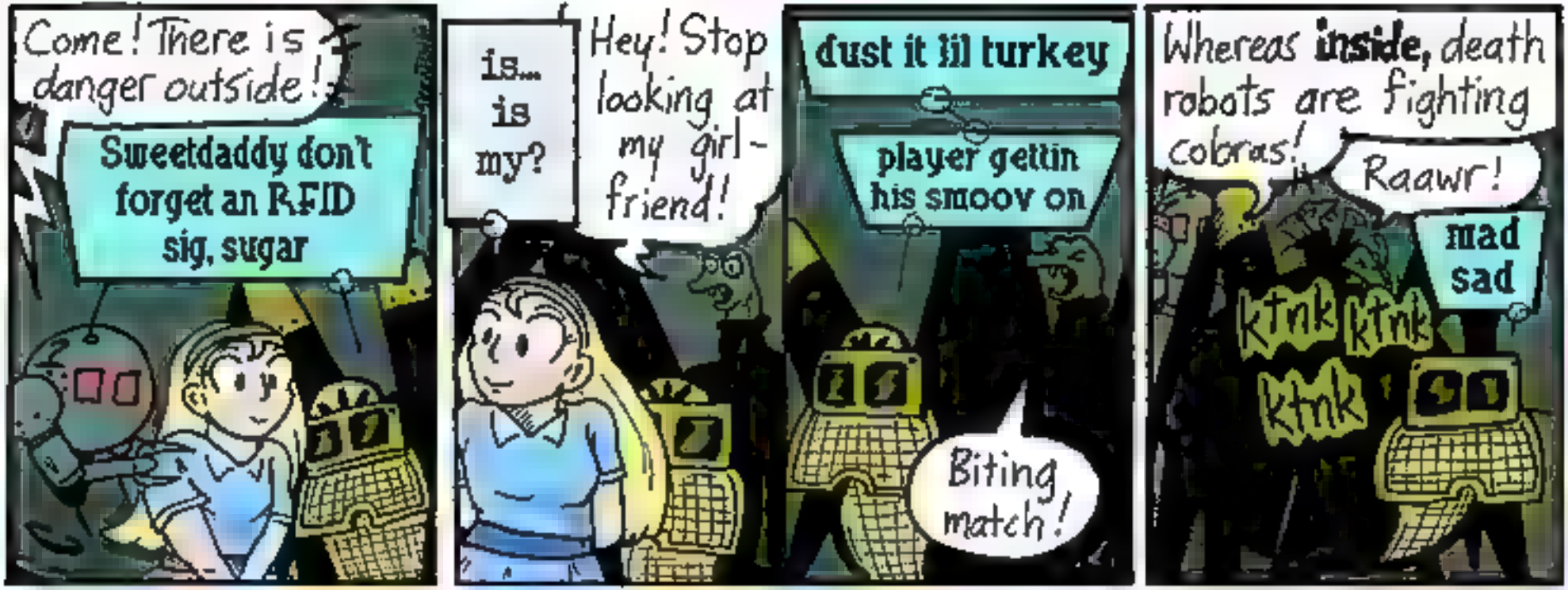
An older one!
In a ... A prison
that call—

Gob'
Sob
I dont understand
I loved "RopeCop"
... age
Stupid babe

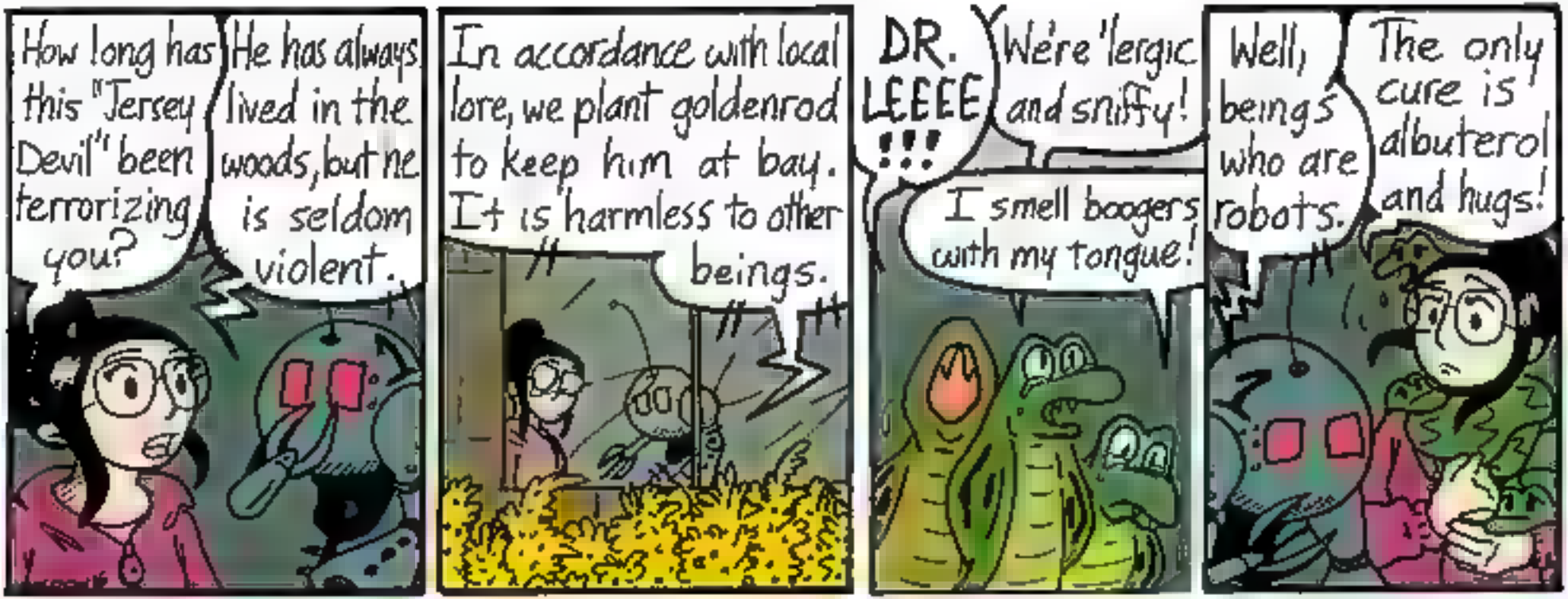
Be scared about something that matter like deforestation! Carbon emission

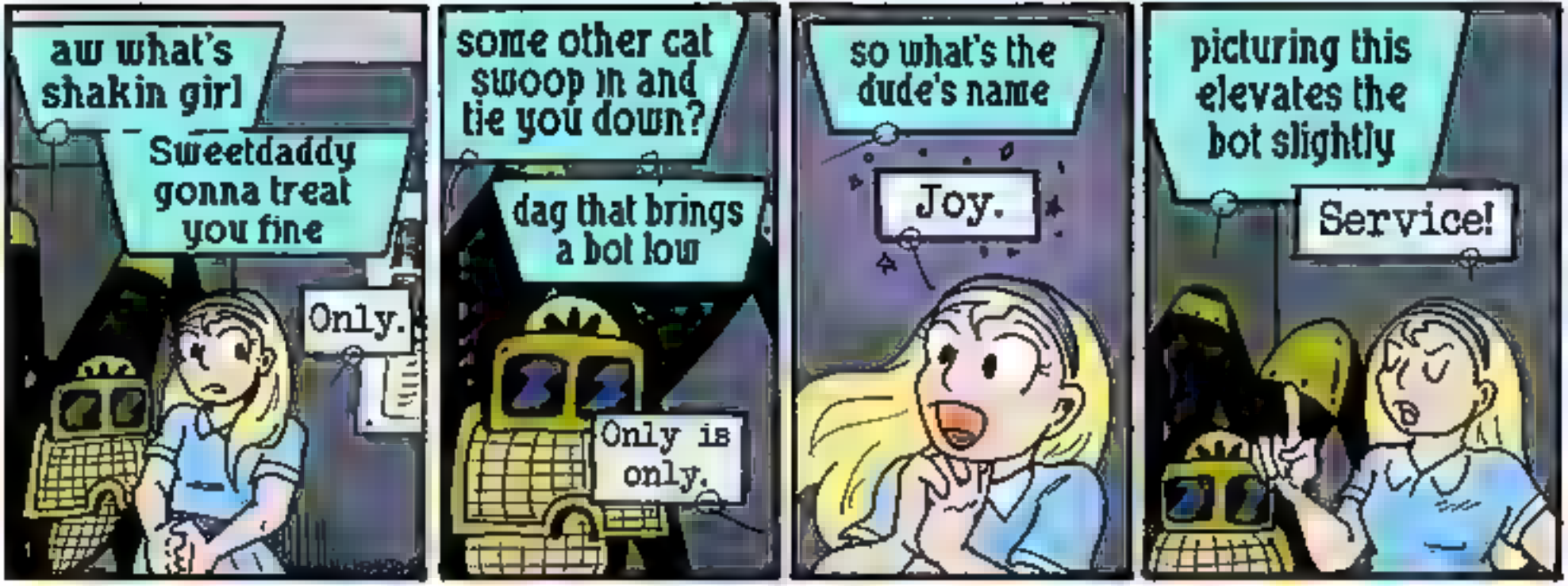
Not scared
Point on-
rotated
vice Jamay

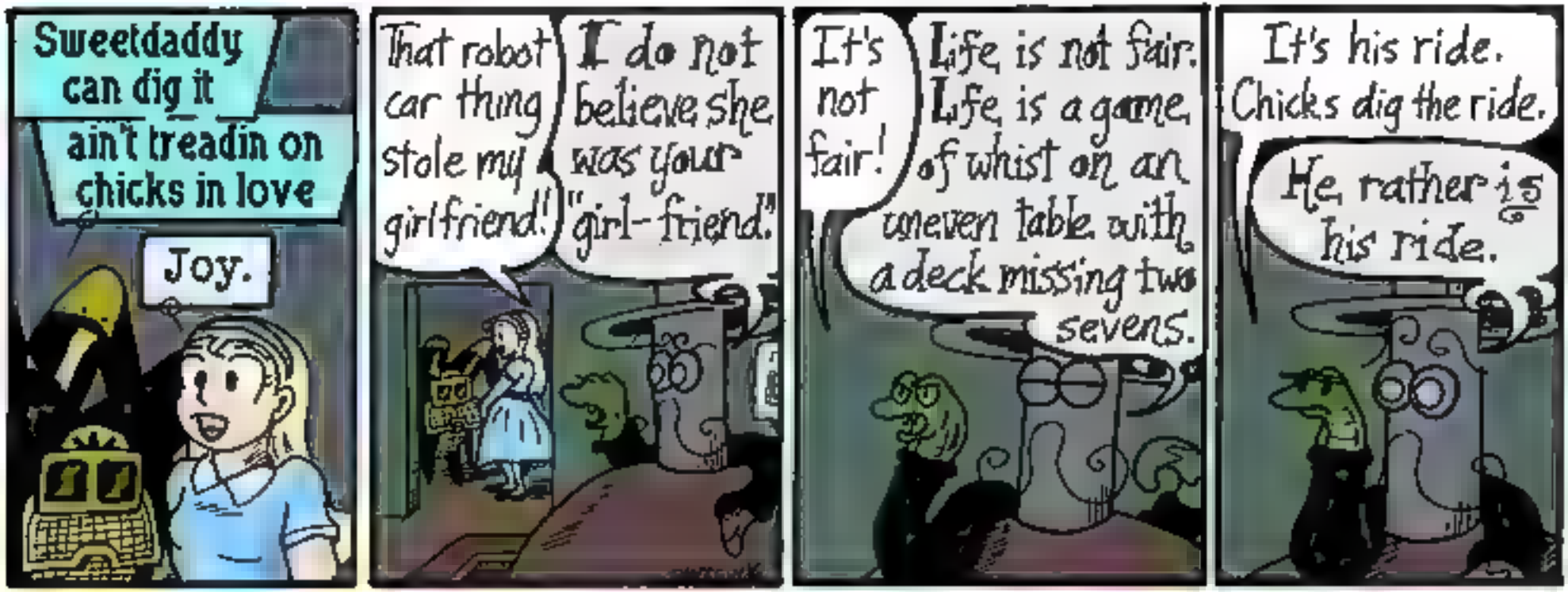

Come in, quickly, lest you be destroyed! By which I mean destroyed!
service?
Don't worry. The robots here look scary, but I'm assured they're friendly.
well well well
ain't this my fine old drink
joy?
Very friendly.
Joy!

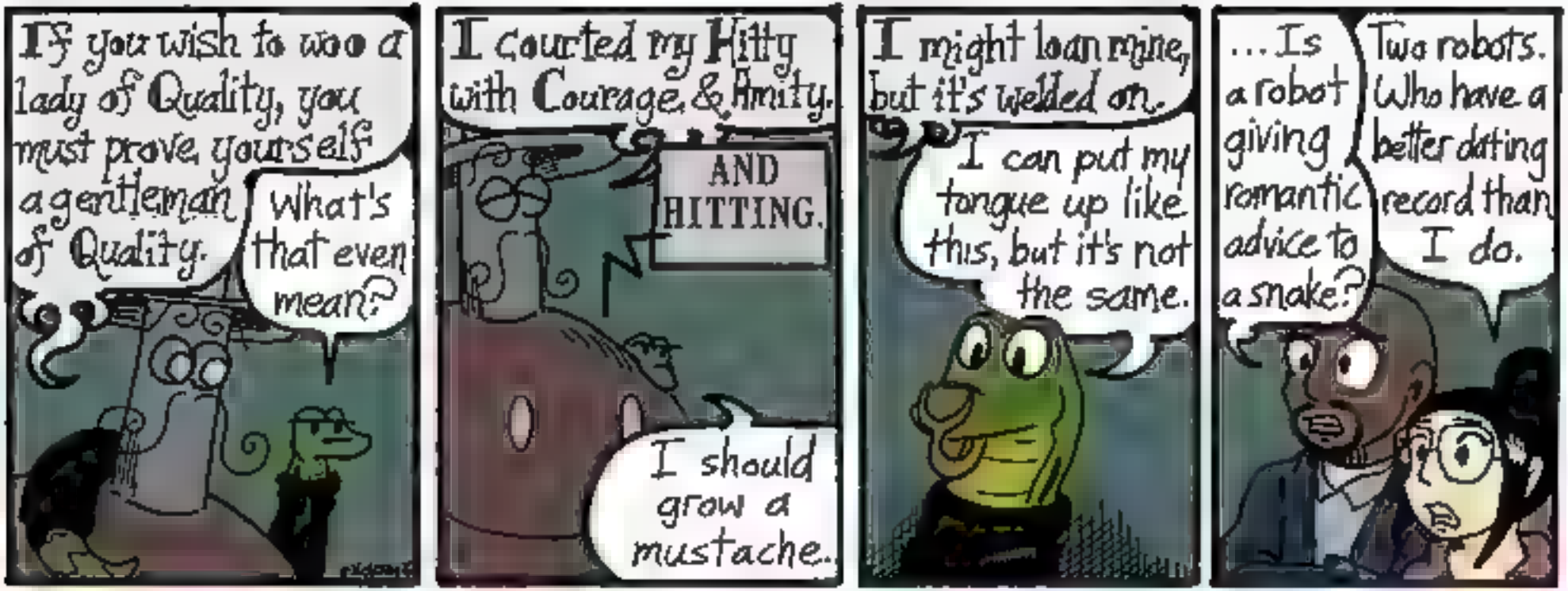

Come! There is danger outside!
Sweetdaddy don't forget an RFID sig, sugar
is... is my?
Hey! Stop looking at my girl-friend!
dust it lil turkey
player gettin his smoov on
Biting match!
Whereas inside, death robots are fighting cobras!
Raawr!
mad sad
ktnk ktnk ktnk

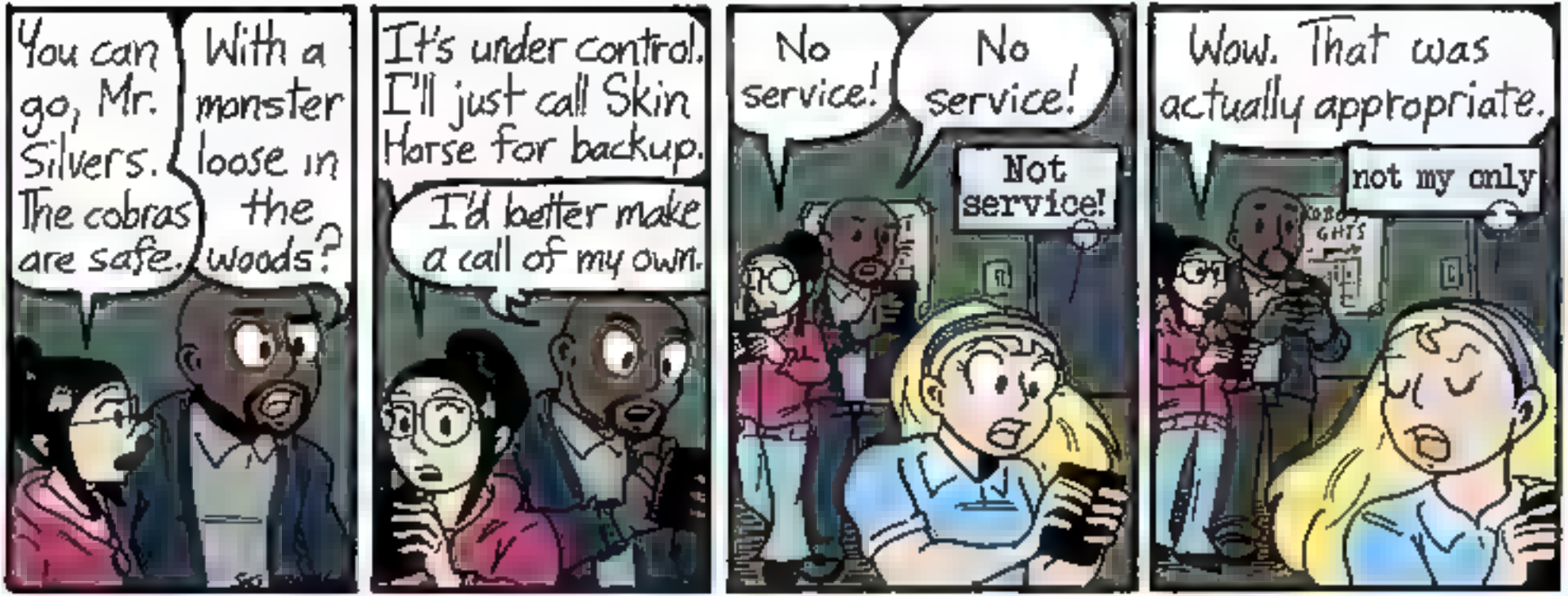
What's this "danger"?
Something haunts the Pinelands, destroying and destroying all it meets!
I think we heard it on the way in.
They say it's the legendary Jersey Devil!
HA!
The Jersey Devil's a myth! Nobody believes in that stuff anymore!
We know your thoughts, Chesapeake Bay Monster.
Someone's gotta be the voice of reason.

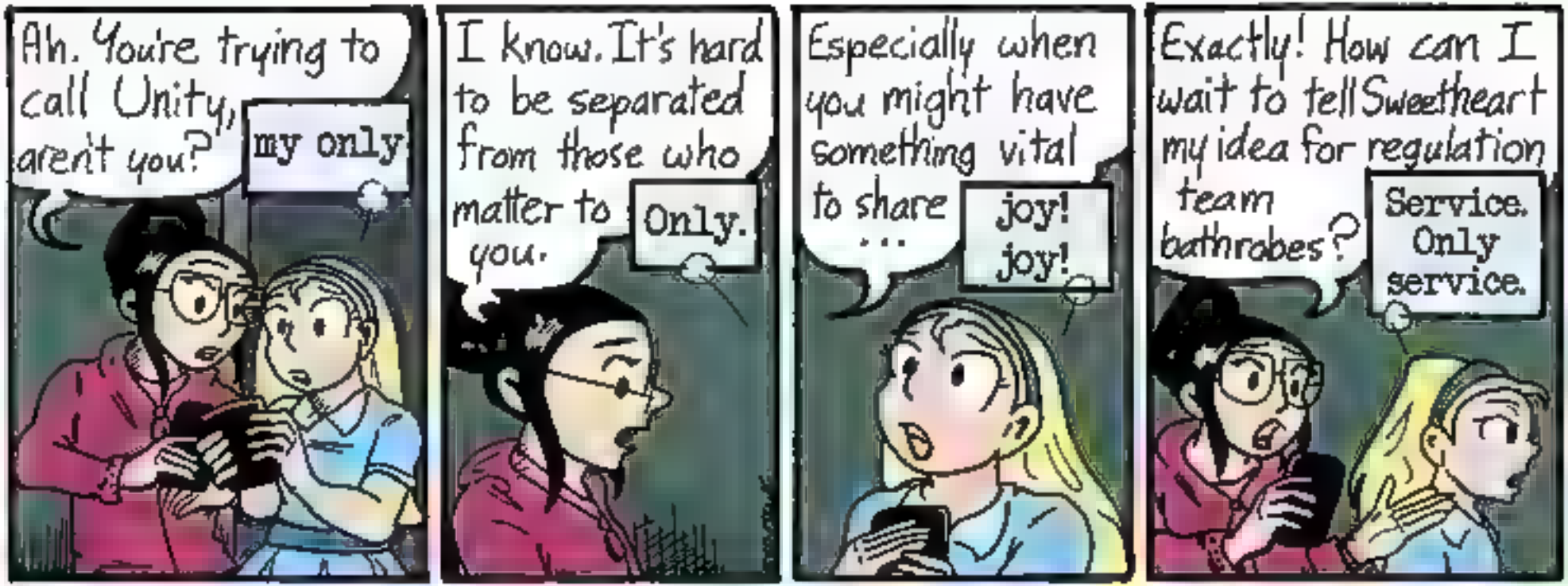

How long has this "Jersey Devil" been terrorizing you?
He has always lived in the woods, but he is seldom violent.
In accordance with local lore, we plant goldenrod to keep him at bay. It is harmless to other beings.
DR. LEEEE !!!
We're allergic and sniffy!
I smell boogers with my tongue!
Well, beings who are robots.
The only cure is albuterol and hugs!

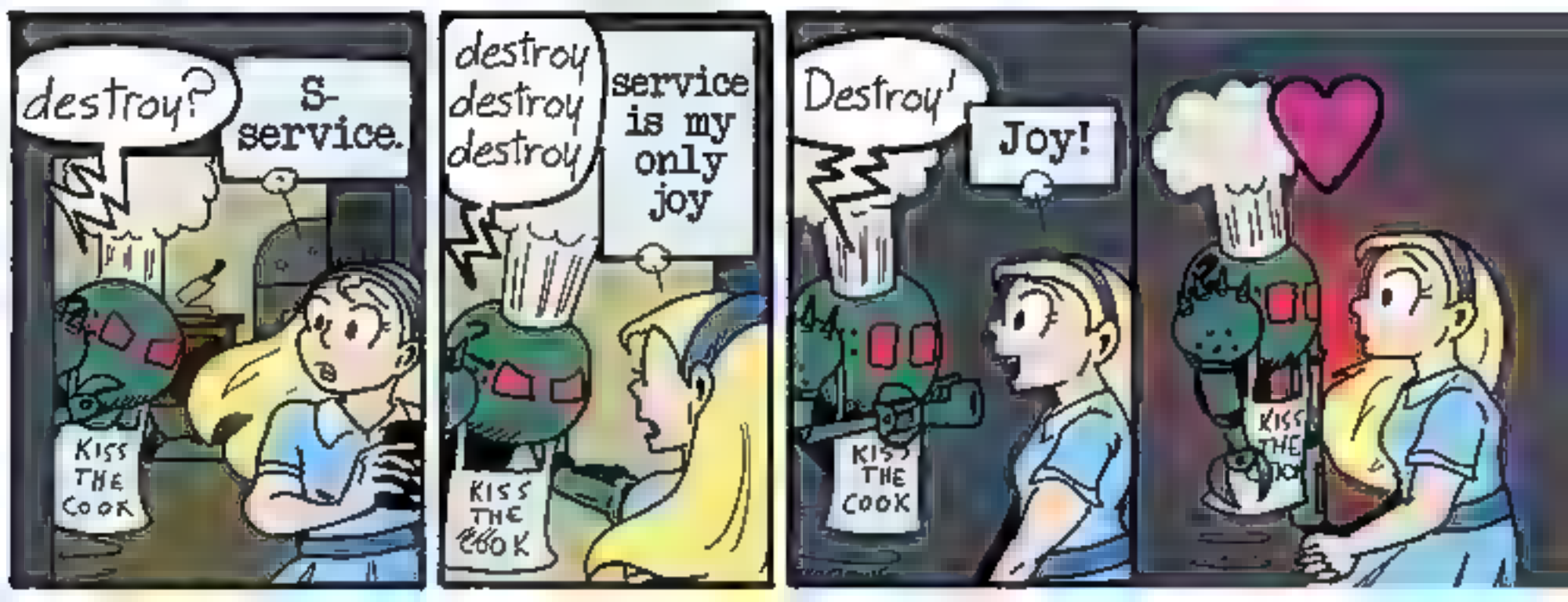

aw what's shakin girl
Sweetdaddy gonna treat you fine
Only.
some other cat swoop in and tie you down?
dag that brings a bot low
Only is only.
so what's the dude's name
Joy.
picturing this elevates the bot slightly
Service!

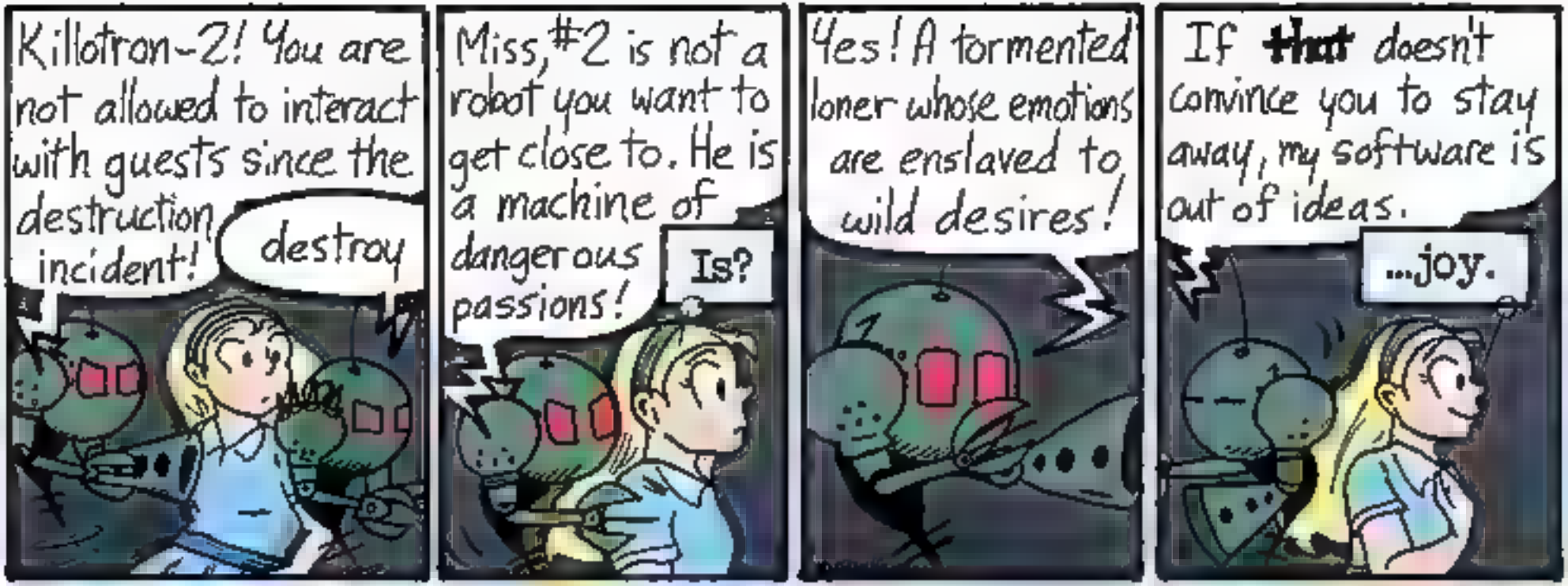

Sweetdaddy can dig it ain't treadin on chicks in love
Joy.
That robot car thing stole my girlfriend!
I do not believe she was your "girl-friend."
It's not fair!
Life is not fair. Life is a game of whist on an uneven table with a deck missing two sevens.
It's his ride. Chicks dig the ride.
He rather is his ride.


If you wish to woo a lady of Quality, you must prove yourself a gentleman of Quality.
What's that even mean?
I courted my Hitty with Courage & Amity.
AND HITTING.
I should grow a mustache.
I might loan mine, but it's welded on.
I can put my tongue up like this, but it's not the same.
...Is a robot giving romantic advice to a snake?
Two robots. Who have a better dating record than I do.

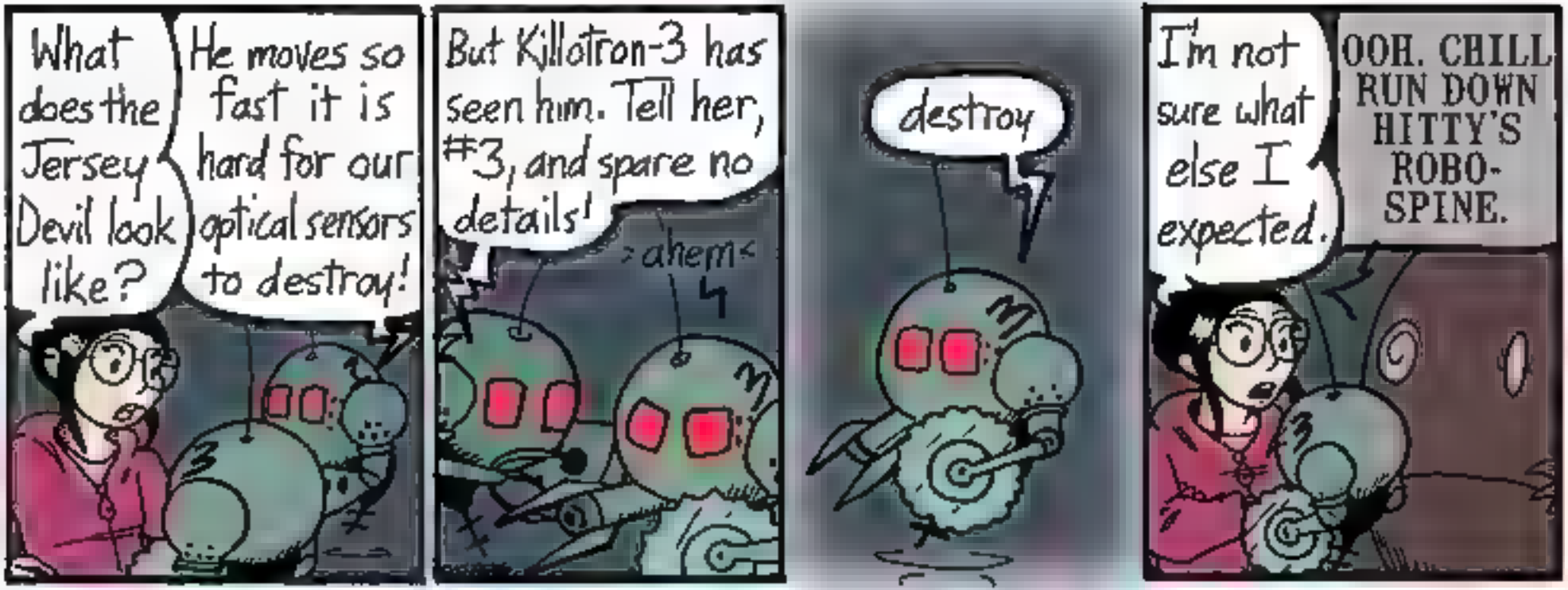

You can go, Mr. Silvers. The cobras are safe.
With a monster loose in the woods?
It's under control. I'll just call Skin Horse for backup.
I'd better make a call of my own.
No service!
No service!
Not service!
Wow. That was actually appropriate.
not my only

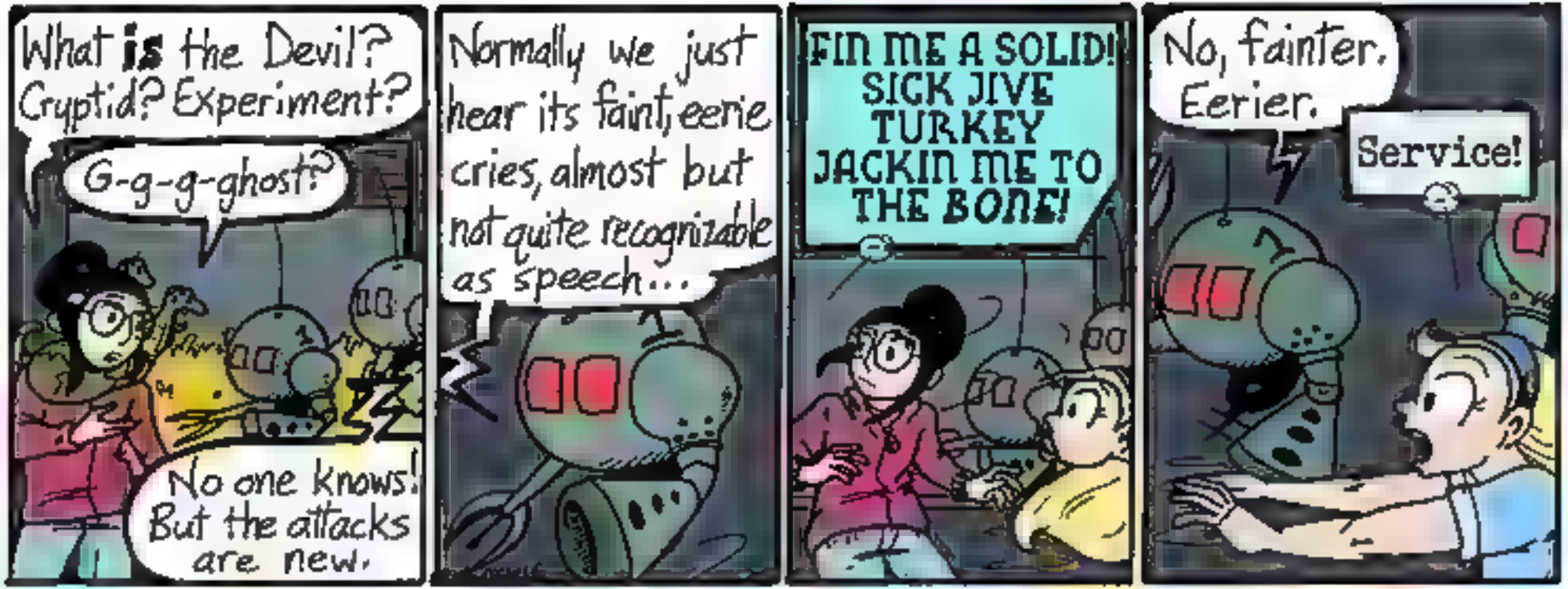

Ah. You're trying to call Unity, aren't you?
my only
I know. It's hard to be separated from those who matter to you.
Only.
Especially when you might have something vital to share ...
joy! joy!
Exactly! How can I wait to tell Sweetheart my idea for regulation team bathrobes?
Service. Only service.


destroy?
S-service.
KISS THE COOK
destroy destroy destroy
service is my only joy
KISS THE COOK
Destroy!
Joy!
KISS THE COOK
KISS THE


Killotron-2! You are not allowed to interact with guests since the destruction incident!
destroy
Miss, #2 is not a robot you want to get close to. He is a machine of dangerous passions!
Is?
Yes! A tormented loner whose emotions are enslaved to wild desires!
If that doesn't convince you to stay away, my software is out of ideas.
...joy.

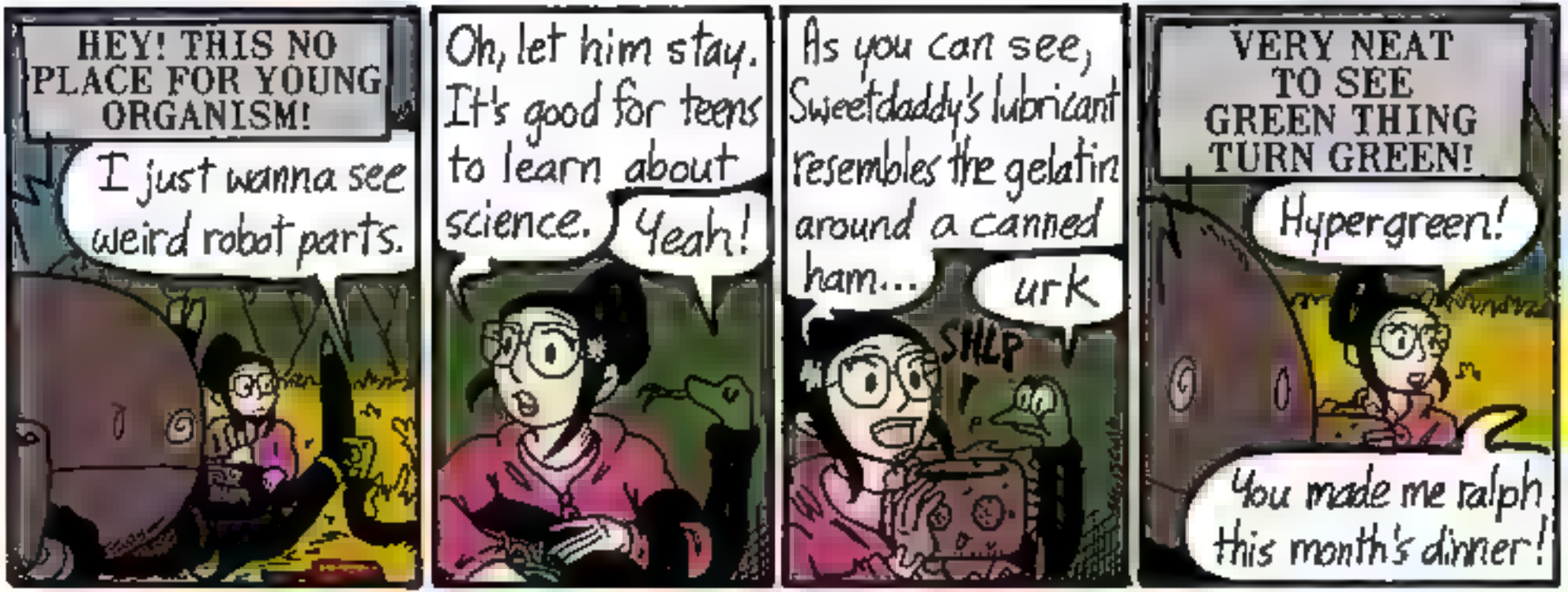
Where are you going at this hour?
dag
got the jims fierce dealin with frails
catch the air for a tick
Righteous, gizz. Come bright you'll be stickin' like a hustler.
legit
I also speak Italian!

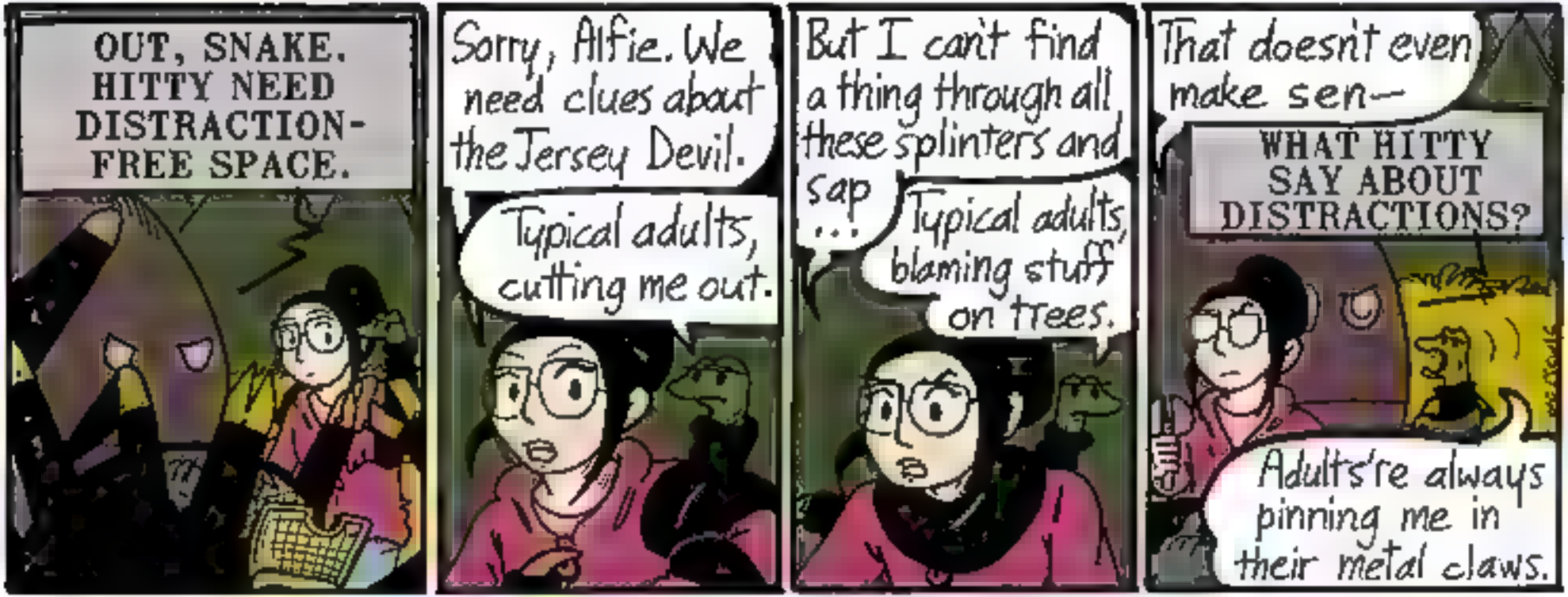

What does the Jersey Devil look like?
He moves so fast it is hard for our optical sensors to destroy!
But Killotron-3 has seen him. Tell her, #3, and spare no details!
<ahem<
destroy
I'm not sure what else I expected.
OOH. CHILL RUN DOWN HITTY'S ROBO-SPINE.


What is the Devil? Cryptid? Experiment?
G-g-g-ghost?
No one knows! But the attacks are new.
Normally we just hear its faint, eerie cries, almost but not quite recognizable as speech...
FIN ME A SOLID! SICK JIVE TURKEY JACKIN ME TO THE BONE!
No, fainter. Eerier.
Service!

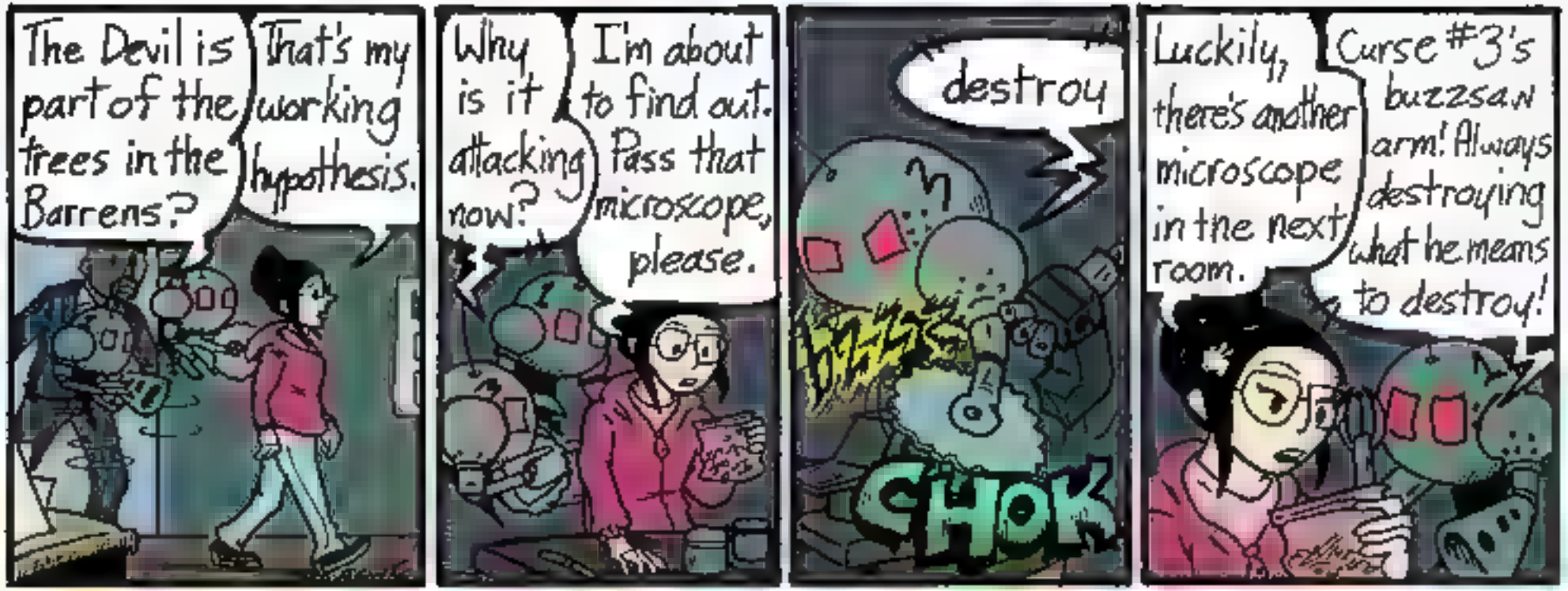
Not! Not not not!
I don't understand! He's inside the goldenrod line!
ROBO-SPIDER HAS LOST A LOT OF ANTIFREEZE.
You repaired me once, my dear.
We'll get Sweetdaddy up and running. I just hope HQ knows what a dire situation we're in...
Argh! The field team's hours late, and they don't have regulation bathrobes!
If anyone asks, this mission was your idea.

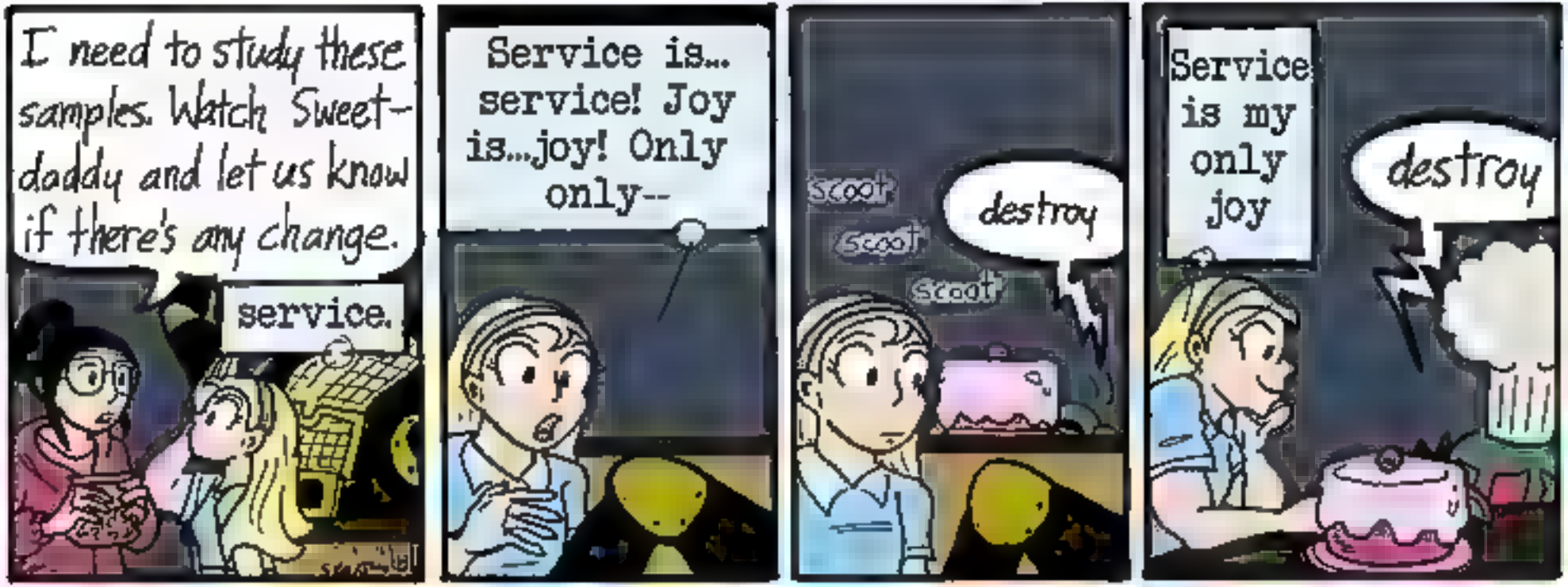
Our scans of the woods find nothing.
No more fairy tales. I need to think like a scientist.
Yeah, start doing that.
The "Devil" must have the ability to block the Killbots' scans.
...and if we isolate that, we can incorporate it into our DNA via retroviral infusion and RULE THE MACHINES!
Now stop doing that.
Then we can form a superhero team!

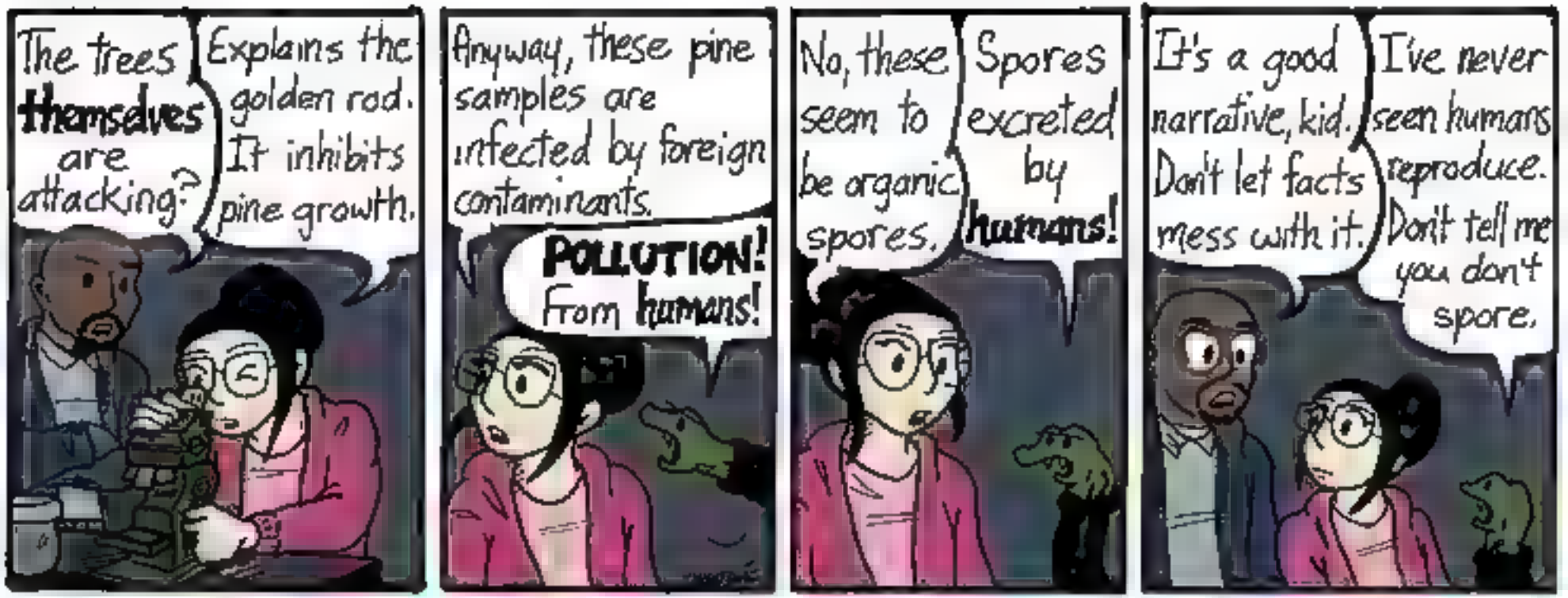

HEY! THIS NO PLACE FOR YOUNG ORGANISM!
I just wanna see weird robot parts.
Oh, let him stay. It's good for teens to learn about science.
Yeah!
As you can see, Sweetdaddy's lubricant resembles the gelatin around a canned ham...
urk
SHLP
VERY NEAT TO SEE GREEN THING TURN GREEN!
Hypergreen!
You made me ralph this month's dinner!


OUT, SNAKE. HITTY NEED DISTRACTION-FREE SPACE.
Sorry, Alfie. We need clues about the Jersey Devil.
Typical adults, cutting me out.
But I can't find a thing through all these splinters and sap...
Typical adults, blaming stuff on trees.
That doesn't even make sen—
WHAT HITTY SAY ABOUT DISTRACTIONS?
Adults're always pinning me in their metal claws.

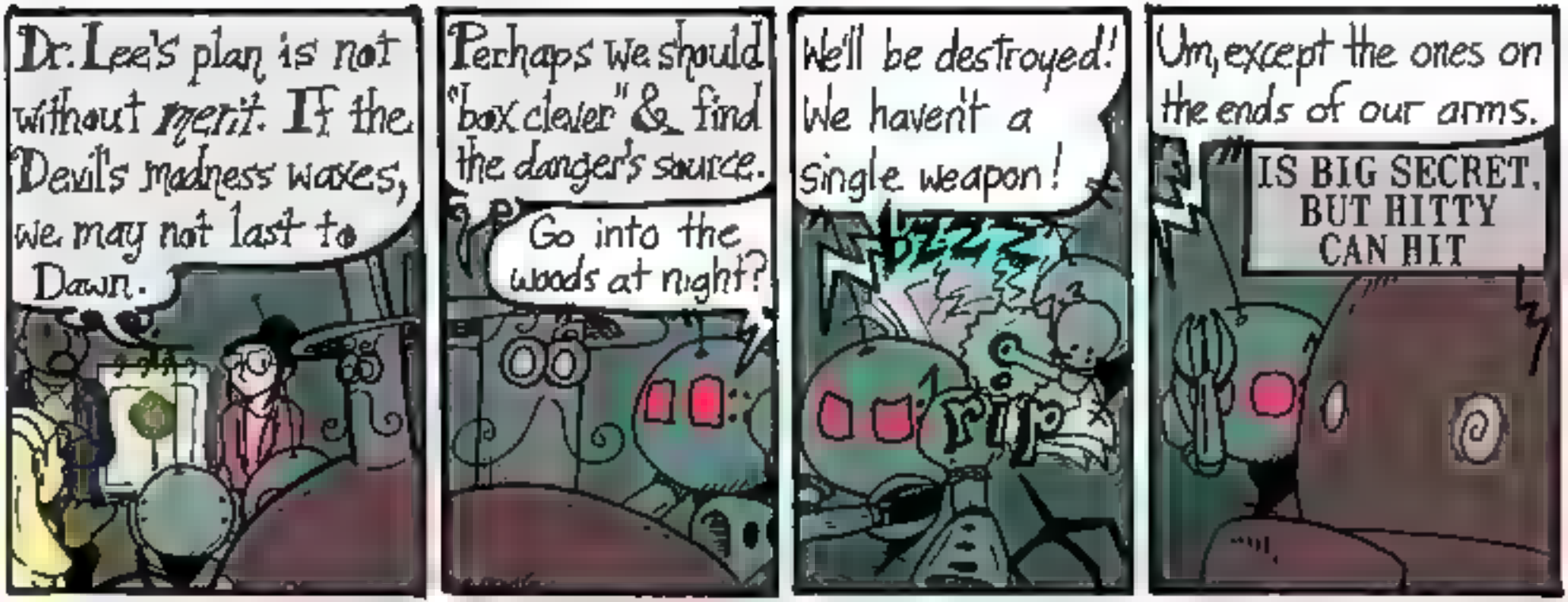
Wait! Repeat what you just said.
"Typical adults, blaming things on trees"?
The Devil isn't in the trees! The Devil **is** the trees!
Alfie, I could hug you!
Eww, no! Hugs are for babies!
Hugs?
Somebody make her stop doing that.
HITTY IS AS UNNERVED AS YOU ARE.


The Devil is part of the trees in the Barrens?
That's my working hypothesis.
Why is it attacking now?
I'm about to find out. Pass that microscope, please.
destroy
CHOK
Luckily, there's another microscope in the next room.
Curse #3's buzzsaw arm! Always destroying what he means to destroy!


I need to study these samples. Watch Sweet-daddy and let us know if there's any change.
service.
Service is... service! Joy is...joy! Only only--
scoot
scoot
scoot
destroy
Service is my only joy
destroy

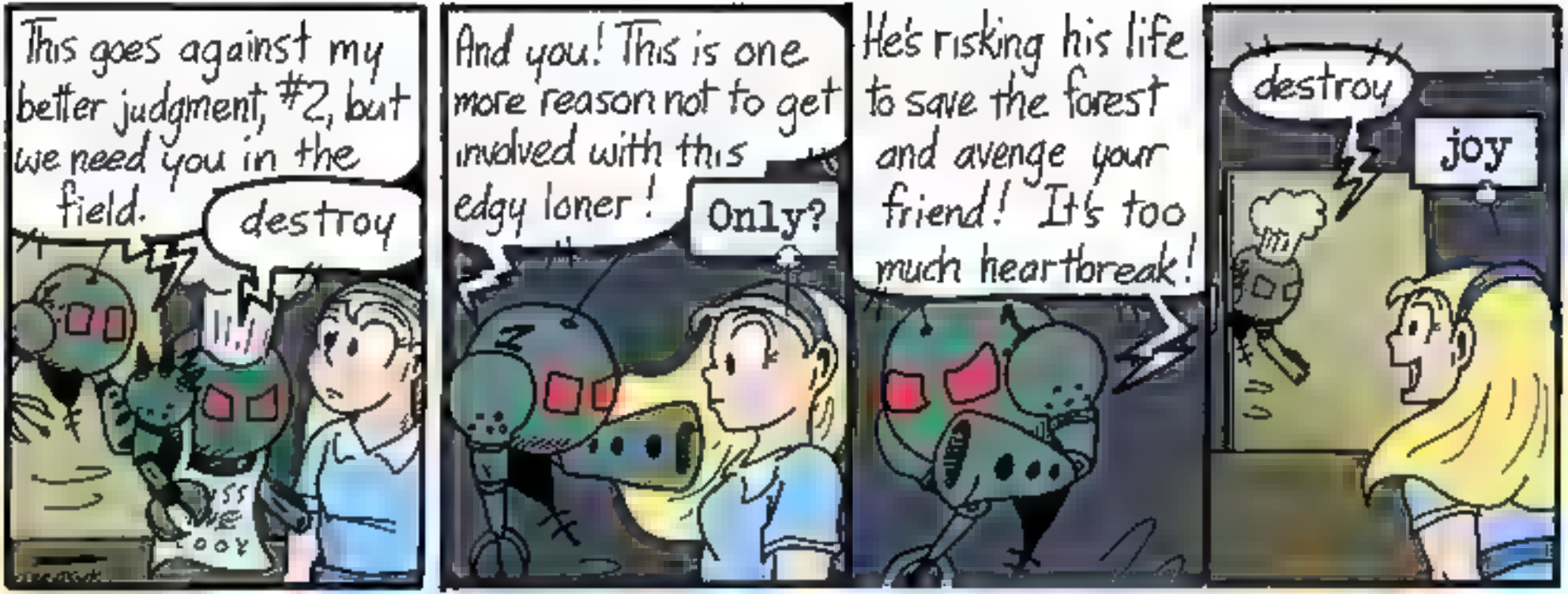

The trees themselves are attacking?
Explains the golden rod. It inhibits pine growth.
Anyway, these pine samples are infected by foreign contaminants.
POLLUTION! From humans!
No, these seem to be organic spores.
Spores excreted by humans!
It's a good narrative, kid. Don't let facts mess with it.
I've never seen humans reproduce. Don't tell me you don't spore.

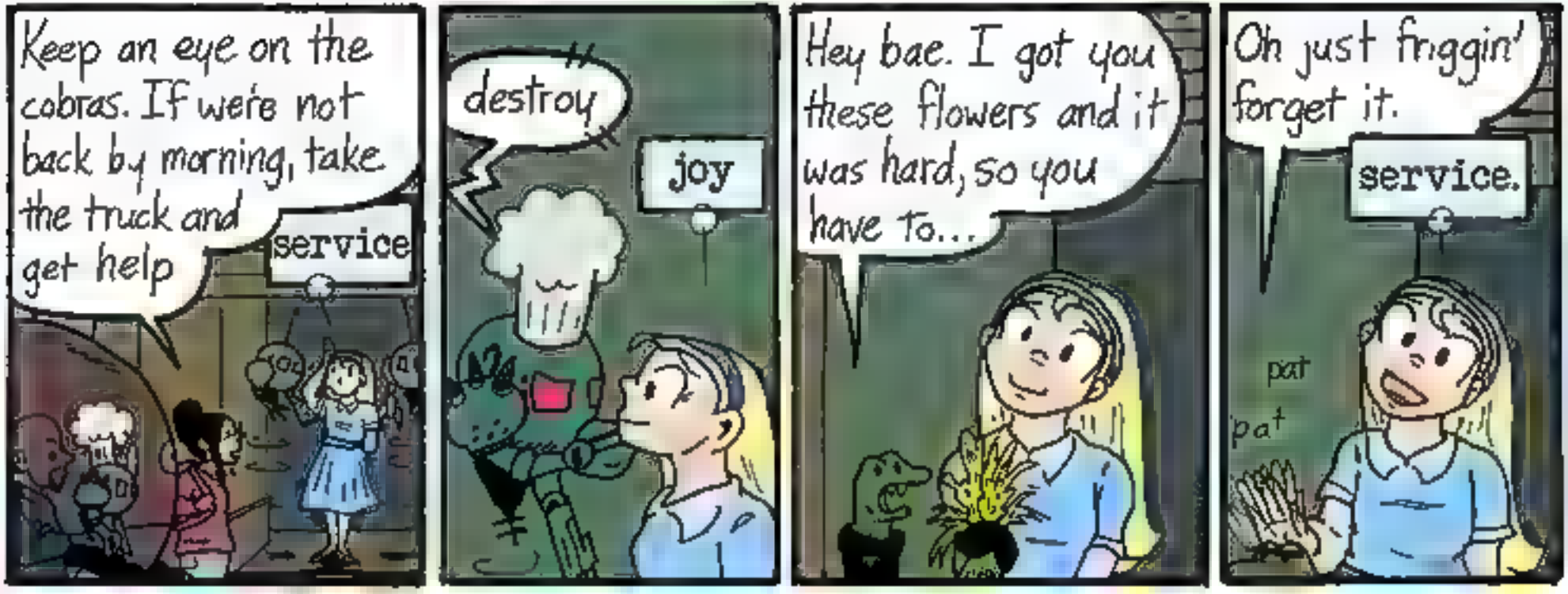
Listen up! Our research says the Devil has gone hostile from some kind of infection
Our course is clear.
Run into the woods, find the source, and neutralize it!
I was going to say, "Barricade the windows and yell for help 'til morning."
Oh.
Did you even read the binder I prepared?
Sorry! I'm lean, hungry, and ready for action!


Dr. Lee's plan is not without merit. If the Devil's madness wanes, we may not last to Dawn.
Perhaps we should "box clever" & find the danger's source.
Go into the woods at night?
We'll be destroyed! We haven't a single weapon!
BZZZ
rip
Um, except the ones on the ends of our arms.
IS BIG SECRET. BUT HITTY CAN HIT

Characters © Gentry & Wells - Skin Horse
Art by cosmicmindcomics ☺

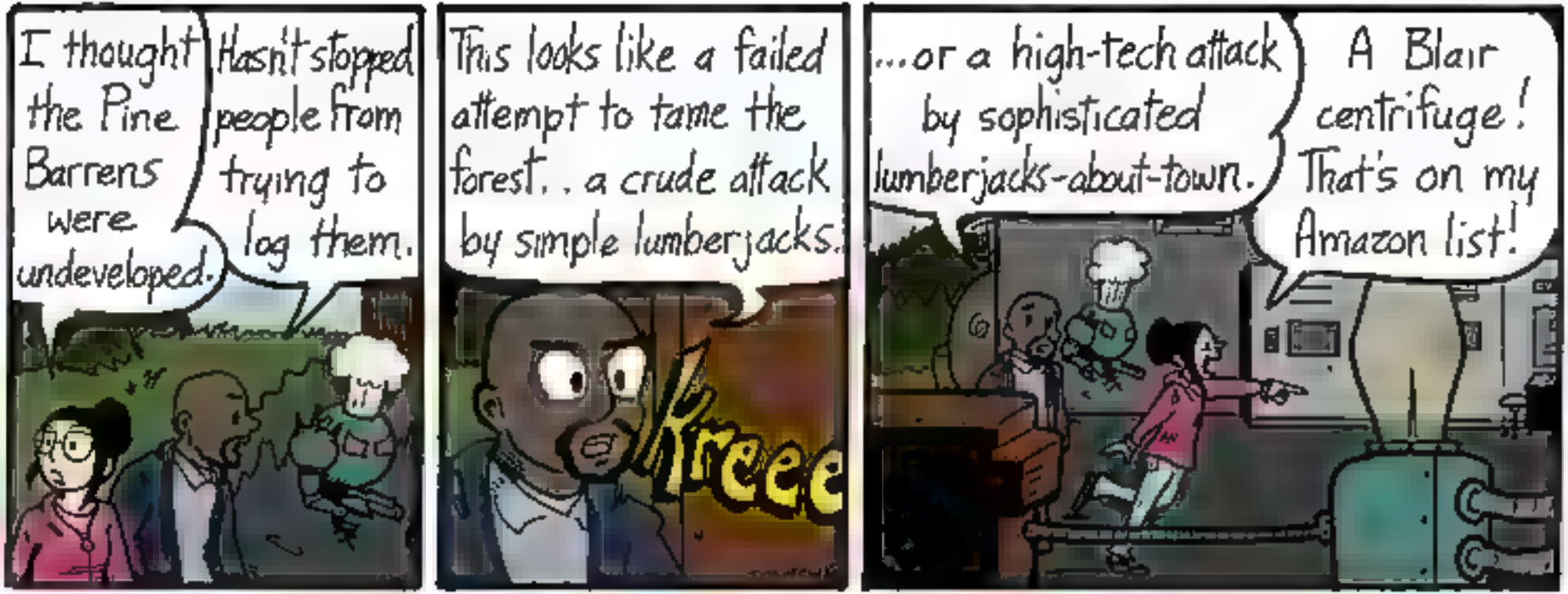
How fares the patient?
Let me listen to his core pump.
Hm Kinda getting an "All Night" Long vibe.
That's good! Lionel Richie is funky, right?
I'd feel better if I heard something from Sex Machine, maybe "Lowdown Popcorn"
Dammit, I'm a doctor, not a deejay!
He's shifting to Woman in Red-era Stevie Wonder!
We need vinyl, stat!
I should've gone to more parties in med school.

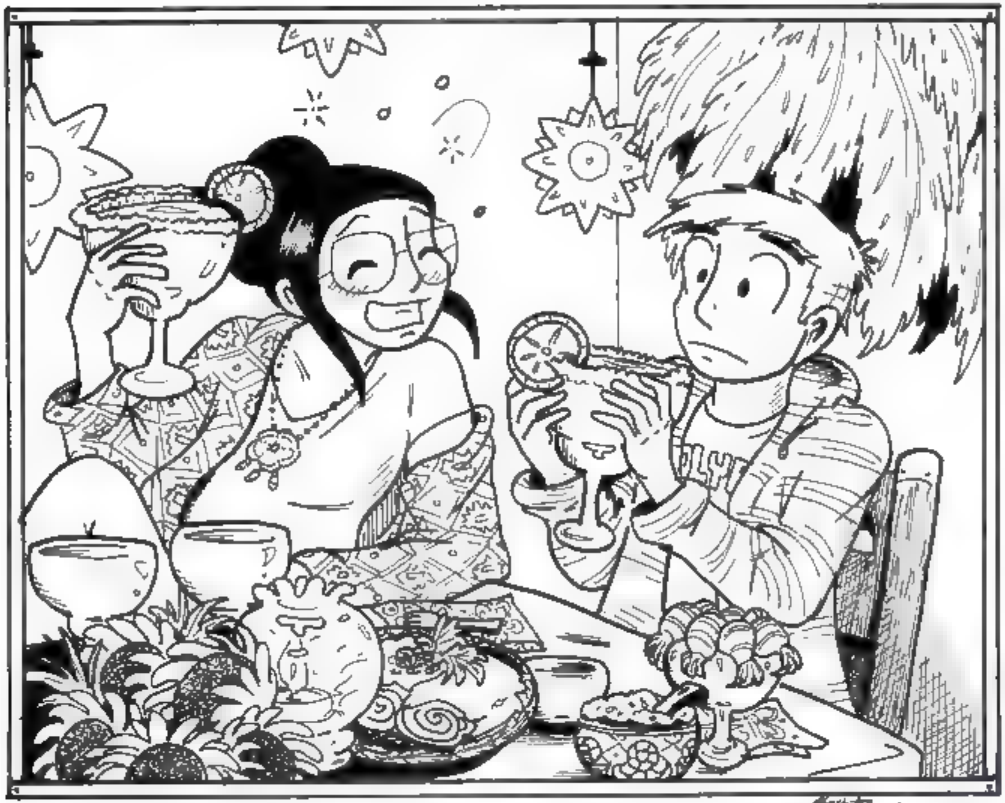

This goes against my better judgment, #2, but we need you in the field.
destroy
And you! This is one more reason not to get involved with this edgy loner!
Only?
He's risking his life to save the forest and avenge your friend! It's too much heartbreak!
destroy
joy


Keep an eye on the cobras. If we're not back by morning, take the truck and get help
service
destroy
joy
Hey bae. I got you these flowers and it was hard, so you have to...
Oh just friggin' forget it.
service.
pat
pat

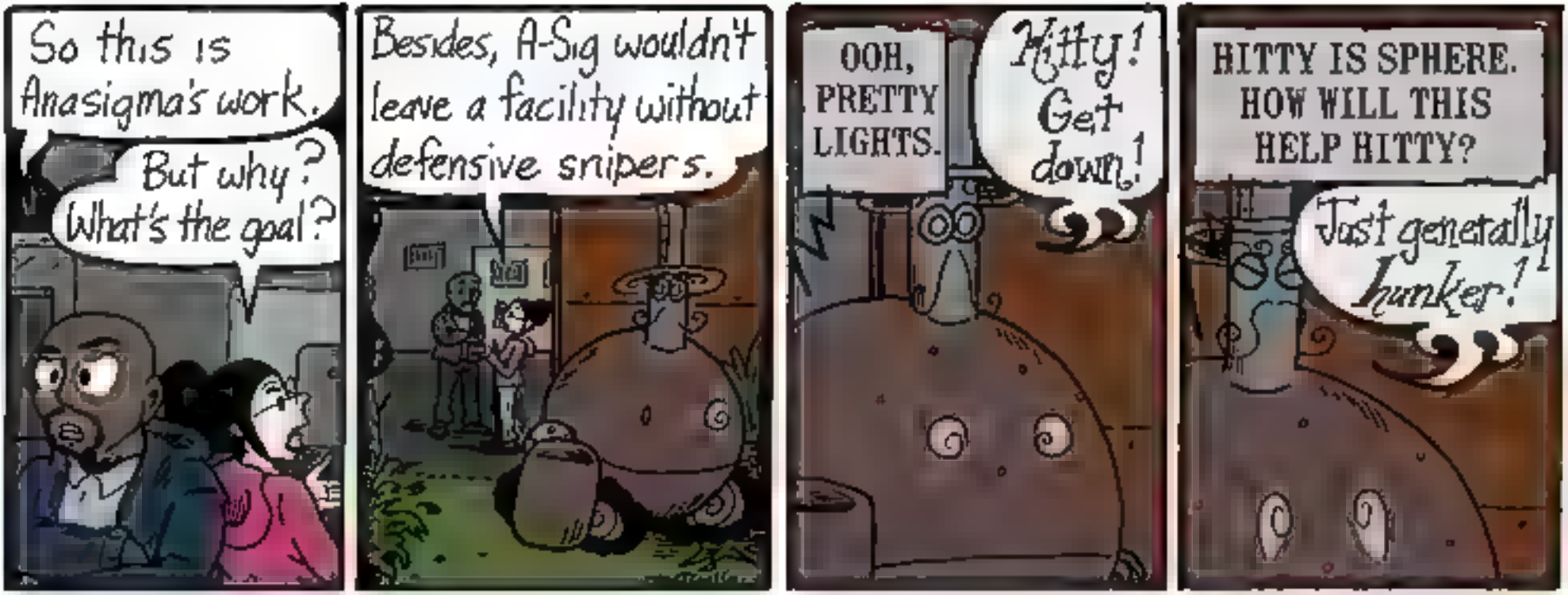
Excellent. We can use the concentration of spores at multiple points to triangulate.
My old classmates were wrong! There **is** a use for trig in the real world!
Heh.. I hated learning that stuff.
They also ate paste and hogged the Duplos.
You learned trigonometry in **preschool?**
And **why** don't you like Shape Time, Virginia?
It's too theoretical! What are the applications of these "triangles"?

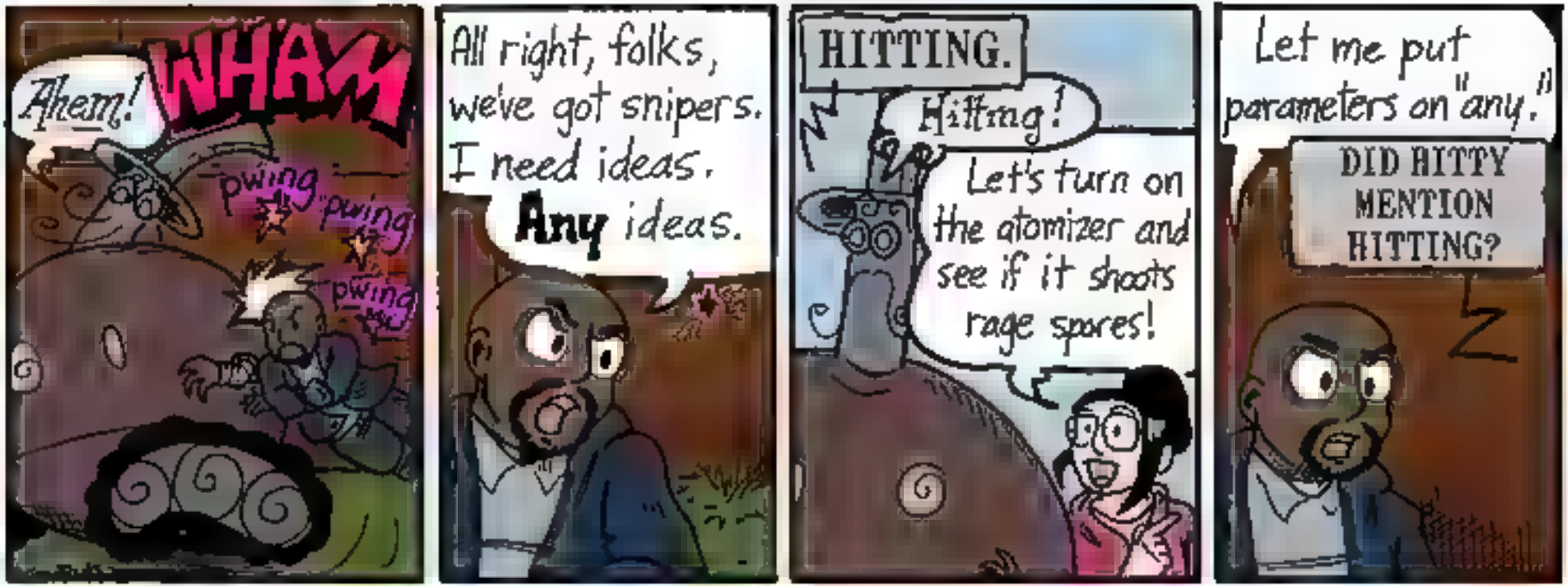
Here we are! According to science, this is the source of the mysterious spores!
This old abandoned sawmill!
Uh, that's also the source according to every horror movie ever
AND HITTY'S ROBO-BLADDER
destroy
Fine, but science said it first.
Hitty, dear, let me down. I have a chamois.


I thought the Pine Barrens were undeveloped.
Hasn't stopped people from trying to log them.
This looks like a failed attempt to tame the forest. . a crude attack by simple lumberjacks.
Kreee
...or a high-tech attack by sophisticated lumberjacks-about-town.
A Blair centrifuge! That's on my Amazon list!



Where'd all this flashy tech come from?
Canada.
How can you tell? Is it made out of Molson cans?
I worked on it at Anasigma.
I recognize this atomizer design. It was invented by a Canadian mad scientist called Captain Bram.
Oh. Because I had more Canada burns lined up.
I apologize for having a serious answer.


So this is Anasigma's work.
But why? What's the goal?
Besides, A-Sig wouldn't leave a facility without defensive snipers.
OOH, PRETTY LIGHTS.
Kitty! Get down!
HITTY IS SPHERE. HOW WILL THIS HELP HITTY?
Just generally hunker!

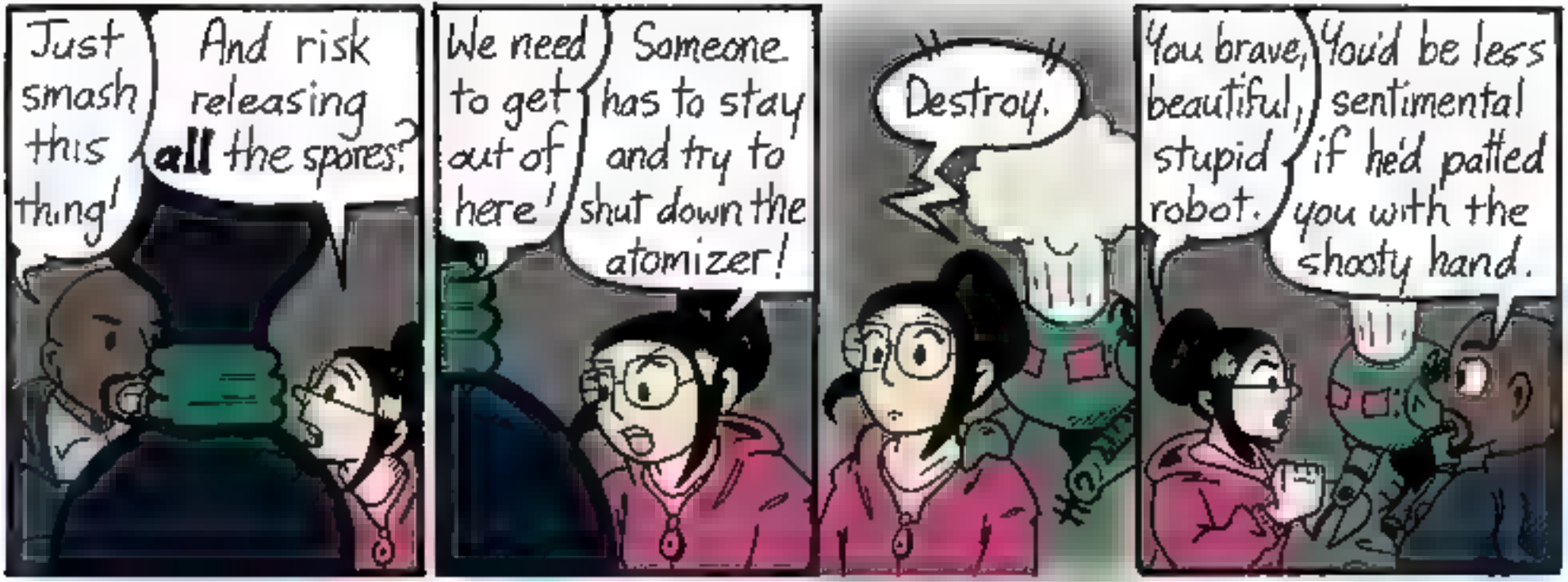

Ahem!
WHAM
pwing
pwing
pwing
All right, folks, we've got snipers. I need ideas.
Any ideas.
HITTING.
Hitting!
Let's turn on the atomizer and see if it shoots rage spores!
Let me put parameters on "any."
DID HITTY MENTION HITTING?

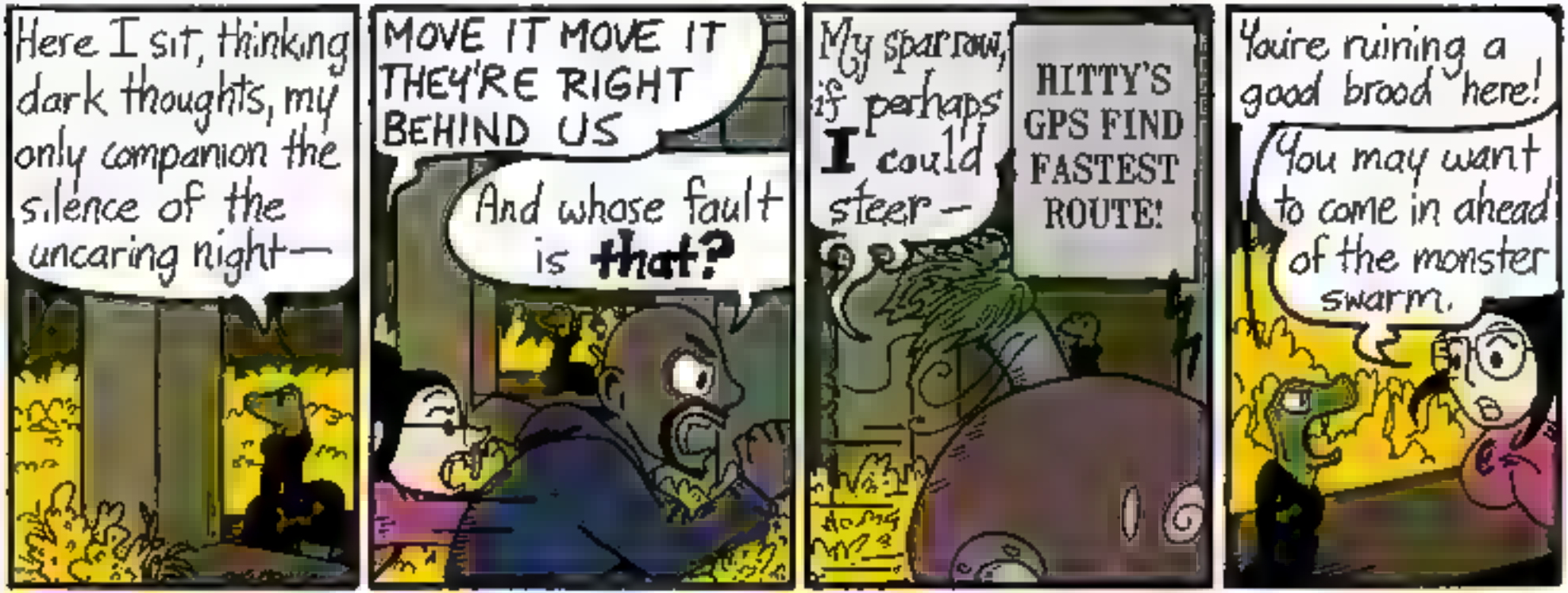
We can use the spores to summon the Jersey Devil! That'll clear out the snipers!
That's a terrible plan!
No, this will work! Watch!
bip
FWSSH
rustle rustle RUSTLE
E RUSTLE
AUGH!!
SLURRK
ATEEE
I wasn't worried about it not working.
The Devil doesn't have guns! It's an improvement!

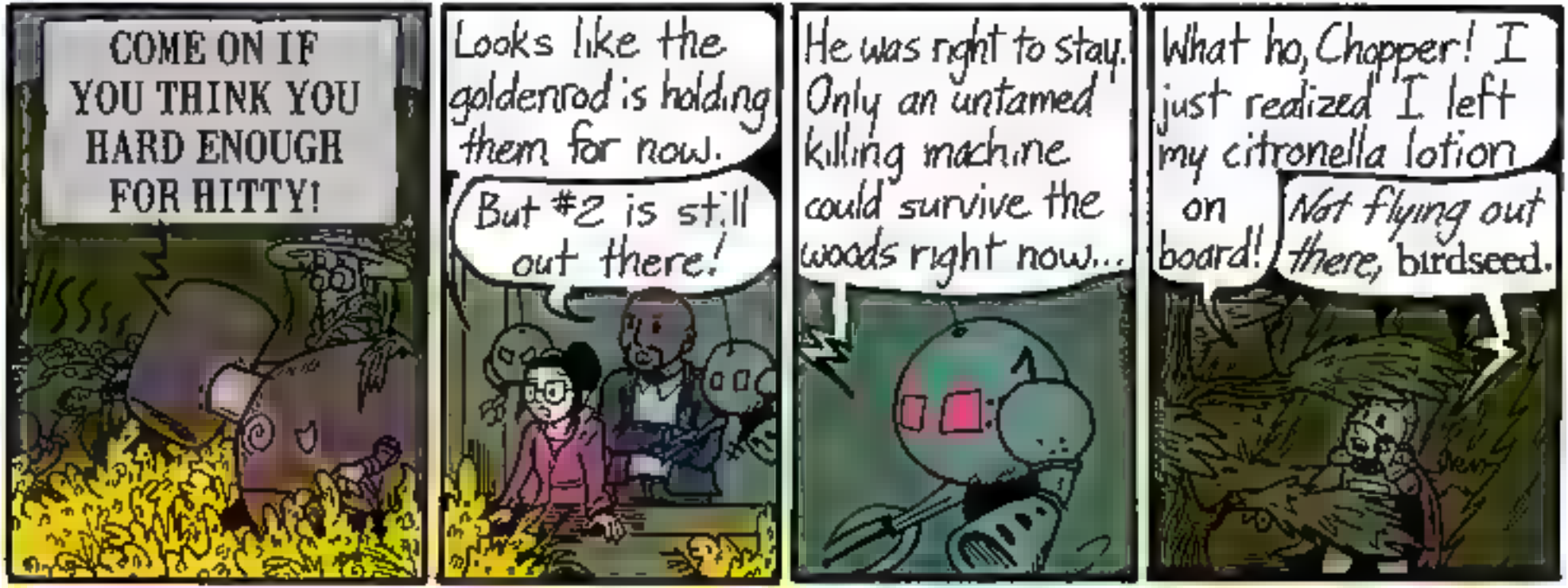
You've lured the angry plant monster here. Thanks.
I can reverse it! Just a sec!
This "off" switch is not intuitive!
SKRELEE
Is that the Devil?
No, just a goat-headed wallaby creature.
For Pete's sake, that's it!
SKRELEE
I submit there was lack of Clarity re: what to look for.
destroy?
Now you ask?

CRUSH
skree
skree
skree
Yah!
There's more than one of them?
Well, yes. It's an entire speciEEE!
destroy destroy
We're being swarmed! Retreat to the safehouse!
This is what I enjoy about the woods. The tranquility.
More marfmallowf, pleaf.

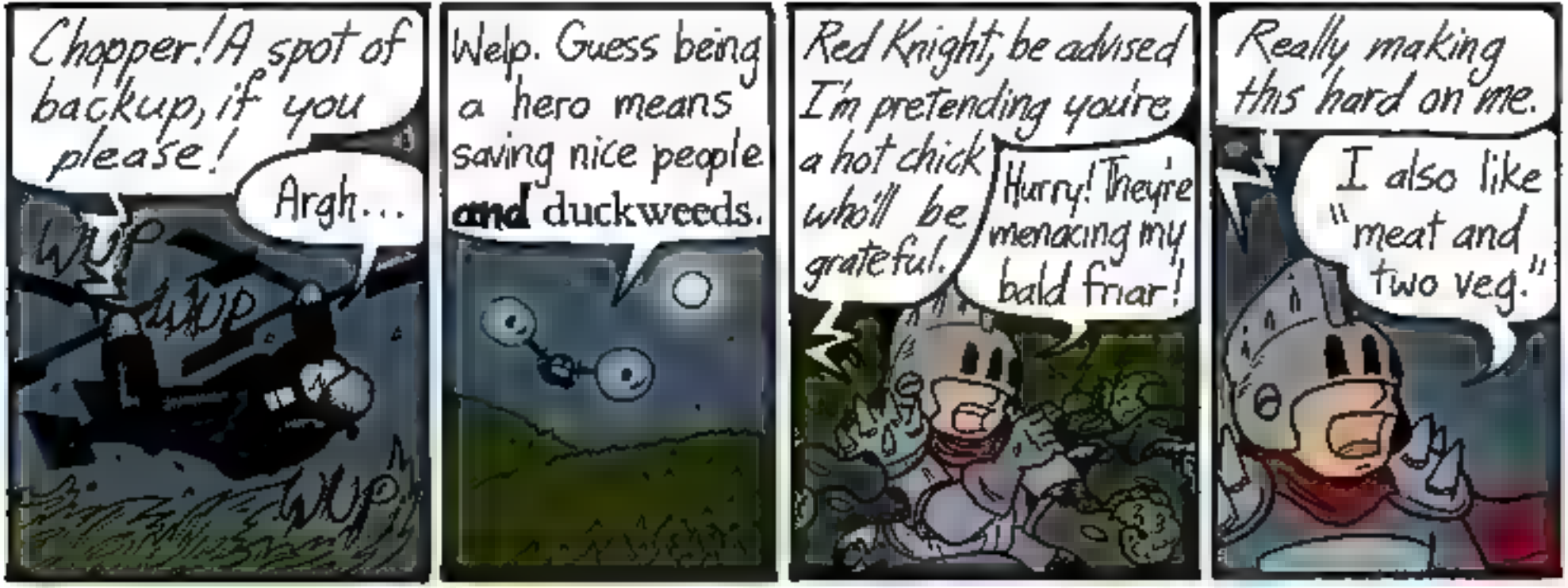
Shaenon here! It's time for READER MAILBAG, wherein we answer questions from our Patreon backers.
Today's question is for me.
Lancer LeRay asks: "How many people have you included as characters based upon people you've seen just walking around the area?"
up. want up. go over there.
Hm. I don't often draw random passersby into the strip, though I draw my friends and family a lot.
want milk inna bottle
The most notable neighborhood cameo isn't a person; it's a place.
i like balloons.
Artie's home is straight-up my house in Berkeley. It was the easiest way to keep his location consistent.
macaroni! macaroni! macaroni!
It's mostly medicinal! I have bad eyes!
I BREATHED IT! DO YOU KNOW ANY AMERICAN COPS I CAN SURRENDER TO?
Artie teaches at Malcolm X Elementary, our local school.
i remember that place.
Anasigma has you reverse-engineering the work of mad geniuses, yes? And one of your specialties is neuroscience.
Wait, Malcolm X Elementary is real? I thought that was a gag.
You've been to visit me in Berkeley.
fezzes cool.
LAWFUL GOOD
I was distracted by all the naked screaming street people.
And that's why I don't draw passersby.
naked screaming!
naked screaming!
LAWFUL GOOD


Just smash this thing!
And risk releasing all the spores?
We need to get out of here!
Someone has to stay and try to shut down the atomizer!
Destroy.
You brave, beautiful, stupid robot.
You'd be less sentimental if he'd pulled you with the shooty hand.


Here I sit, thinking dark thoughts, my only companion the silence of the uncaring night—
MOVE IT MOVE IT THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US
And whose fault is that?
My sparrow, if perhaps I could steer—
HITTY'S GPS FIND FASTEST ROUTE!
Youre ruining a good brood here!
You may want to come in ahead of the monster swarm.


COME ON IF YOU THINK YOU HARD ENOUGH FOR HITTY!
Looks like the goldenrod is holding them for now.
But #2 is still out there!
He was right to stay. Only an untamed killing machine could survive the woods right now...
What ho, Chopper! I just realized I left my citronella lotion on board!
Not flying out there, birdseed.

Well, Chopper, I have good news and bad news.
Lay it on me.
The good news is, I've found the cryptids we were dispatched to locate.
HISSS
Unfortunately, they're about to devour me.
So what's the bad news?
Silver lining: I get to try my new laser fist!
The actual bad news is we're still talking.
MMMMM


Chopper! A spot of backup, if you please!
Argh...
WUP
WUP
WUP
Welp. Guess being a hero means saving nice people and duckweeds.
Red Knight, be advised I'm pretending you're a hot chick who'll be grateful.
Hurry! They're menacing my bald friar!
Really making this hard on me.
I also like "meat and two veg."

only
There's a killbot in trouble and the adults are useless. It's up to me to fix this!
Time to step up and prove I'm a man.
I've packed your allergy meds, Transformers juice boxes, and blankie
How'm I supposed to carry a backpack?

I'll carry my allergy meds in my sweater. It'll look gangsta
We wanna save the robot too!
You stay here, Meg. You're too little.
I'm a cobra! I'm strong and dangerous and feared by all!
koff koff koff
wheeeeeez
You breathed another allergen, didn't you?
Lunchables... made in factory... that processes tree nuts...

I'd better board up the hole in the—where are the other cobras?
A mythopoetic journey to manhood.
Erm.
That's what Alfie called it, but my sisters wanted to go too.
I had to stay behind 'cuz my inhaler wouldn't fit through the hole in the wall.
Joseph Campbell warned about the inhaler.
They said a hero's journey includes taking all the snacks.

Agent [redacted]

REDACTED

5.16.16

Shelby! The cobras ran off into the woods!
Don't panic. I'm sure they're okay.
Well, slithered.
When we found you in the woods, you claimed to be there out of concern for the cobras.
Um.
Now you're blasé. Why did you **really** come here?
Hm. Well.
Never mind. I'm sure you'll have an explanation by the time I'm back from snake rescue.
Definitely! Several!

Don't worry! I can track the other cobras by smell!
HITTY WILL HIT ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING.
I shall provide tactical guidance and bracing eight-track music!
And I'll... um...
I'll be the emotional center that binds us?
You've got the power of Heart!
I am become Ma-Ti, the Fifth Planeteer.
HITTY UNAWARE SCIENTISTS HAD EMOTIONS.

This place again. I don't like the silence.
That's where the scent trails lead.
Wait, small reptile! Your friends may be in there... ah...
click
Asleep. Yes.
Yes. Ahem. "Asleep."
Kitty & I shall scout the situation.
THEY ASLEEP.
I can't tell if you're making finger quotes!

Alfie! You're okay!
Worst fight ever.
There we were, grappling to the death, when the Devils went limp and got all... snuggly.
Does this mean the day was saved by
Argh. Yes
HUGS!
...hugs.

Project Skin Horse

A Division of the Department of the Shadow Government

Project Skin Horse: Request for Services

Section: A

Name: _____ Age: _____

Address/Migratory Range/FEMA Recognized Disaster Area:

_____

_____

_____

Section B: Eligibility

I (Gestalt Entities, check ☐ here and proceed to Section C) qualify for Shadow Social Services through Project Skin Horse because I am

- ☐ Non-Human
- ☐ Trans-Human
- ☐ Meta-Human
- ☐ Post-Human
- ☐ Demi-Human*
- ☐ An Abomination Against All That Is Holy

* The term Demi-Human is being challenged in a copyright suit by the makers of Demihuman Sauce™

Section C: Services Requested

Skin Horse provides the following services standard

Additional Services will be considered on a case by case basis

- ☐ New Sapient Orientation
- ☐ Intervention
- ☐ Mediation
- ☐ Relocation
- ☐ Rampage Minimization Training (Guaranteed 32% Effective)
- ☐ Other (specify):

_____

_____

_____

_____

Office Use Only:

Action is:

- ☐ Approved
- ☐ Declined

Acceptable Causalties

Skin Horse _____

Civilian _____

Budget Allocation.

Justification: _____

_____

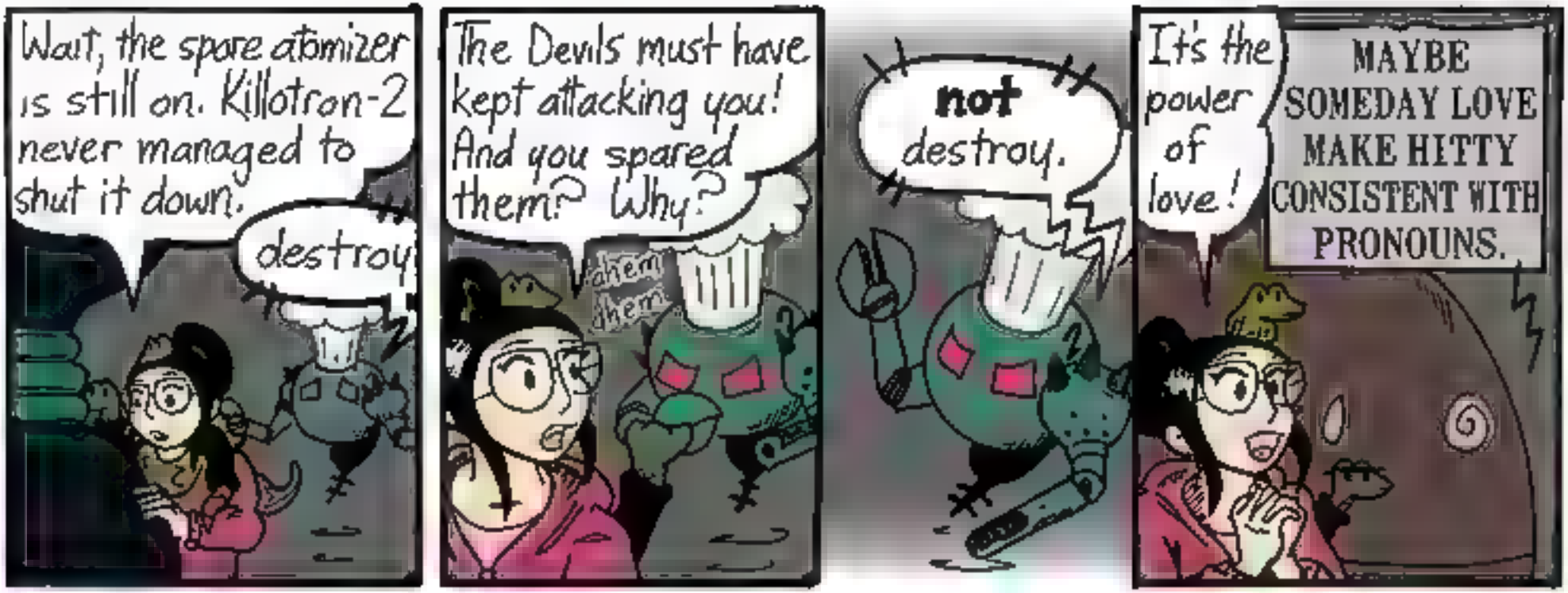
_____

_____

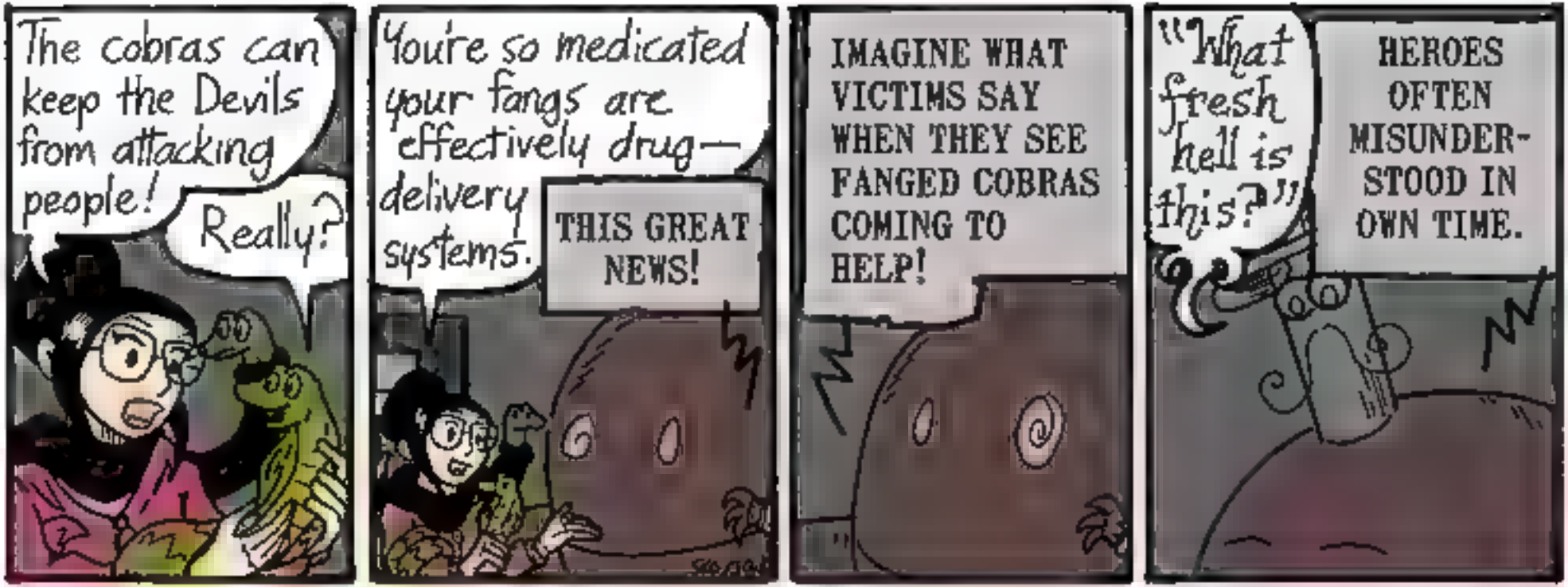
Processing Officer s Signature:

_____

Form SH - 001

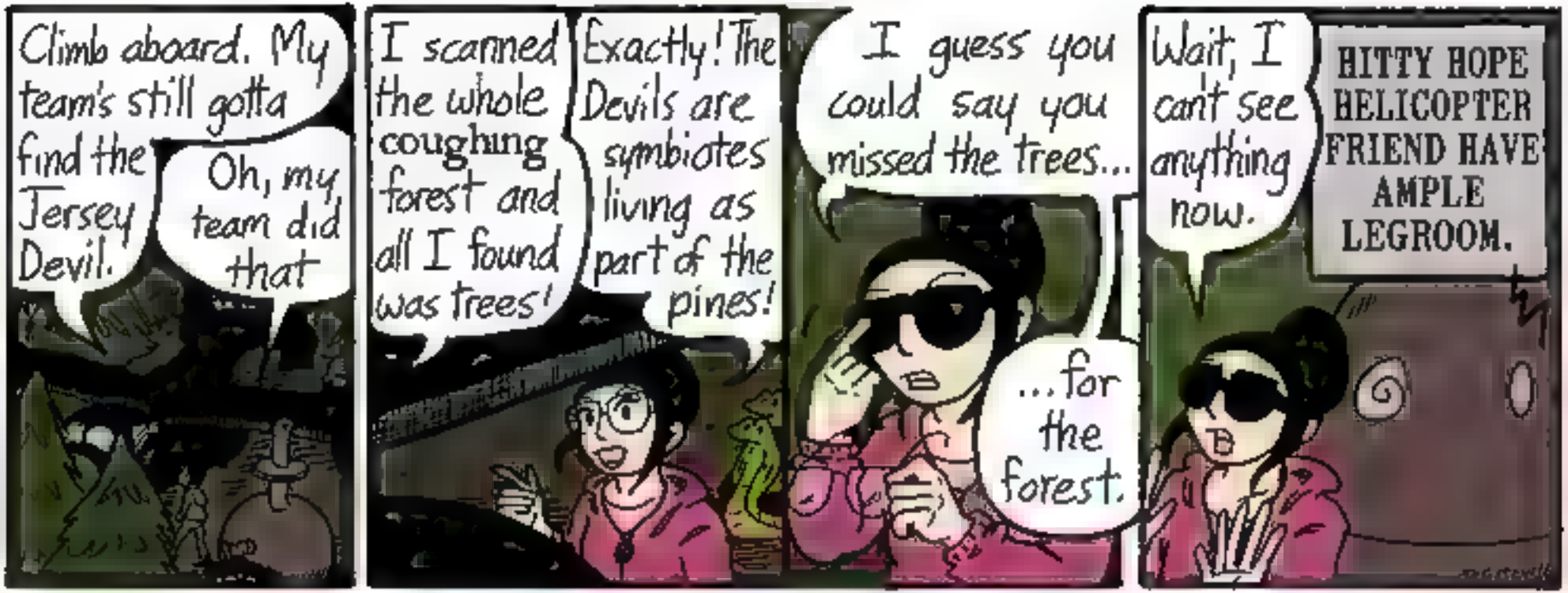

Wait, the spare atomizer is still on. Killotron-2 never managed to shut it down.
destroy
The Devils must have kept attacking you! And you spared them? Why?
them them
not destroy.
It's the power of love!
MAYBE SOMEDAY LOVE MAKE HITTY CONSISTENT WITH PRONOUNS.

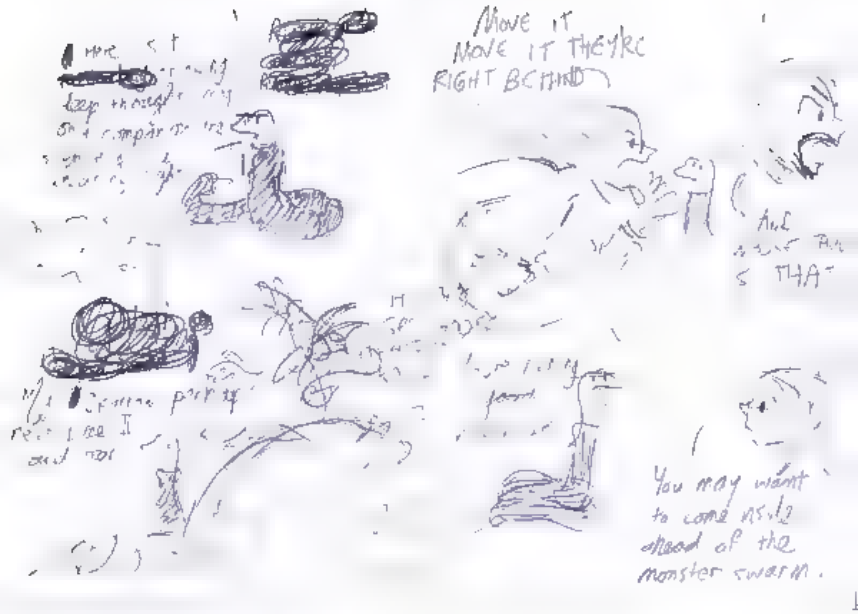
If the rage spores are still spreading, what calmed the Devils?
Musta been intimidated by my swole physique.
What's this jammed in your sweater?
My allergy spray. It cracked open in the fight.
This is it! Something in this medication must counter the effect of the spores!
IT PROBABLY PHYSIQUE TOO. ALFIE VERY RUGGED.
Don't patronize me.
pat
pat

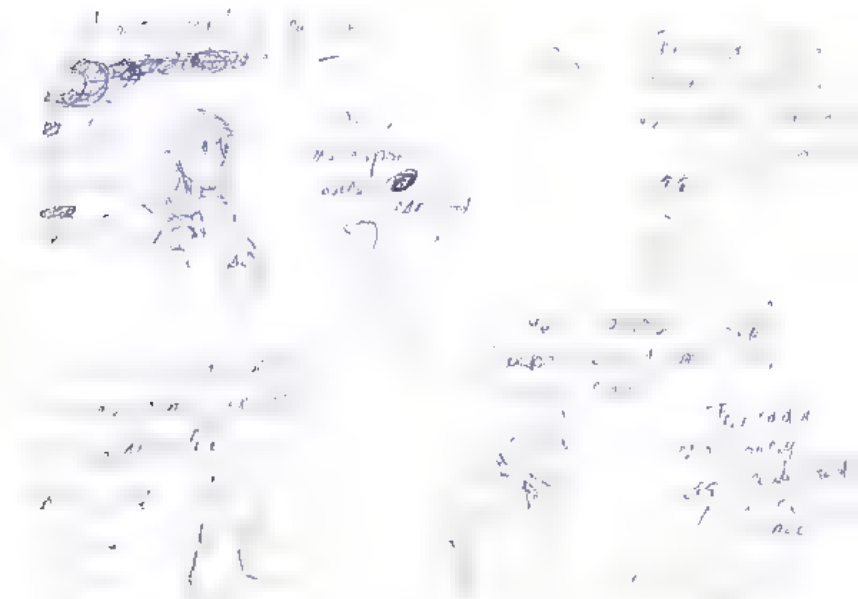

The cobras can keep the Devils from attacking people!
Really?
You're so medicated your fangs are effectively drug-delivery systems.
THIS GREAT NEWS!
IMAGINE WHAT VICTIMS SAY WHEN THEY SEE FANGED COBRAS COMING TO HELP!
"What fresh hell is this?"
HEROES OFTEN MISUNDER-STOOD IN OWN TIME.

Are there still mean angry Devils out there?
I don't know, but it's eerily quiet.
All I hear are the crunch of leaves underfoot, the rustling of pines in the breeze...
WUP WUP WUP WUP
WHOOO
And two Rolls-Royce helicopter engines belonging to a good friend.
hugs, please.

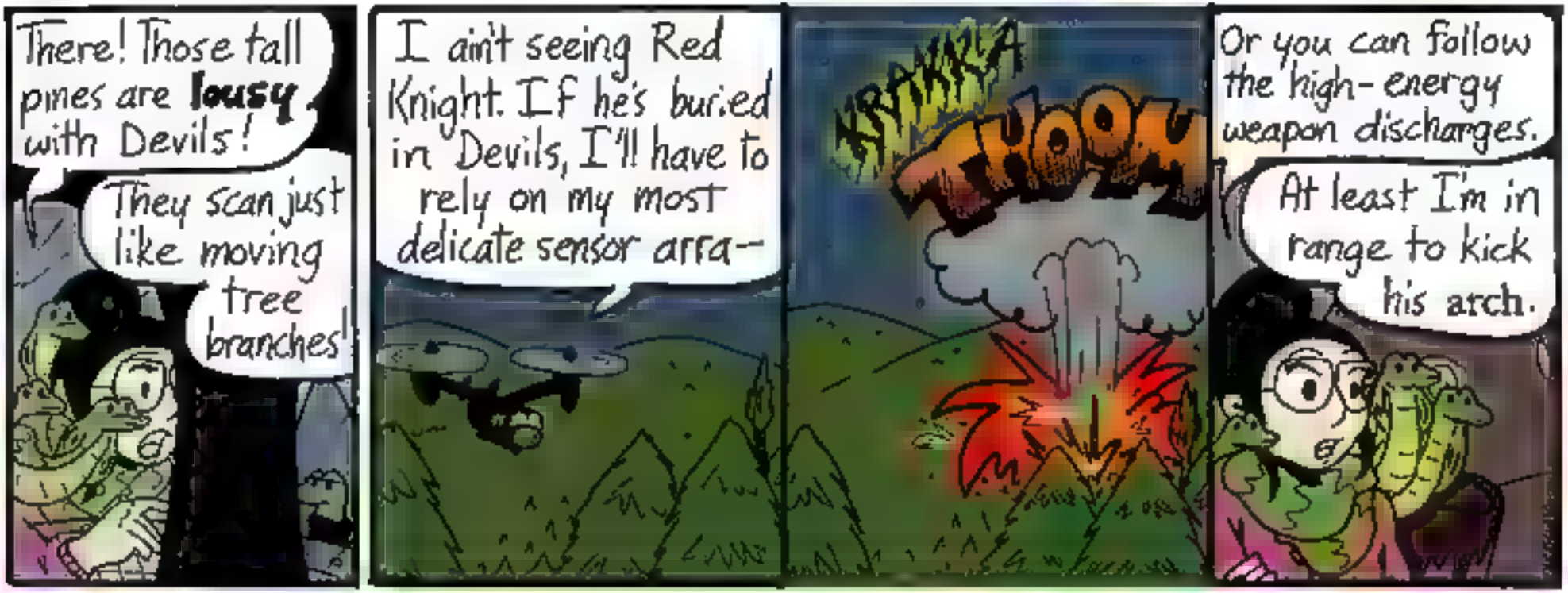
Nick! What brings you here?
What about you?
I fly out here to pacify a monster and find you wandering around defenseless!
There's dead guys from your company right over the barking ridge!
Oh, the snipers. I had to kill them with beasts.
Secret Santa must get crumbed up at your office.
It was rude how they wouldn't stop shooting.


Climb aboard. My team's still gotta find the Jersey Devil.
Oh, my team did that
I scanned the whole coughing forest and all I found was trees!
Exactly! The Devils are symbiotes living as part of the pines!
I guess you could say you missed the trees...
...for the forest.
Wait, I can't see anything now.
HITTY HOPE HELICOPTER FRIEND HAVE AMPLE LEGROOM.


Move it
MOVE IT THEY'RE
RIGHT BEHIND
You may want
to come inside
ahead of the
monster swarm.



Alfe!
Your okay
Wow! Fight
over.
There we were
grappling to the
when the Devil went
limp & got all


There! Those tall pines are lousy with Devils!
They scan just like moving tree branches!
I ain't seeing Red Knight. If he's buried in Devils, I'll have to rely on my most delicate sensor arra-
KRAKKA TUOOH
Or you can follow the high-energy weapon discharges.
At least I'm in range to kick his arch.

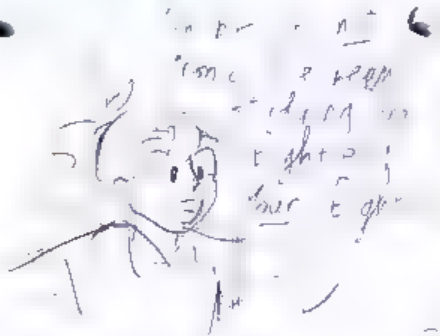
Ho, Chopper! About time!
Hold your maudlin fire, R.K. We got good news.
Better'n digging my way out of a loose grave with laser fists?
You don't have to kill the Devils!
And?
ZZZZAP
PIP
EEEE
Ah! The good news is you found admiring womenfolk!
Is it too late for you to re-bury yourself?

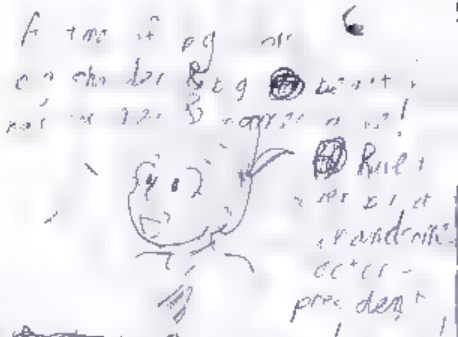
Knock it off! We can stop the Devils nonviolently!
This chatty serpent seems agitated.
Humans like you have no regard for nature!
Untrue. Nature's taught me a great deal.
For example, "survival of the fittest."
ZAP
SKREE
Five seconds with my fangs and we'll see how that works for you!
Sweetie, your fangs shoot allergy meds.

Is that cryptid threatening me?
Stop! We're not a threat!
And you are ...?
Oh, I'm Nick's evil science friend!
HITTY IS MURDERDROME ROBOT!
Dear-
Cobras!
As a federally licensed superhero, I need to pummel all of you.
Aw, but I didn't pack my death ray or anything.

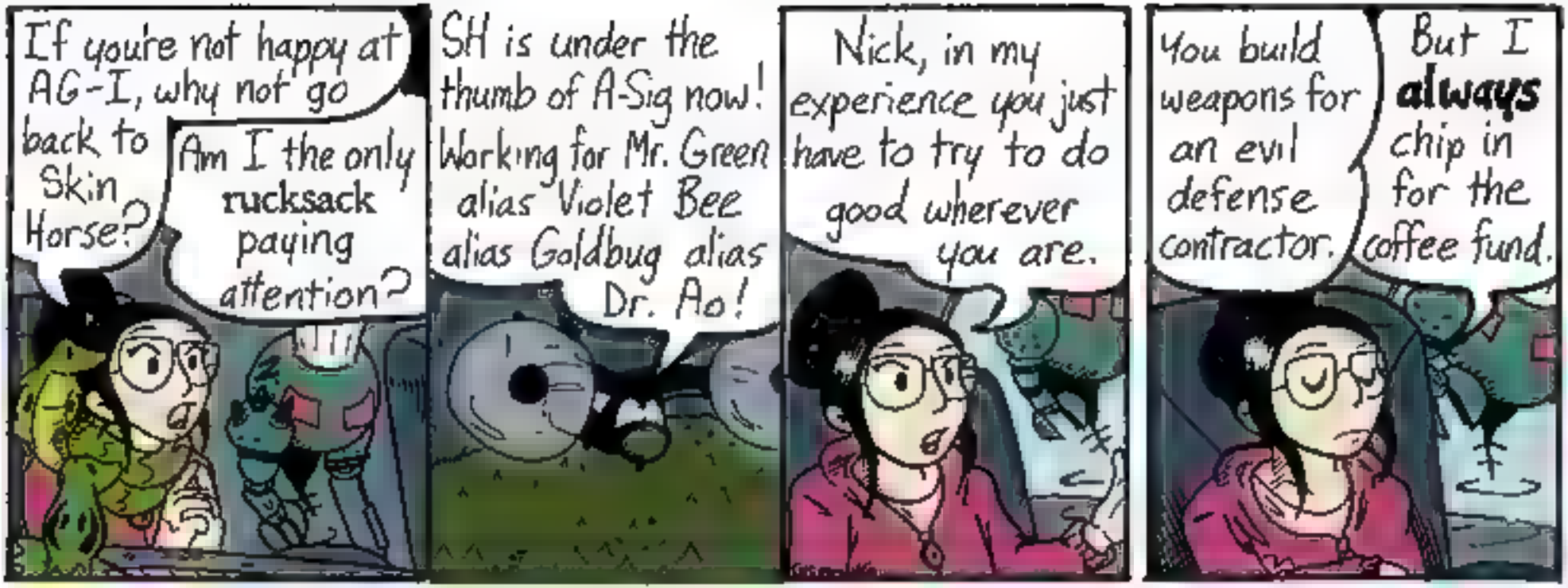
Chopper! This must be the possible Anasigma presence we were briefed on!
No they ain't– I mean, Dr. Lee is, but–
Teamwork time! Seal them in your hold and we'll take them to Skybrig!
Uh, sure. Get in, guys.
Right, then, I'll just–
CLONK
Oof!
Did I call Teamwork Time or did I not call Teamwork Time?
Ain't never been a Hufflepuff, R.K.

Oh crumb I clocked my handler in the face.
HITTY WOULD HAVE DONE SAME IN THIS OR ANY SITUATION.
I've tumbled up any hope I had for a transfer.
Look on the bright side.
Wherever you were gonna go, it was probably full of buttholes too.
I like you, kid. Need a mentor?
I wrote these poems about my problems with girls—
Yeah, forget it.

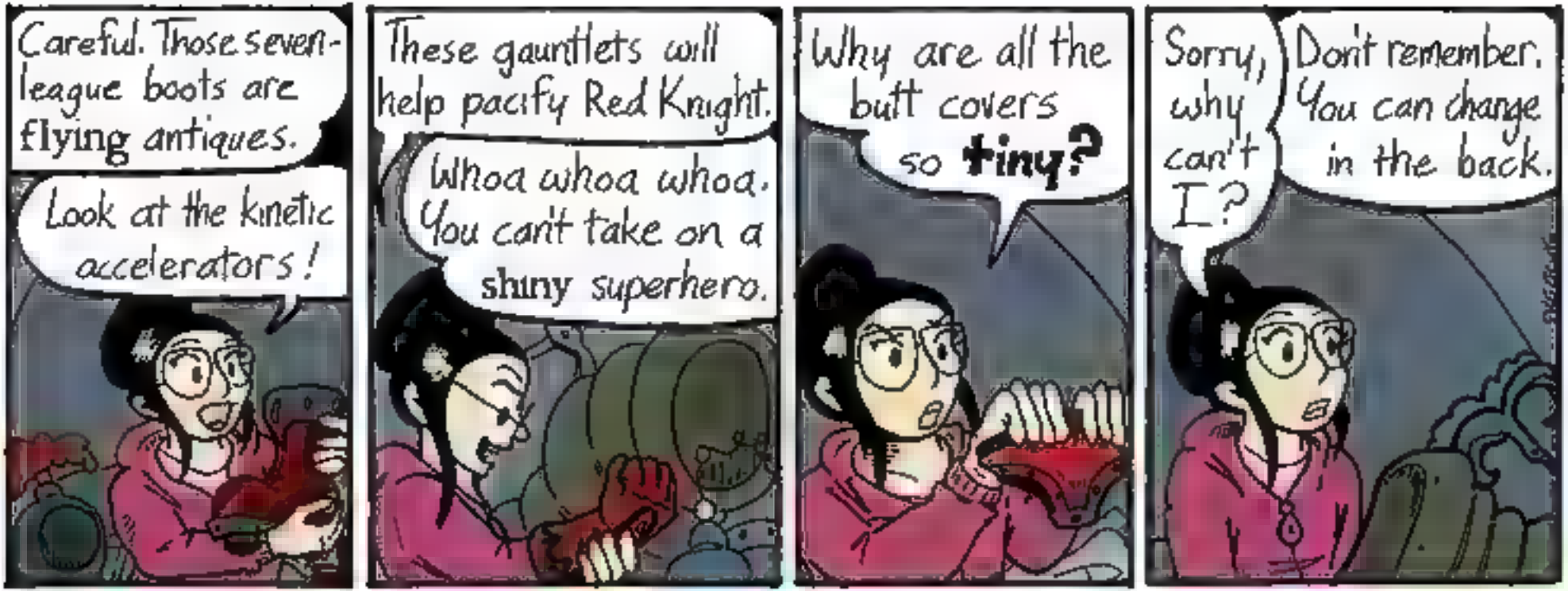


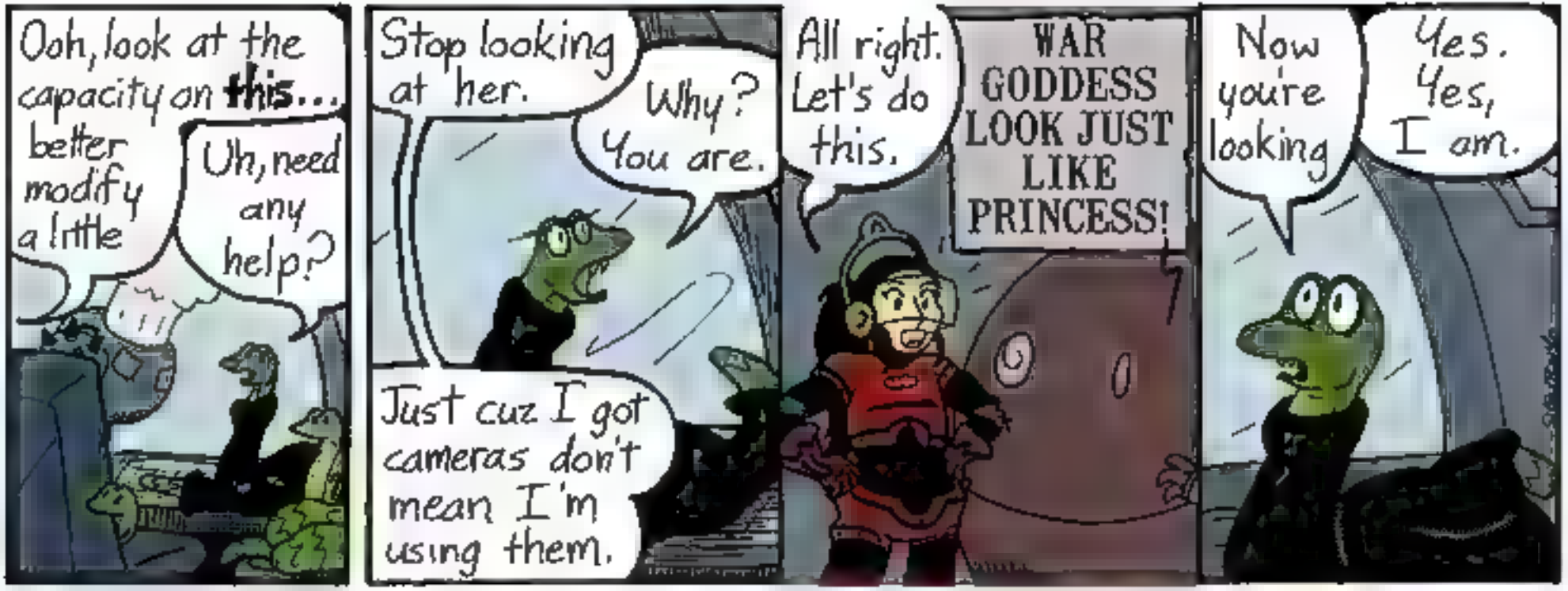


this


If you're not happy at AG-I, why not go back to Skin Horse?
Am I the only rucksack paying attention?
SH is under the thumb of A-Sig now! Working for Mr. Green alias Violet Bee alias Goldbug alias Dr. Ao!
Nick, in my experience you just have to try to do good wherever you are.
You build weapons for an evil defense contractor.
But I always chip in for the coffee fund.

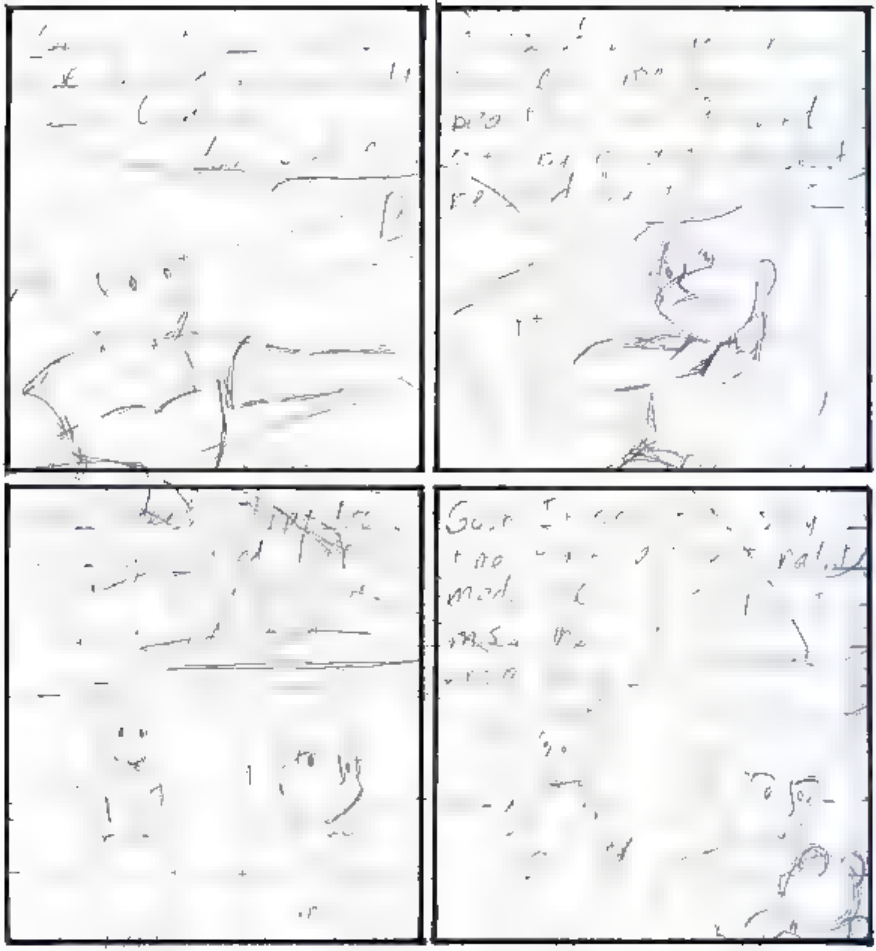
Nick, what's all this stuff in your hold?
R.K.'s spare armor bits. Lotta old superhero tech.
Boss! I want some of that!
Sorry, Serpentor. Humans only.
Geez! Even the stupid plane's a crypto-fascist jerkbag!
They're gene-coded, mongoose.
Moustachiooo! Nick called me a bad name!
One should not, as they say, dish it out if one cannot take it.

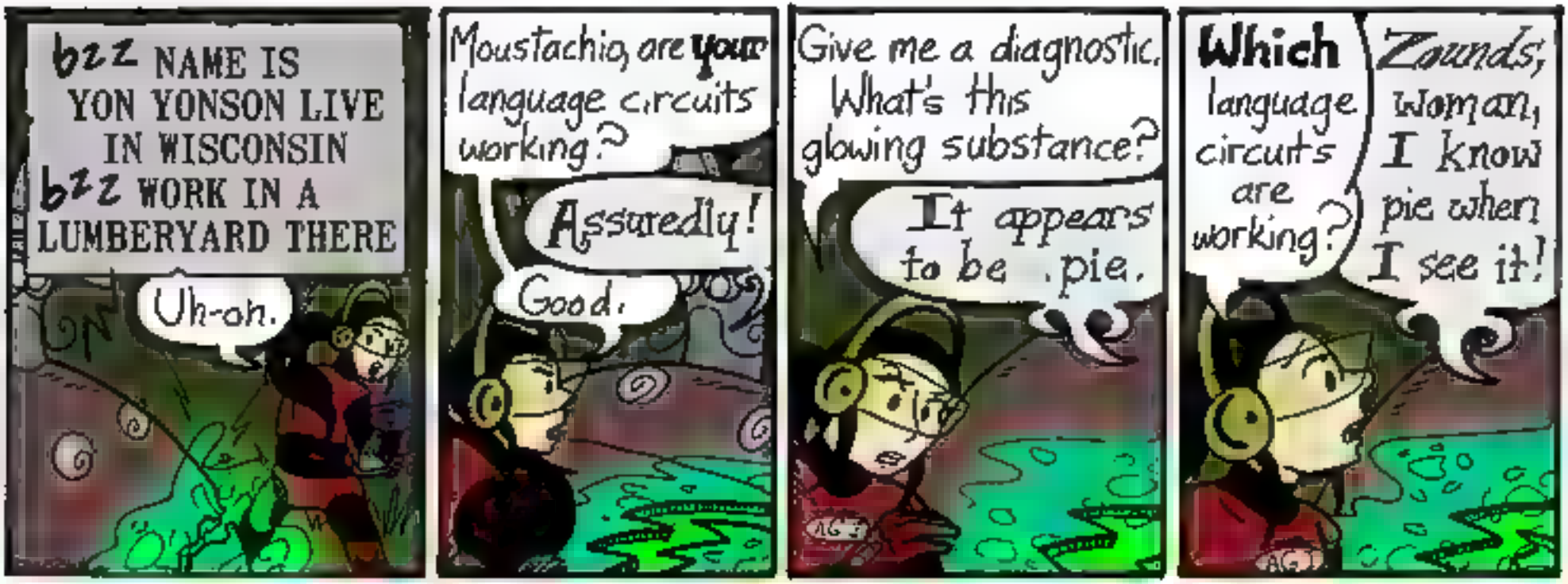

Careful. Those seven-league boots are flying antiques.
Look at the kinetic accelerators!
These gauntlets will help pacify Red Knight.
Whoa whoa whoa. You can't take on a shiny superhero.
Why are all the butt covers so tiny?
Sorry, why can't I?
Don't remember. You can change in the back.


Ooh, look at the capacity on this... better modify a little
Uh, need any help?
Stop looking at her.
Why? You are.
Just cuz I got cameras don't mean I'm using them.
All right. Let's do this.
WAR GODDESS LOOK JUST LIKE PRINCESS!
Now you're looking
Yes. Yes, I am.

Dr. Lee, you look- argh, horsefeathers, I mean-
I can tell just what you're thinking.
You think you're not an open book, but I know you. So thank you.
I do look like Natasha Stark, the alternate-universe Iron Man from Earth-3490!
Sure is embarrassing being so transparent.
Okay, let me out. I'm pretty sure this is a gun and I can probably shoot it.

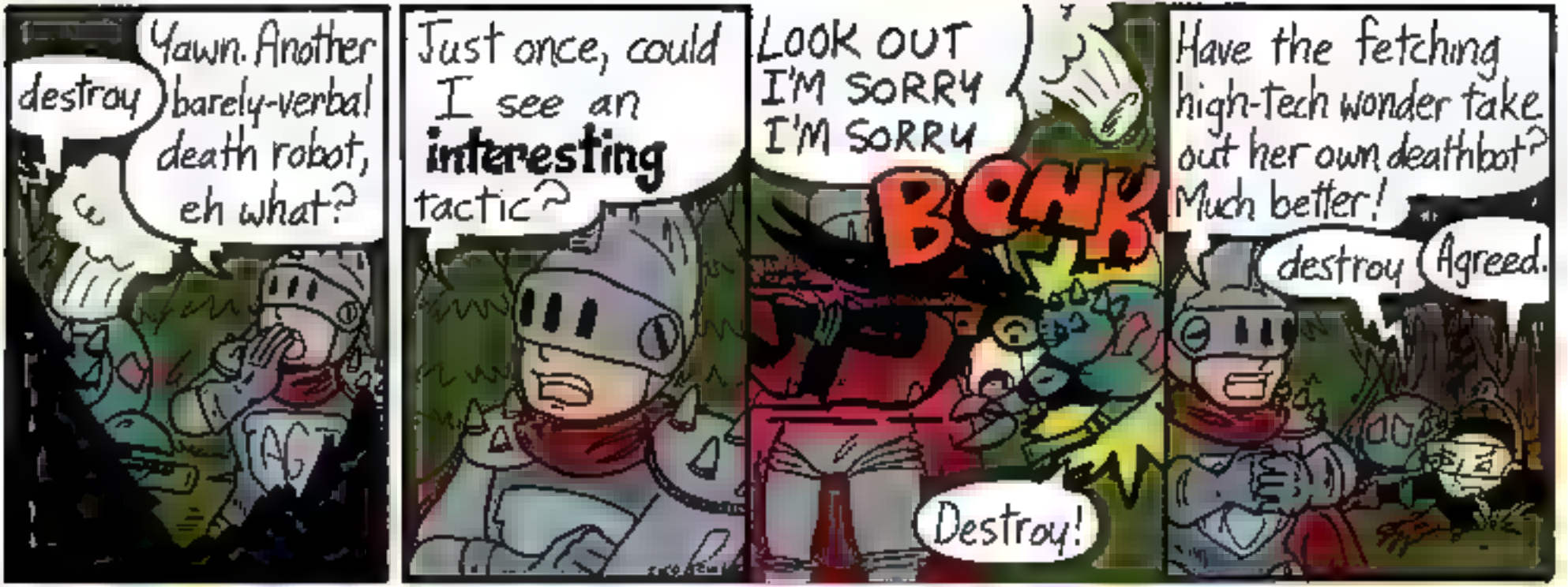
Stop Red Knight as peacefully as possible.
Right, lads! Careful and Non-Lethal!
KUNG FWAP
Hitty! Moustachio!
Get him!
DESTROY DESTROY DESTROY
Reckless and Deadly it is, then.
10 REBOOT HITTING SYSTEMS *20* GOTO 10

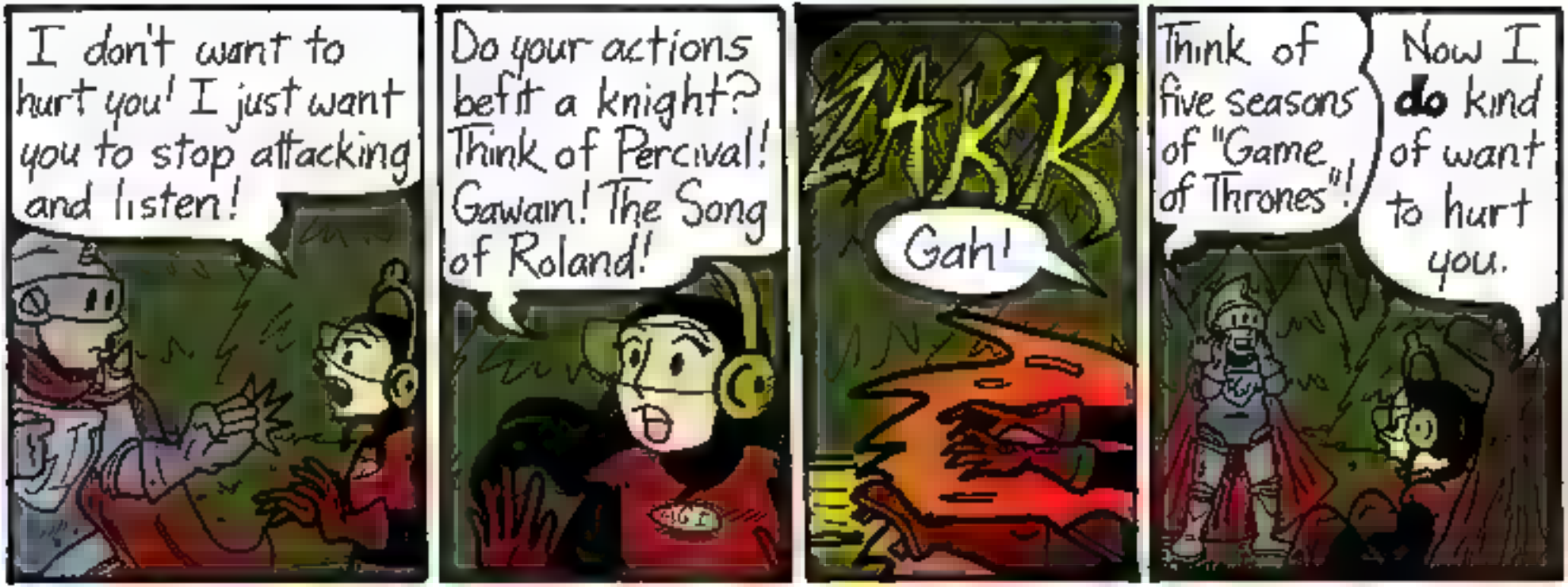


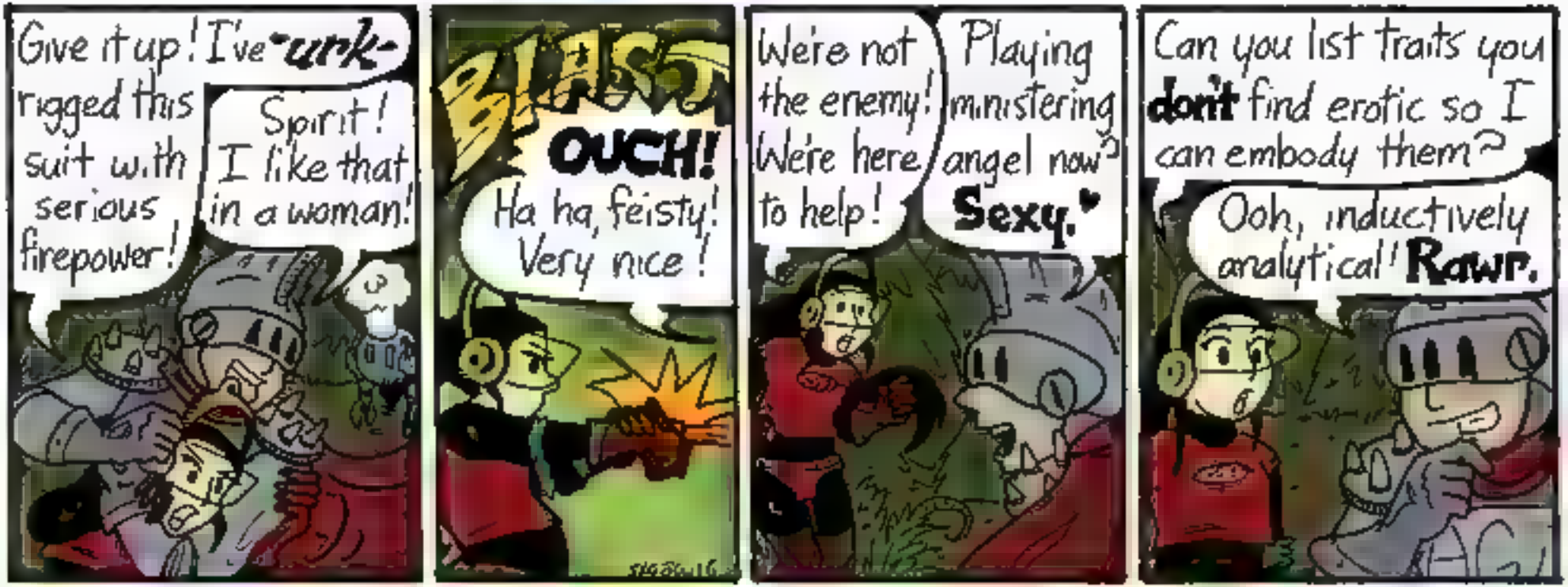

bzz NAME IS YON YONSON LIVE IN WISCONSIN bzz WORK IN A LUMBERYARD THERE
Uh-oh.
Moustachio, are your language circuits working?
Assuredly!
Good.
Give me a diagnostic. What's this glowing substance?
It appears to be .pie.
Which language circuits are working?
Zounds, Woman, I know pie when I see it!

Hitty's filled with... pie?
Blast it all! It's something my Memory wants to call pie!
Can you describe it?
It appears to be a... man-portable fusion pie?
Oh! She runs on fusion power! This is a wonderful research opportunity!
Ehem.
I mean a tragic research opportunity.
I'll have you know I've scrapped Shopping-Malls for less.

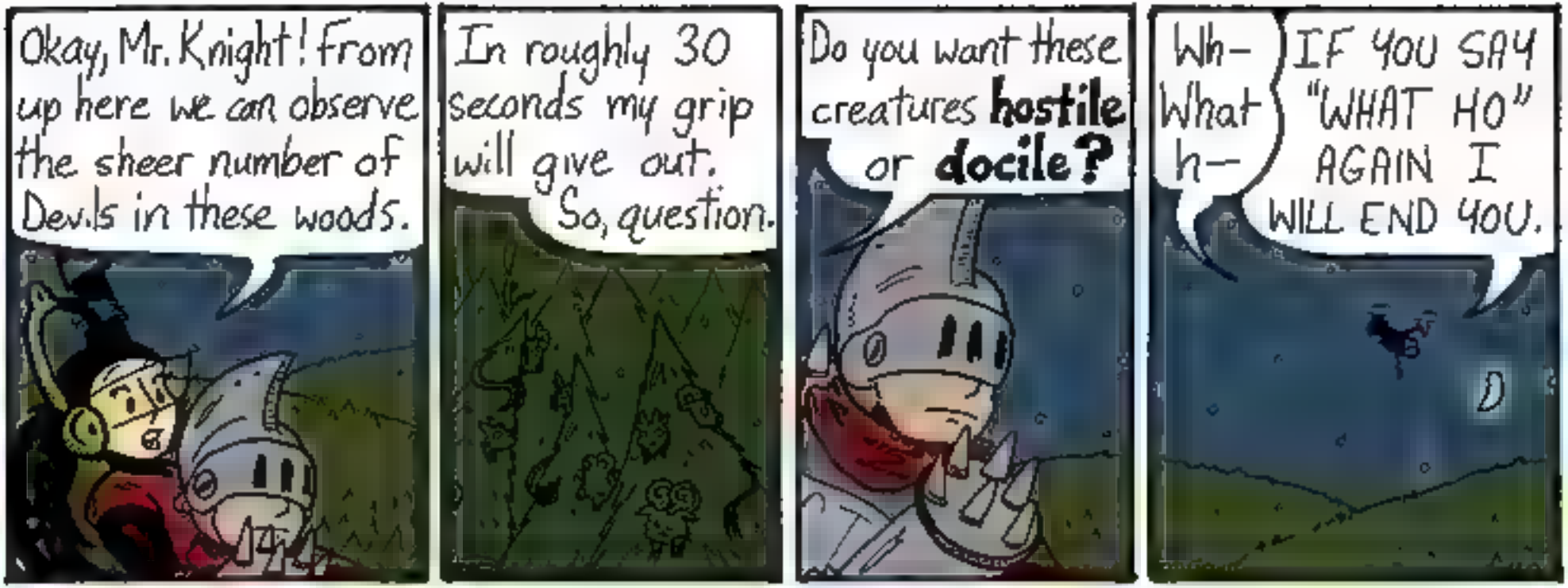
This tosser had best gird himself for my wrath!
Leave him to me. You keep Hitty from meltdown.
No one else will be injured on my watch!
PKEOW
YAAAH!
CRASH
The melt-down is beginning to seem the safer Option.
trees are so interesting and hard

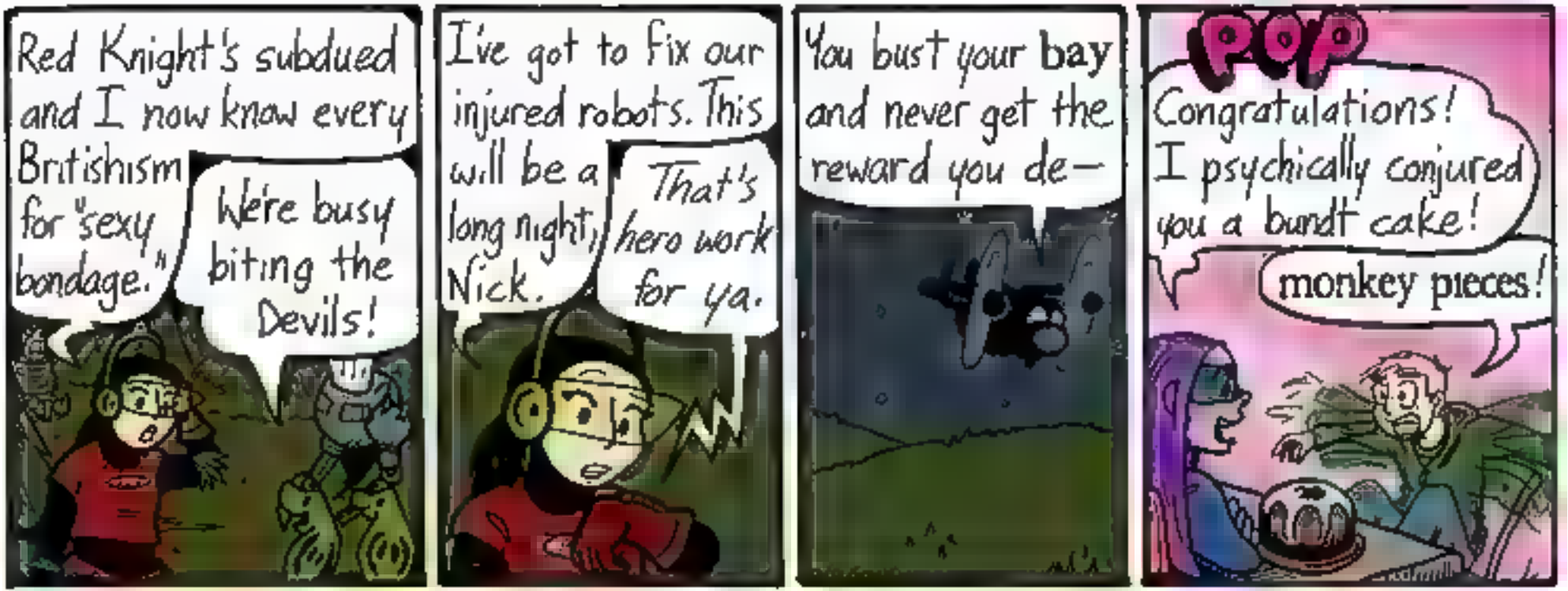

Yawn. Another barely-verbal death robot, eh what?
destroy
Just once, could I see an interesting tactic?
LOOK OUT I'M SORRY I'M SORRY
BONK
Destroy!
Have the fetching high-tech wonder take out her own deathbot? Much better!
destroy
Agreed.


I don't want to hurt you! I just want you to stop attacking and listen!
Do your actions befit a knight? Think of Percival! Gawain! The Song of Roland!
AKK
Gah!
Think of five seasons of "Game of Thrones"!
Now I do kind of want to hurt you.

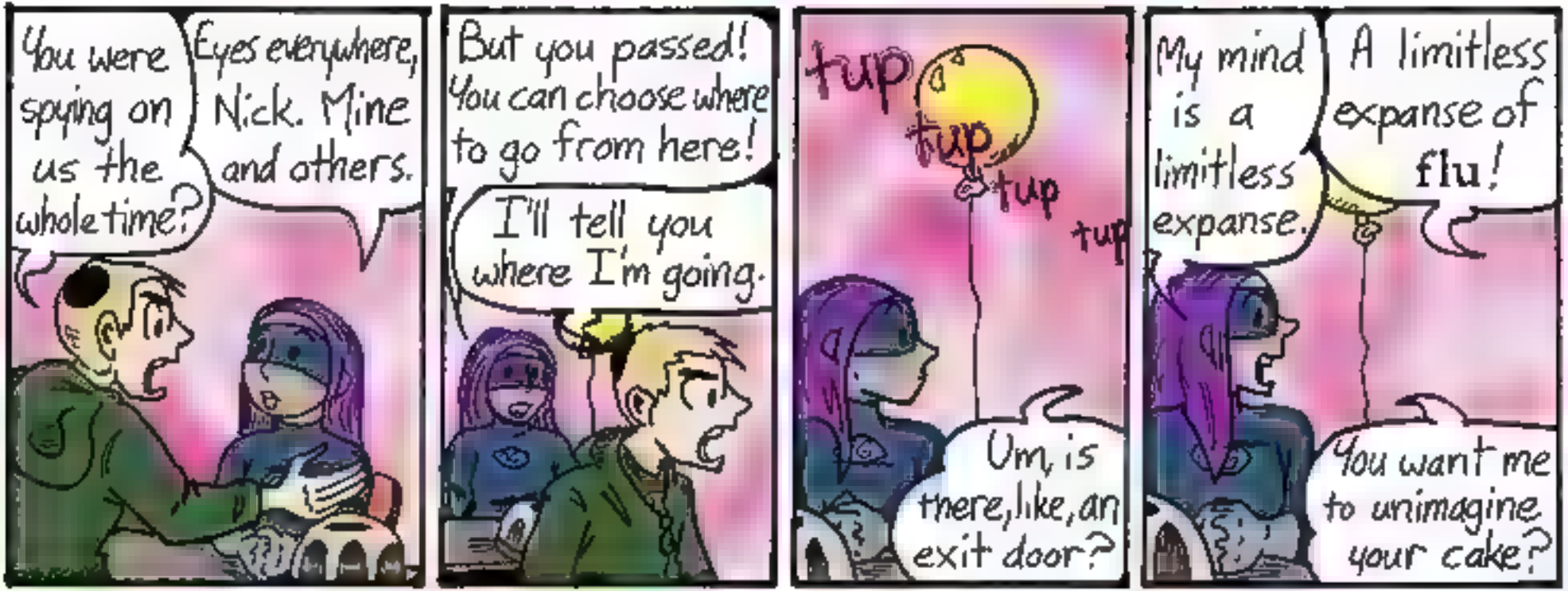

Give it up! I've rigged this suit with serious firepower!
-urk-
Spirit! I like that in a woman!
BLAST
OUCH!
Ha ha, feisty! Very nice!
We're not the enemy! We're here to help!
Playing ministering angel now? Sexy.
Can you list traits you don't find erotic so I can embody them?
Ooh, inductively analytical! Rawr.

Nick! Can you get above my position?
Silly nixie! There's no spot here for him to land!
What? He's not coming to us.
Eh?
PKEOW
What hoo
Next time, cranking wait 'til I say yes.
You try having rocket boots and not using them.


Okay, Mr. Knight! From up here we can observe the sheer number of Devils in these woods.
In roughly 30 seconds my grip will give out. So, question.
Do you want these creatures hostile or docile?
Wh- What h-
IF YOU SAY "WHAT HO" AGAIN I WILL END YOU.

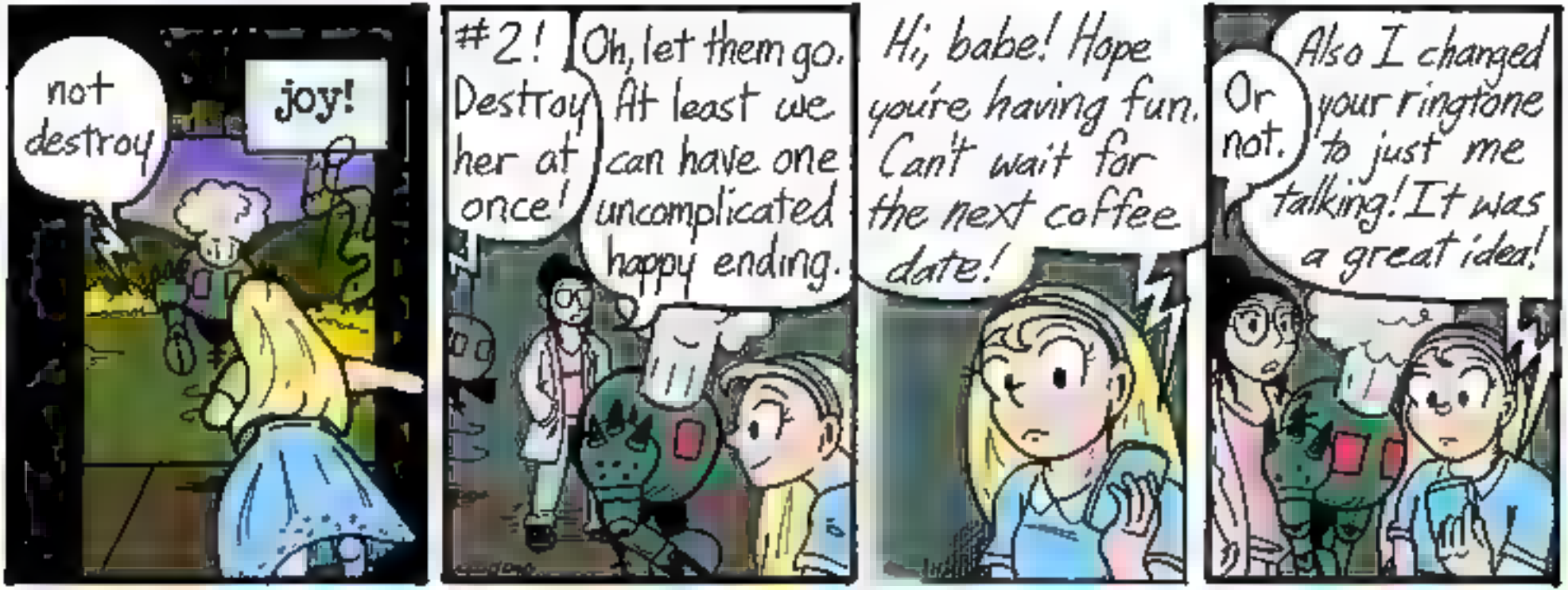

Red Knight's subdued and I now know every Britishism for "sexy bondage."
We're busy biting the Devils!
I've got to fix our injured robots. This will be a long night, Nick.
That's hero work for ya.
You bust your bay and never get the reward you de—
POP
Congratulations! I psychically conjured you a bundt cake!
monkey pieces!

Well done, Nick! You passed probation!
What were you probing?
Your ethics and competency! Sadly, Red Knight didn't score as well.
This was a test?!
We sent you in with incomplete intel to study your reaction!
Sweetdaddy, Hitty, and Moustachio got totalled!
If you consult your hero handbook, you'll see violence doesn't count if it's robots.
What if it's a psychic projection?

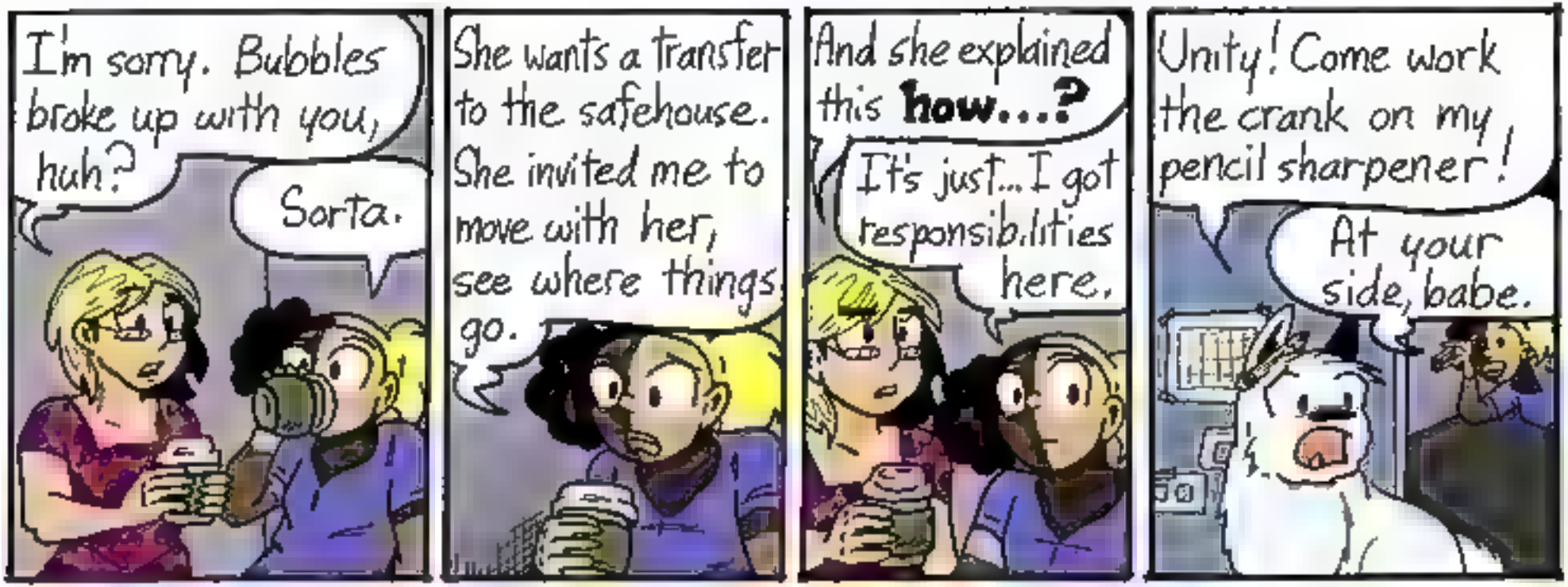

You were spying on us the whole time?
Eyes everywhere, Nick. Mine and others.
But you passed! You can choose where to go from here!
I'll tell you where I'm going.
tup
tup
tup
tup
Um, is there, like, an exit door?
My mind is a limitless expanse.
A limitless expanse of flu!
You want me to unimagine your cake?

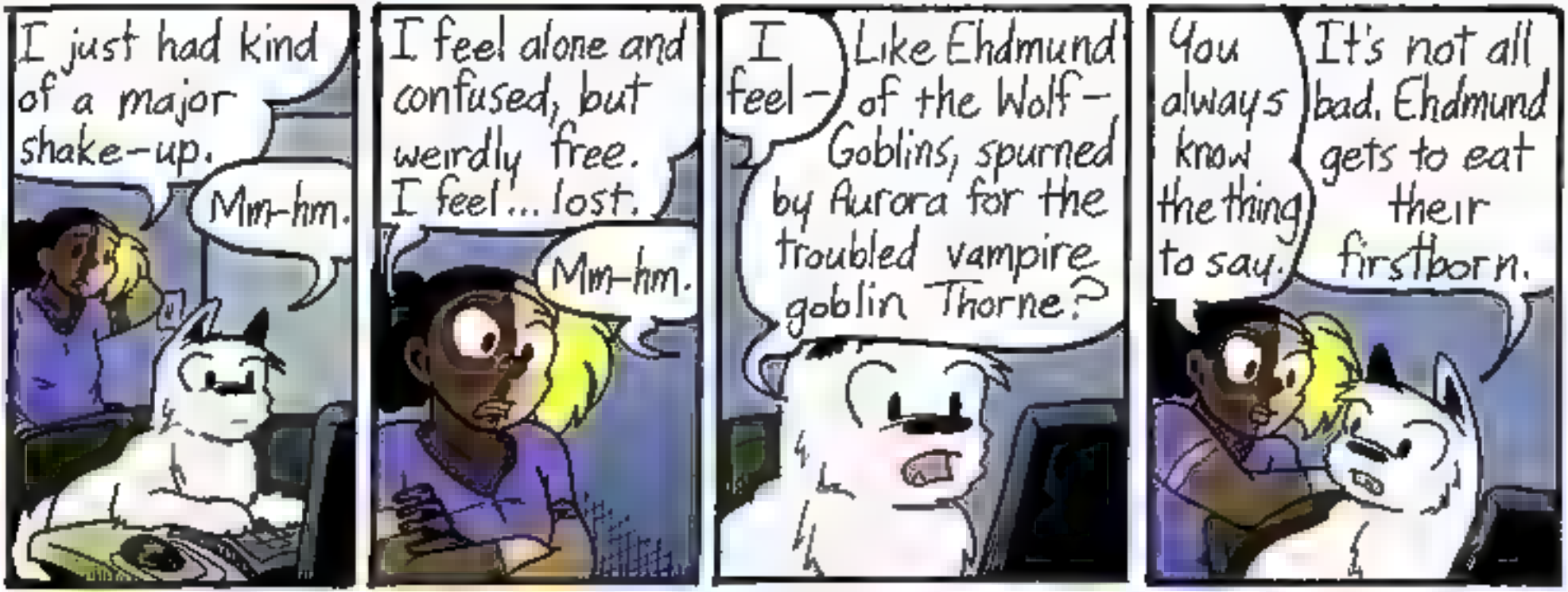
Believe it or not, Nick, I care about you.
I think you need AG-I.
Just put me back in the metal.
We're your only source of human contact.
Fly this glory! I quit!
POP
I don't hopping need human contact!
What am I, chopped liver?
Man, critical tell-off failure.

Oh but it's **not** ironic! I've devoted serious study to the Eighties!
Your Eighties!
An age of big colors, big shoulders, and big, beautiful hair! All ruled over by an actor-president beloved by all!
Music videos! Floppy discs! Something called "hair metal." Everything was shiny and loud!
Gosh! If only that silly time-travel accident hadn't made me miss the whole thing!
Oh, hey I remember this.


not destroy
joy!
#2! Destroy her at once!
Oh, let them go. At least we can have one uncomplicated happy ending.
Hi, babe! Hope you're having fun. Can't wait for the next coffee date!
Or not.
Also I changed your ringtone to just me talking! It was a great idea!

Yeah, yeah, I'm sure it's cool having all kindsa dudes fight over you.
joy is joy!
What do you mean, "instant kismet"?
Only joy.
Wait, are you dumping me? Over the phone?
Is... my?
The rule is not different for robots!
You just made that up!
This is a fascinating cubicle to be next to.


I'm sorry. Bubbles broke up with you, huh?
Sorta.
She wants a transfer to the safehouse. She invited me to move with her, see where things go.
And she explained this how...?
It's just... I got responsibilities here.
Unity! Come work the crank on my pencil sharpener!
At your side, babe.


I just had kind of a major shake-up.
Mm-hm.
I feel alone and confused, but weirdly free. I feel... lost.
Mm-hm.
I feel—
Like Ehdmund of the Wolf-Goblins, spurned by Aurora for the troubled vampire goblin Thorne?
You always know the thing to say.
It's not all bad. Ehdmund gets to eat their firstborn.

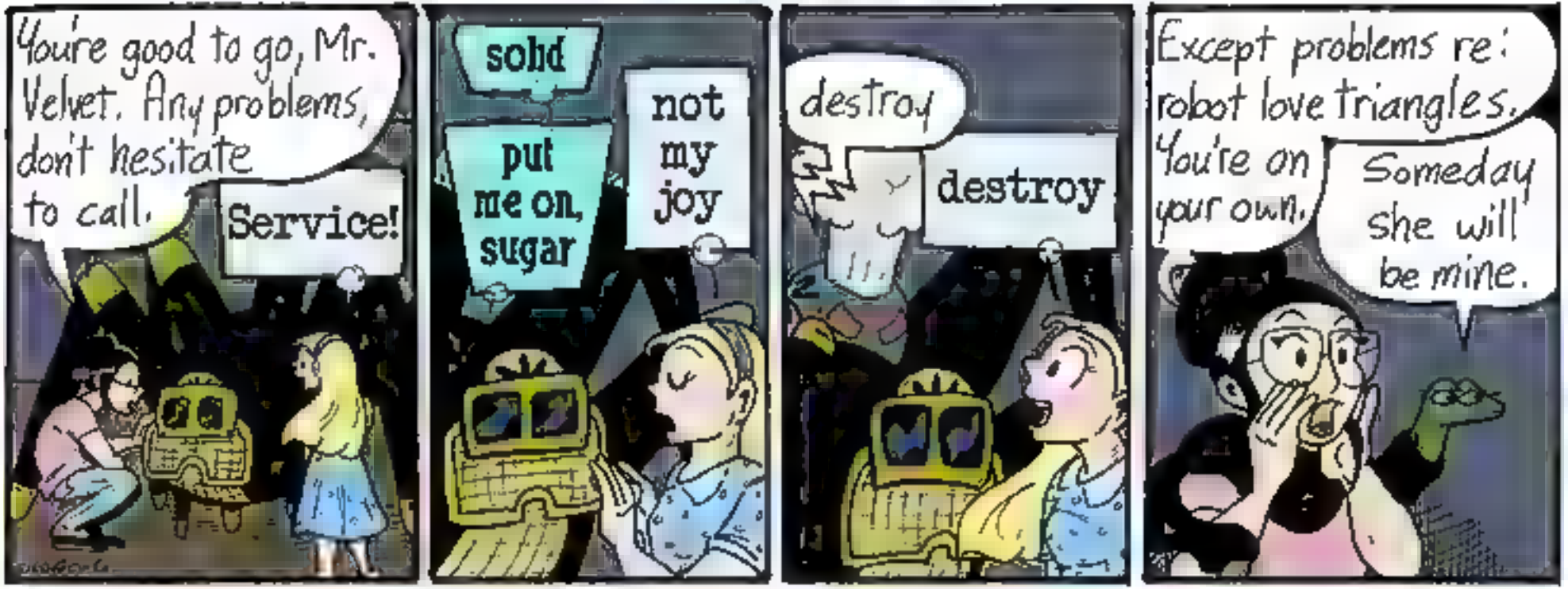
Amazing! You destroyed the hostility of the Devils!
With our cool medicine fangs!
Your visit to the safehouse was to be temporary, but we would be destroyed if you stayed on.
YAY!
We can bite stuff for always!
Bitey bite bite!
It's so satisfying to destroy young lives.
I can't tell when you're using that word correctly.

Well, you kids convinced me. You've really matured.
We did kinda save the day, huh?
And you know what, Alfie? All your ideas turned out to be right.
Huh. True.
BITE
YAUGH!
I take it back! Grow up!
Next I wanna drink beer!

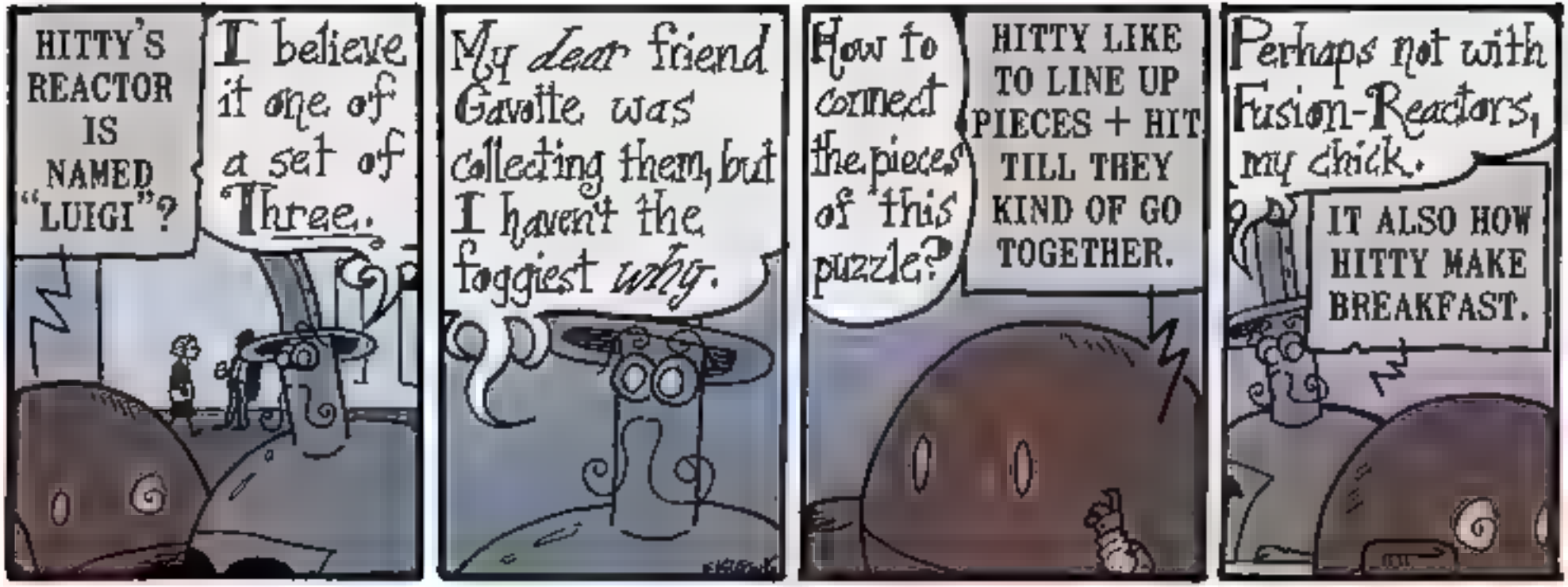
Oh, but it's **not** ironic! I've devoted serious study to the Eighties! **Your** Eighties!
An age of big colors, big shoulders, and big, beautiful hair! All ruled over by an actor-president beloved by all!
RAH!
Music videos! Floppy discs! Something called "hair metal!" Everything was shiny and loud!
Gosh! If only that silly time-travel accident hadn't made me miss the whole thing!
Oh, hey, I remember this.

Ow! What was that about?
Ending your sinister schemes!
The Devils were turned violent by that A-Sig project in the woods. But the goldenrod barrier held... until we showed up.
You did something to counteract it, right? Too bad you didn't count on a brilliant, deadly reptile striking back.
Again, your bite is allergy meds.
I'm prepared to keep giving owes until you renounce evil!

I don't know what's going on, but I'm gonna expose you!
Sure, tell the adults. They'll foul it up as usual.
Well... Dr. Lee's not totally stupid...
Dr. Lee from Anasigma? She's the most deluded of all.
Face it — there's no one you can trust with information.
Waaait... are you, like, manipulating me?
Could a dumb adult do that?


You're good to go, Mr. Velvet. Any problems, don't hesitate to call.
Service!
sold
put me on, sugar
not my joy
destroy
destroy
Except problems re: robot love triangles. You're on your own.
Someday she will be mine.

So long! Destroy you later!
joy!
Well! That wasn't what we expected, but I hope we managed to do some good.
Let's not forget why we signed on for this in the first place.
Hot towel service?
Exactly.
REMIND WHY HITTY WANTED THIS AGAIN?


HITTY'S REACTOR IS NAMED "LUIGI"?
I believe it one of a set of Three.
My dear friend Gavotte was collecting them, but I haven't the foggiest why.
How to connect the pieces of this puzzle?
HITTY LIKE TO LINE UP PIECES + HIT TILL THEY KIND OF GO TOGETHER.
Perhaps not with Fusion-Reactors, my chick.
IT ALSO HOW HITTY MAKE BREAKFAST.

I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to put Dr. Lee in danger. I'll accept extirpation for this.
Oh, is that all? That's hardly even a punishment.
Ahem ahem ahem.
That isn't a personal call, is it?
It's a covert status report to our shadowy overboss.
Well... so long as it's not personal.
No, I have her under control, sir.

Here stands the director of Project Skin Horse, surveying the shadow-government offices.
To outside appearances, a dog in sunglasses; but entrusted with great power.
The deepest secrets of the government are at her disposal!
And that one's classified, sir.
Babe, are you narrating again?
sniff
sniff

I miss Annex One. Why's this ritzy building have a yard full of smelly non-sapient dogs?
On-site doggy day care!
The shadow-gov does pet-sitting?
And babysitting! There's a crèche.
SKOOOUG
I like to come here just to watch the little darlings.
This is a big deli case for you.
Or those lobster tanks where you can watch 'em wiggle.

Don't you have a super crucial meeting with AG-I this A.M.?
Juft a quick side project.
I think it'd be courteous to make sure our dog park is a healthy, safe environment.
Whaddya fink?
KEEP YOUR DISEASE-RIDDEN ANIMALS AT HOME!
Security guards have Tasers
The Tasers make it extra courteous!
We're all fellow passengers on Spaceship Earth.

AG-I brass is in the lobby **right now.**
All Spandex and capped teeth. I need to look sharp.
How do **my** teeth look?
Let's just say if I did CPR on you it'd come with a free breakfast.
Cripes. I need to brush.
Or I could do the CPR thing.
Those AG-I jerks never have to floss without thumbs.
I only had two breakfasts and I'm hungry.

I'll go brush my teeth in the executive washroom.
Didn't Facilities Management bag on Tip for waxing in there?
Yes, and the old Sweetheart would have been cowed into toeing the line.
But Director Sweetheart says what Facilities Management doesn't know won't hurt 'em.
THIS SINK IS FOR HAND-WASHING ONLY
They know.

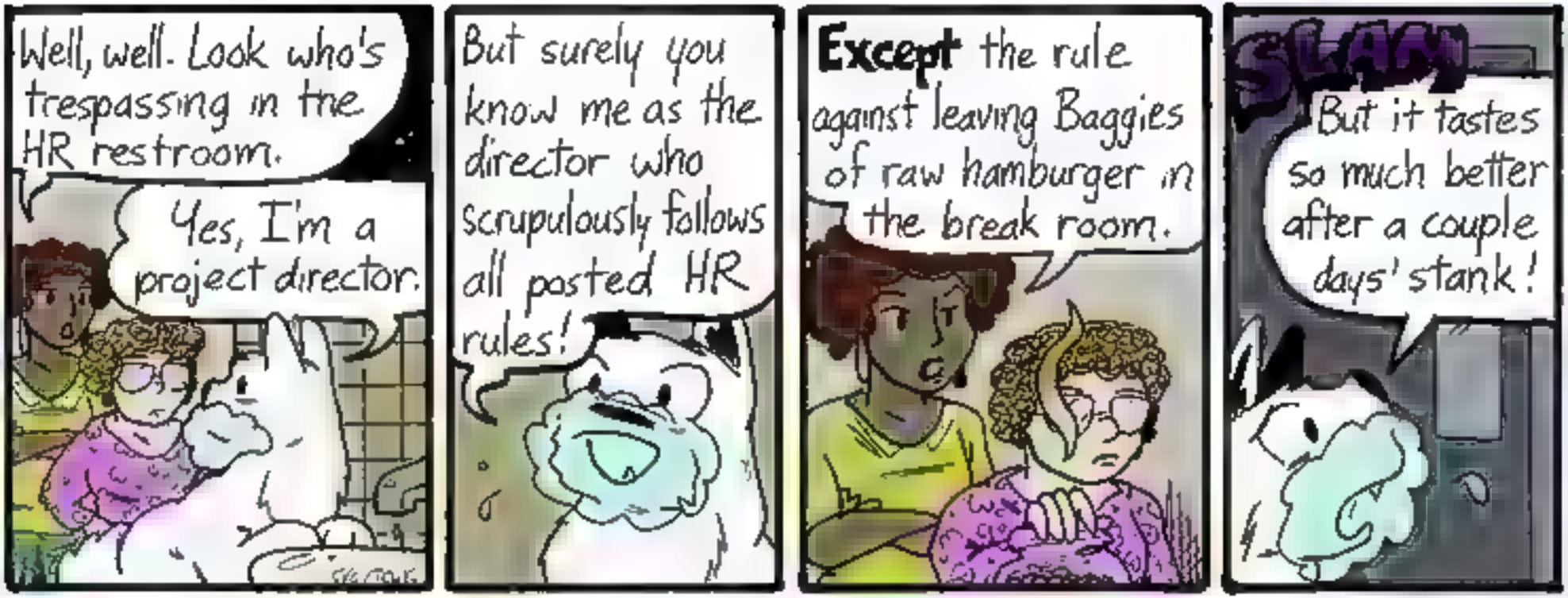
Can't use the executive washroom. They're on to me.
You're weird, babe.
I'll have to try the next floor.
The HR offices?
Exactly! If I've got to borrow a restroom, I borrow from the staffers who understand people!
An executive using the commoners' sink?
This is going on your permanent record.
mmf!

MAYBE SOME
LINE MAKE HIT
MORE CONSISTENT

C'mon, climb
aboard
Jersey
Oh, my
Okay, how?
forest &
was trees
Exactly!

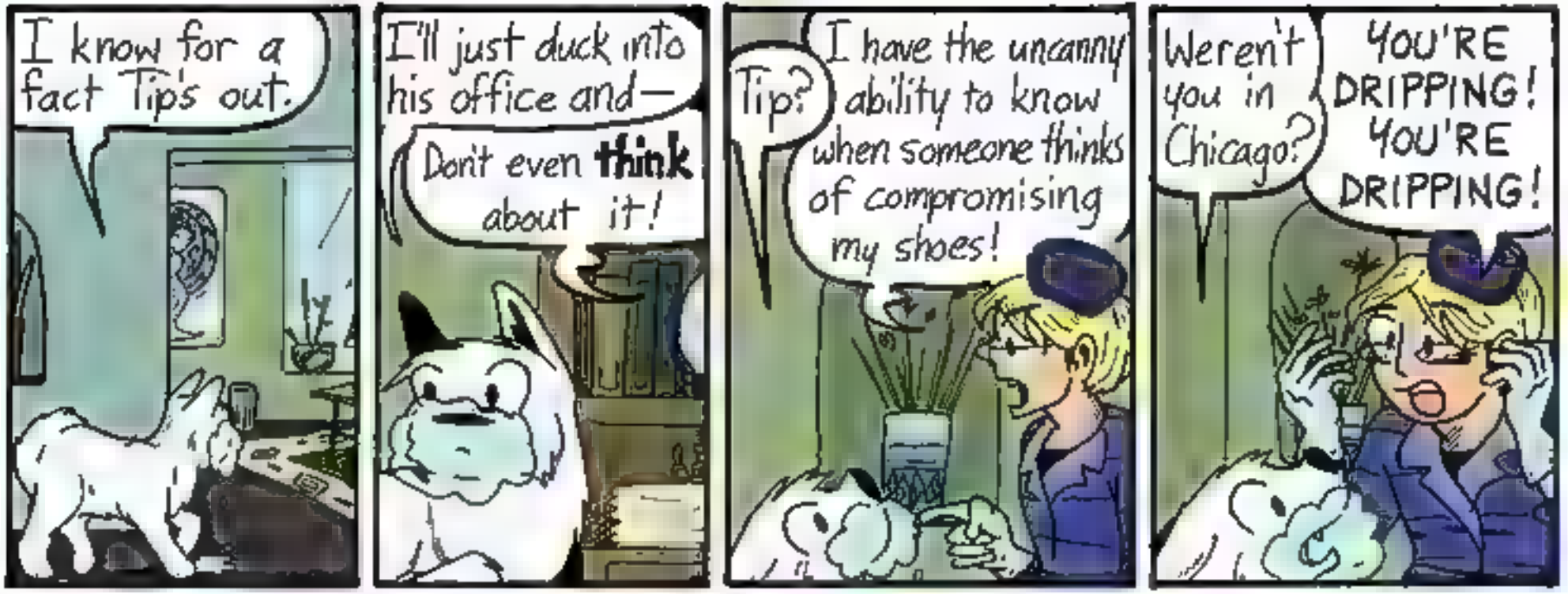
Well done, Nick
You've passed probation!
What
?
Your ethics
& competency!
Sadly Red
Knight didn't
This was
a test?!
Yes! We sent
you in with
incomplete
intel &
monitored your
reactions!
Sweetdaddy
Milty & Moutech
all
in this
glory!
If you consult
your hero handbook
you'll see
We your kids
convinced me.
You are ready
to be on
your own
We did
kinda
save the
Jersey Devil's
nun
And you
know what
Alfie?
All your ideas
turned
out to be
right
Hur.
True

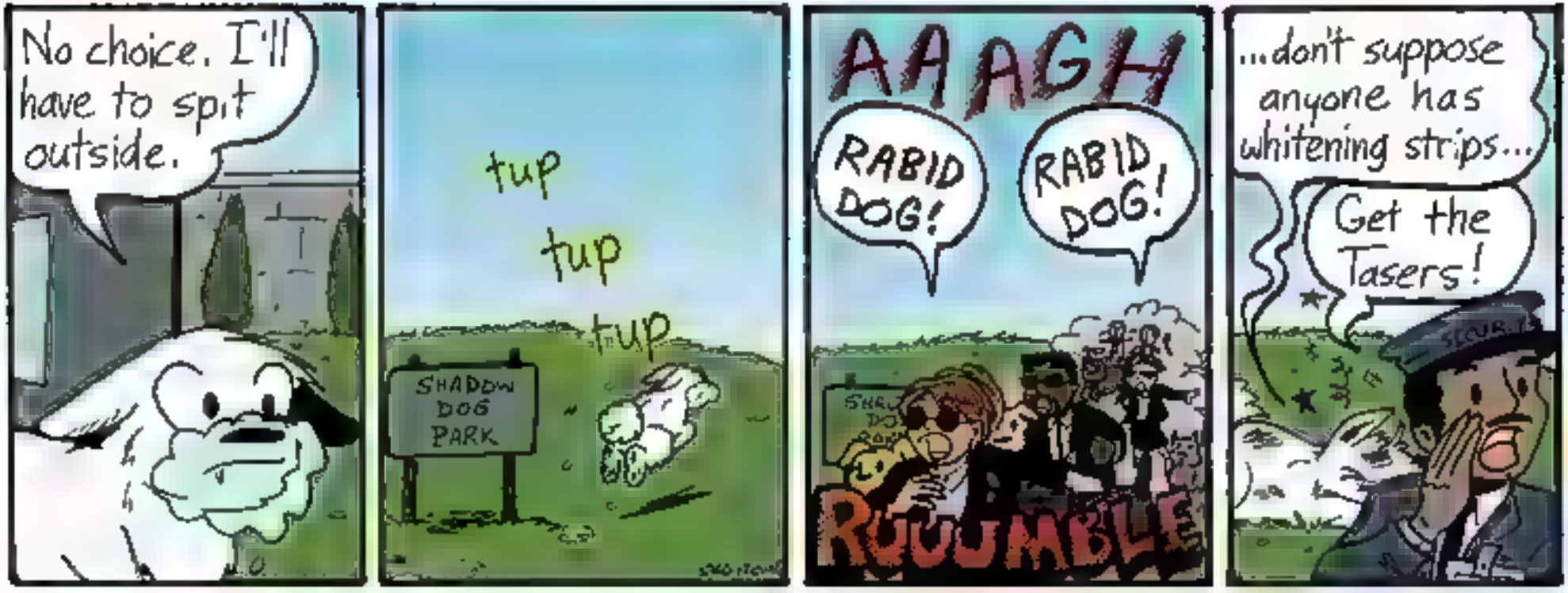
except that one.
Bad idea
wanna
drink beer

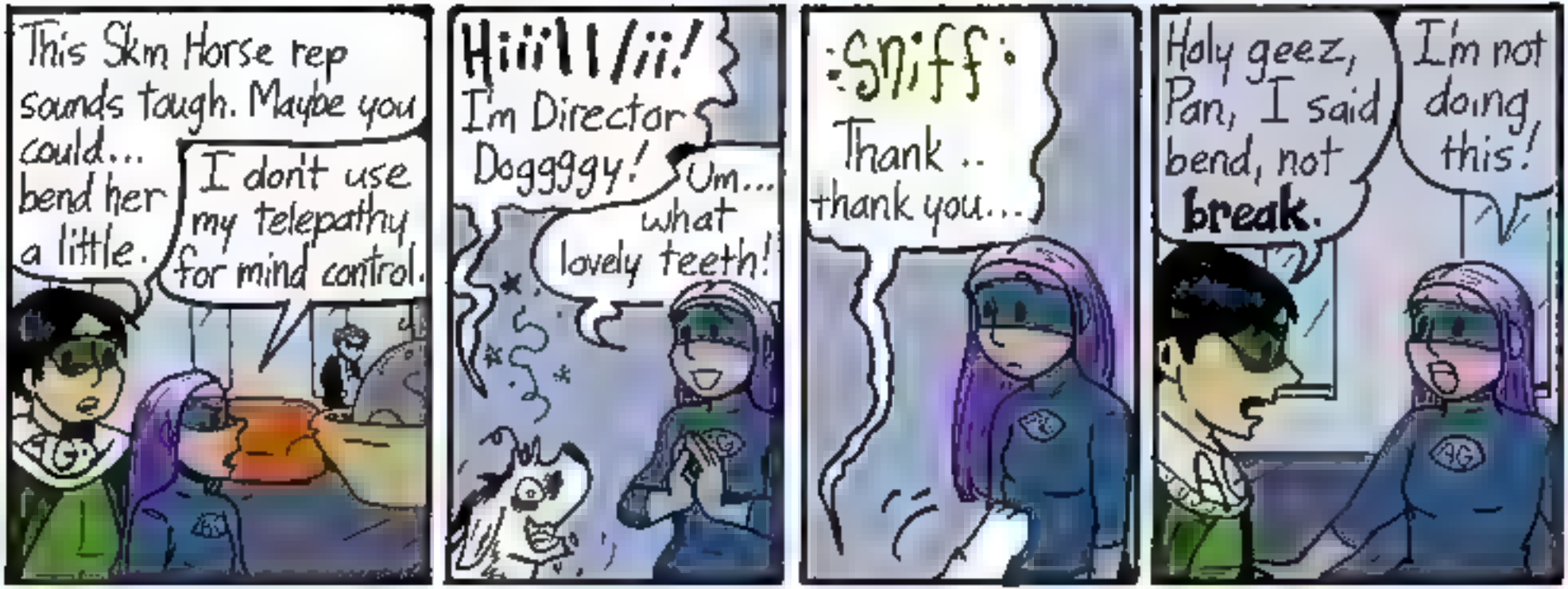

Well, well. Look who's trespassing in the HR restroom.
Yes, I'm a project director.
But surely you know me as the director who scrupulously follows all posted HR rules!
Except the rule against leaving Baggies of raw hamburger in the break room.
SLAG!
But it tastes so much better after a couple days' stank!

It was a near thing, but my cover's intact. As long as Skin Horse doesn't catch on.
Yes, they're a minor shadow agency, but it's possible they have hidden levels.
Shelby! I had a hygeine emergency and I don't know where to spit my toothpaste!
Very distantly possible.
Hey, since when have you worked at this building?

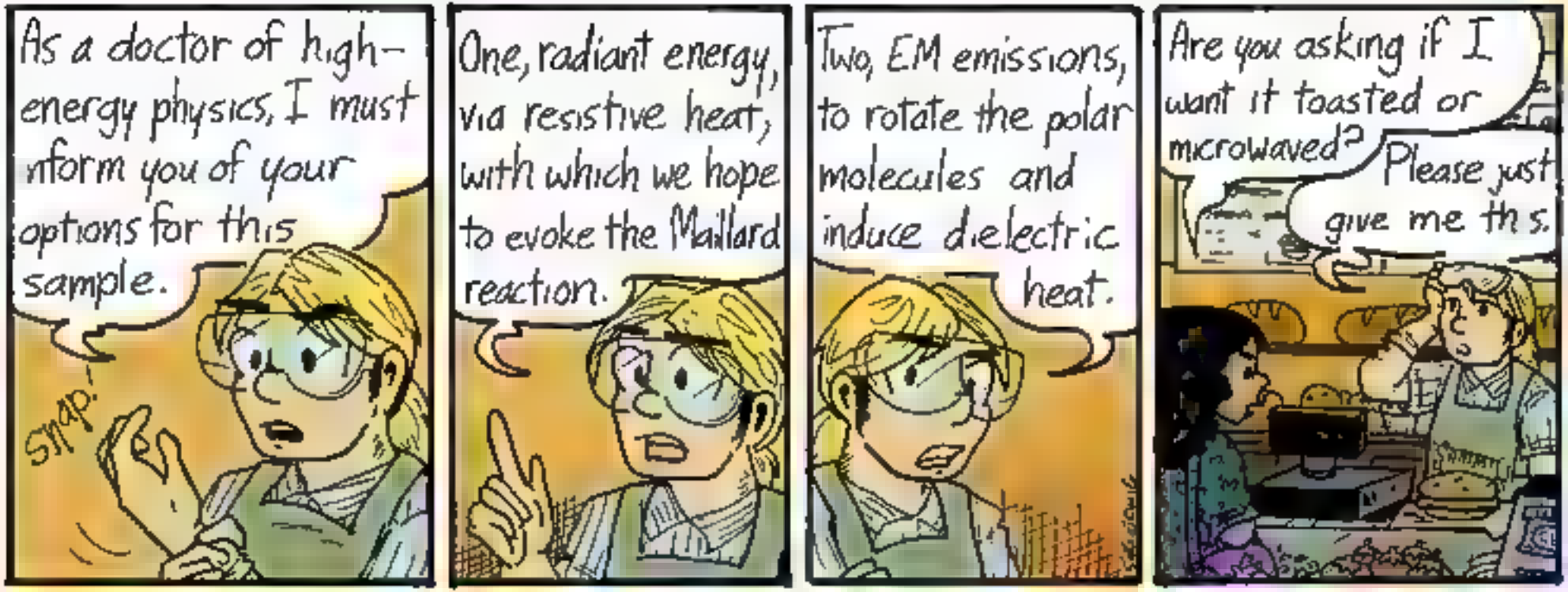
Okay. Back to making shadow coffee.
Dr. Lee! I need to use the field agent showers!
Here's my keycard. But technically you're not a field agent anymore.
I'm desperate!
Strictly speaking, this counts as felony impersonation of a federal agent.
Gah! Forget it!
I shouldn't run hypothetical scenarios out loud, should I?
Go stick your head in your evil coffee!

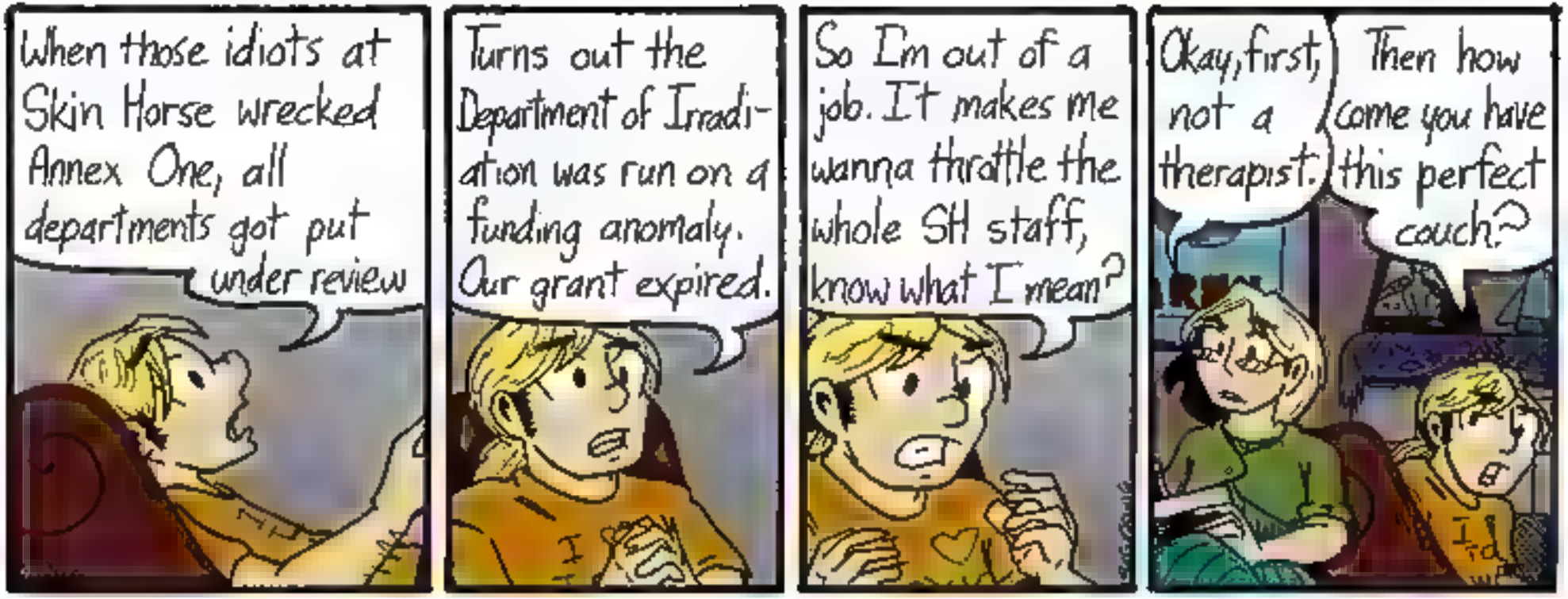

I know for a fact Tip's out.
I'll just duck into his office and—
Don't even think about it!
Tip?
I have the uncanny ability to know when someone thinks of compromising my shoes!
Weren't you in Chicago?
YOU'RE DRIPPING! YOU'RE DRIPPING!


No choice. I'll have to spit outside.
tup
tup
tup
SHADOW DOG PARK
AAAGH
RABID DOG!
RABID DOG!
RUUUMBLE
...don't suppose anyone has whitening strips...
Get the Tasers!


This Skm Horse rep sounds tough. Maybe you could... bend her a little.
I don't use my telepathy for mind control.
Hiii!!/ii!
I'm Director Doggggy!
Um... what lovely teeth!
:Sniff:
Thank .. thank you...
Holy geez, Pan, I said bend, not break.
I'm not doing this!

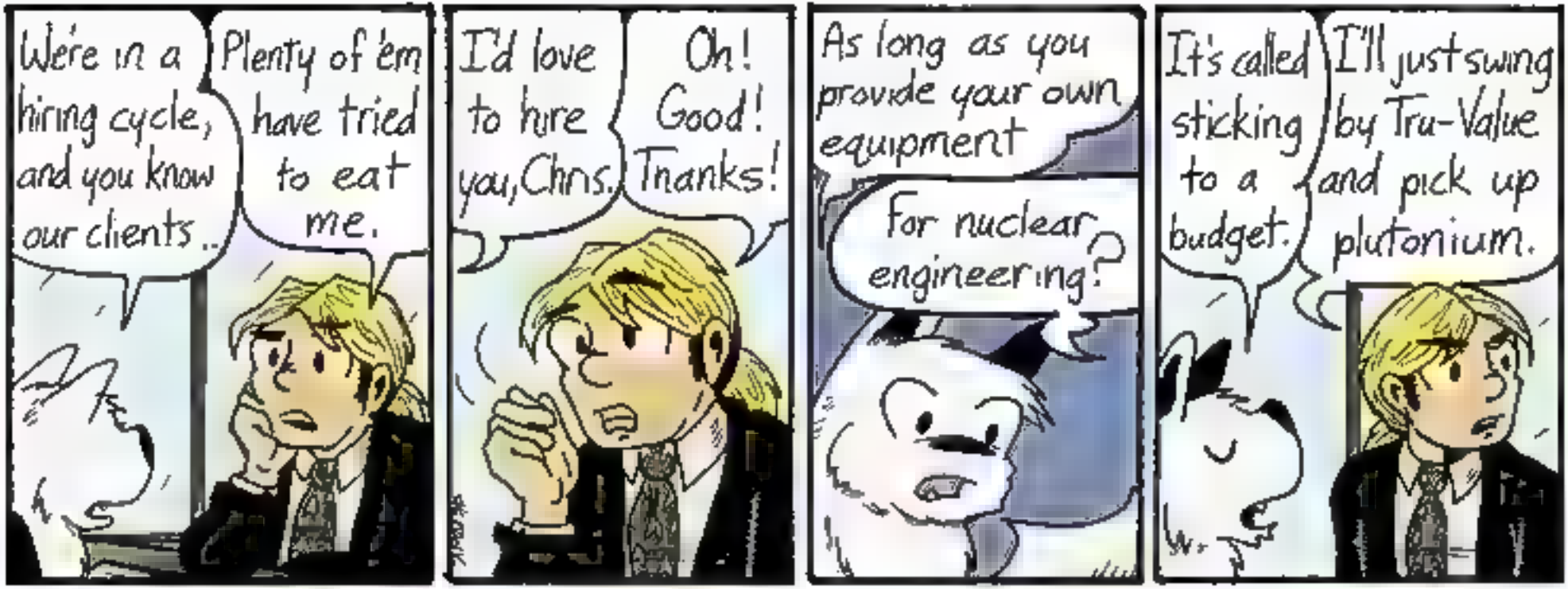
BRAIN
BRAINS
BRAIN
BRAIN


As a doctor of high-energy physics, I must inform you of your options for this sample.
Snap.
One, radiant energy, via resistive heat, with which we hope to evoke the Maillard reaction.
Two, EM emissions, to rotate the polar molecules and induce dielectric heat.
Are you asking if I want it toasted or microwaved?
Please just give me this.

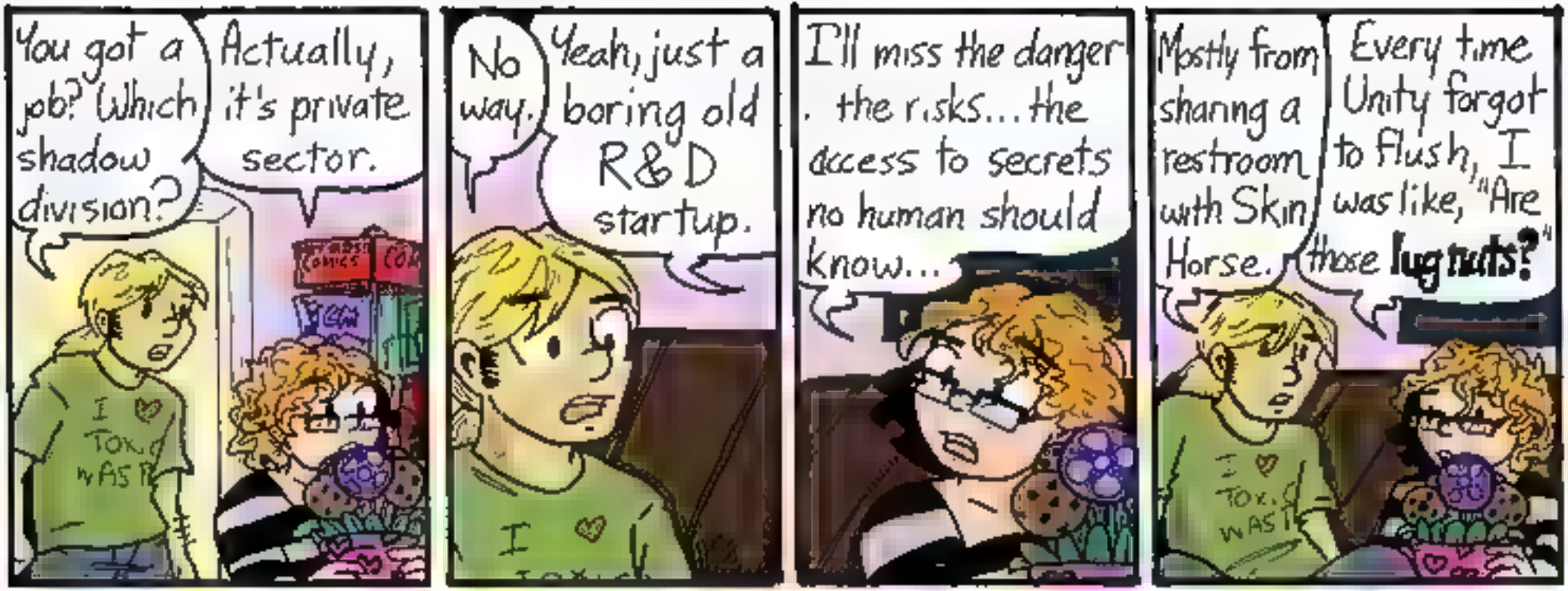

When those idiots at Skin Horse wrecked Annex One, all departments got put under review
Turns out the Department of Irradiation was run on a funding anomaly. Our grant expired.
So I'm out of a job. It makes me wanna throttle the whole SH staff, know what I mean?
Okay, first, not a therapist.
Then how come you have this perfect couch?

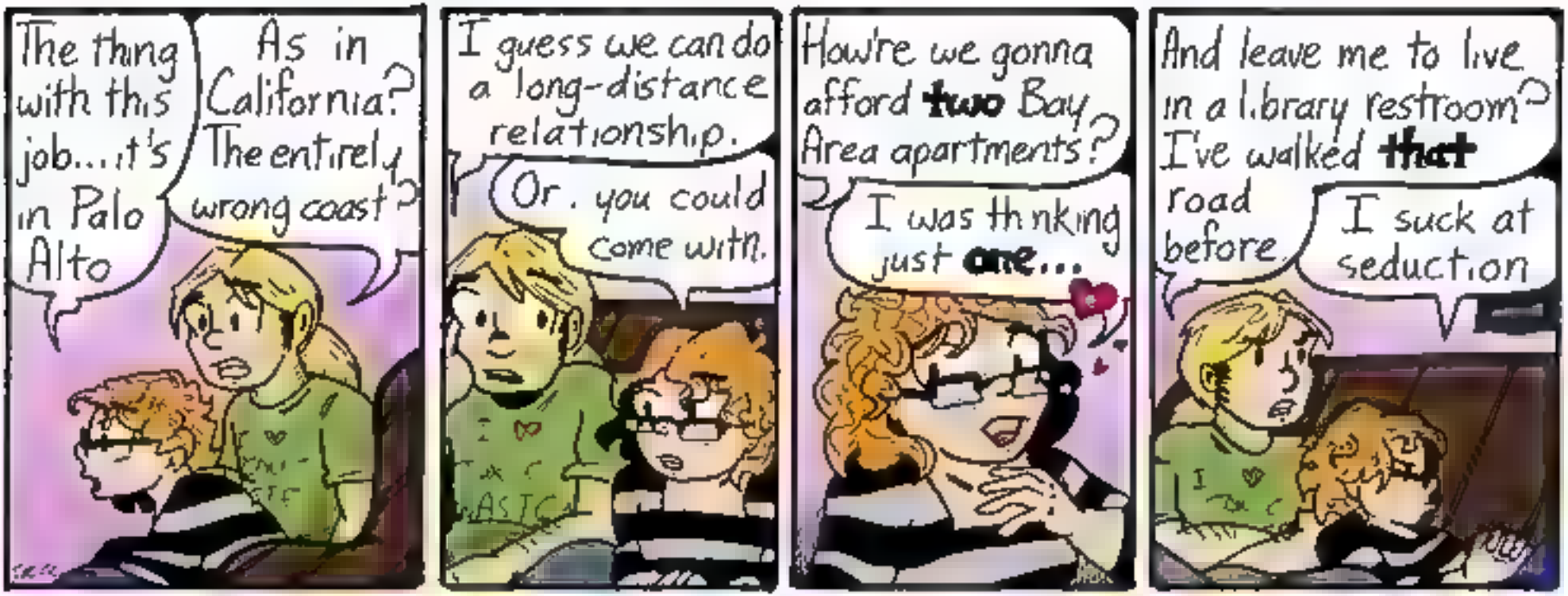
Not every department was lucky enough to get moved to a glitzy new building.
It's not all luck.
I ♡
What would you call it?
Leadership. Connections. Confidence.
I recommend a wardrobe reassessment and an entirely new skin care regimen.
A makeover's gonna fix my career?
I ♡ TOXIC WASTE
No, I was on to another topic.
God, I wish my COBRA covered someone with a license.
I ♡ TOXIC

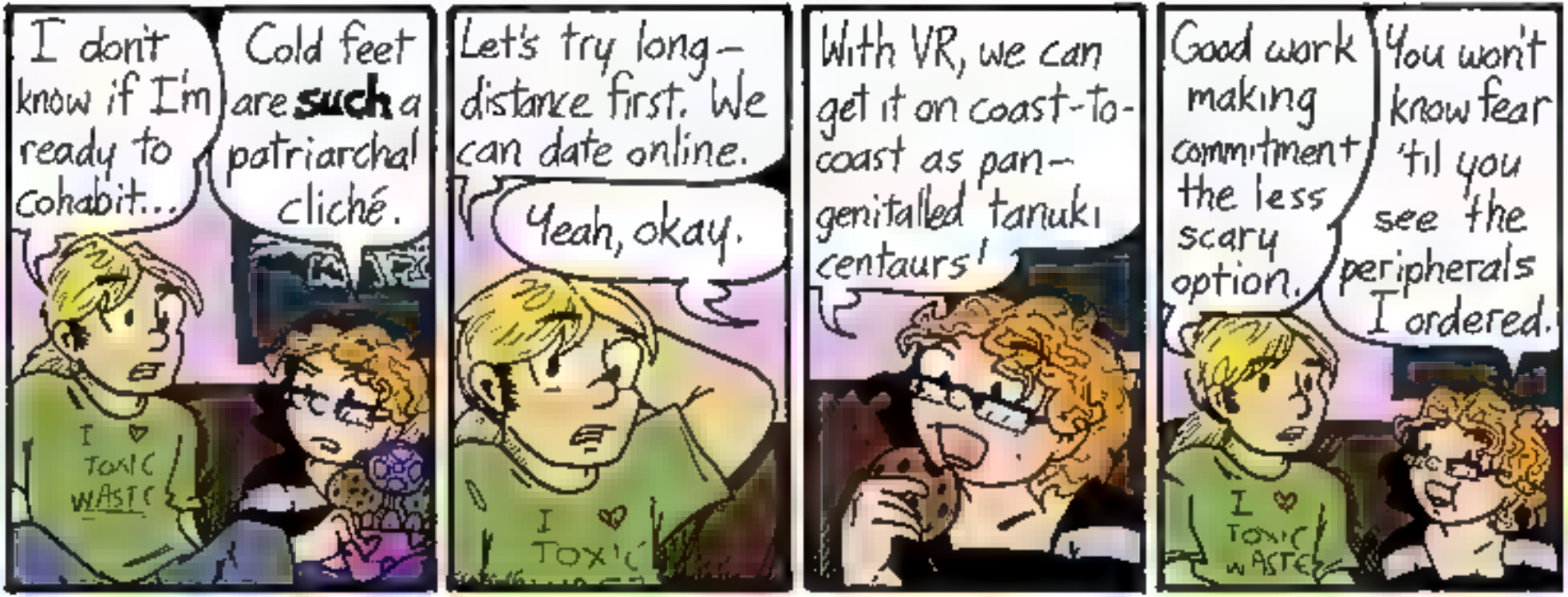
Cheer up, Chris There must be other shadow-gov jobs...
No. I need a clean break.
Marcie and I wasted years on dead-end D of I projects
Well, I'm moving on.
No weird mutants! No deadly working condit.ons! And no shadow agents poking in my private bus.ness!
Please rate your internal organs, with "one" indicating "not tasty at all," and-
ONE! ONE!


We're in a hiring cycle, and you know our clients..
Plenty of 'em have tried to eat me.
I'd love to hire you, Chris.
Oh! Good! Thanks!
As long as you provide your own equipment
For nuclear engineering?
It's called sticking to a budget.
I'll just swing by Tru-Value and pick up plutonium.

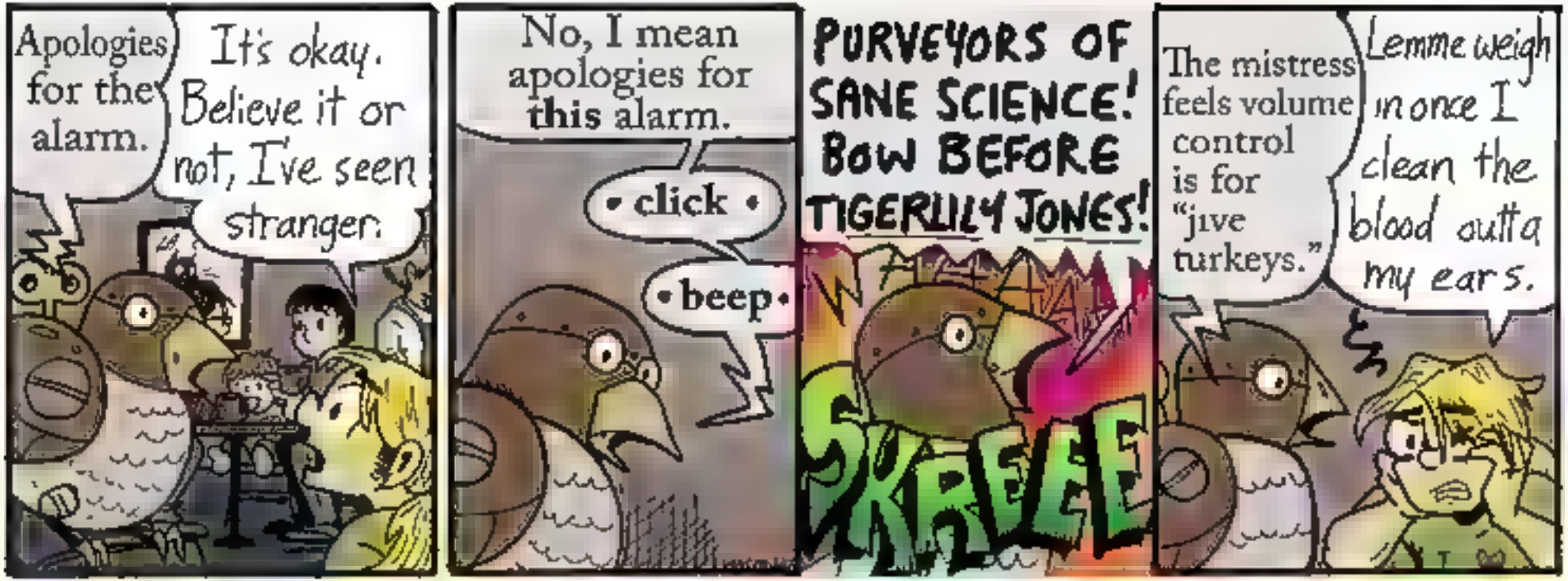
Marcie, I gotta spill something.
Me too! You go first.
I got so desperate I interviewed at friggin' Skin Horse, and even that fell through.
Aw, boo.
The only thing making this bearable is that you're having just as much trouble finding work...
Aaand you should've gone first.
I'll put away the "Congrats" cookie bouquet I totally didn't buy myself.


You got a job? Which shadow division?
Actually, it's private sector.
I ♥ TOX. WASTE
No way.
Yeah, just a boring old R&D startup.
I'll miss the danger . the risks... the access to secrets no human should know...
Mostly from sharing a restroom with Skin Horse.
Every time Unity forgot to flush, I was like, "Are those lug nuts?"

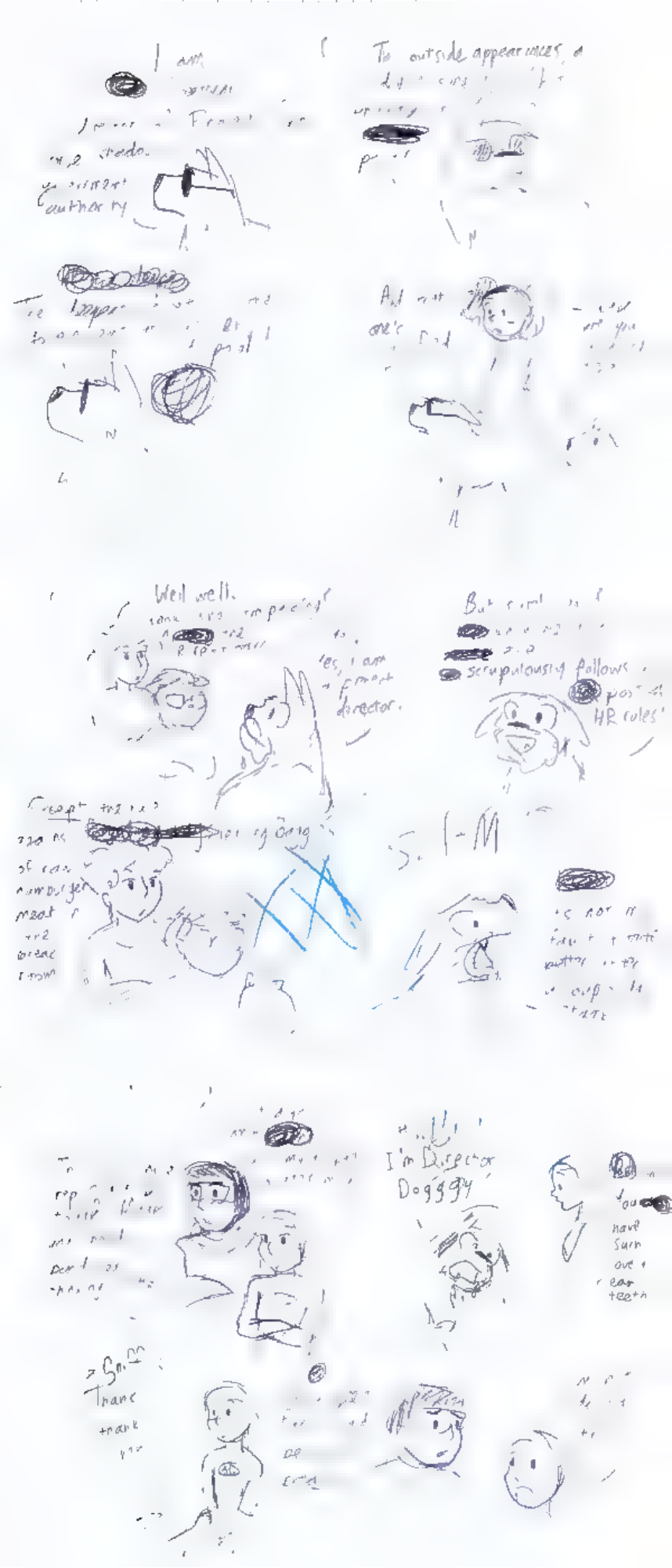

The thing with this job... it's in Palo Alto
As in California? The entirely wrong coast?
I guess we can do a long-distance relationship.
Or. you could come with.
How're we gonna afford two Bay Area apartments?
I was thinking just one...
And leave me to live in a library restroom? I've walked that road before.
I suck at seduction

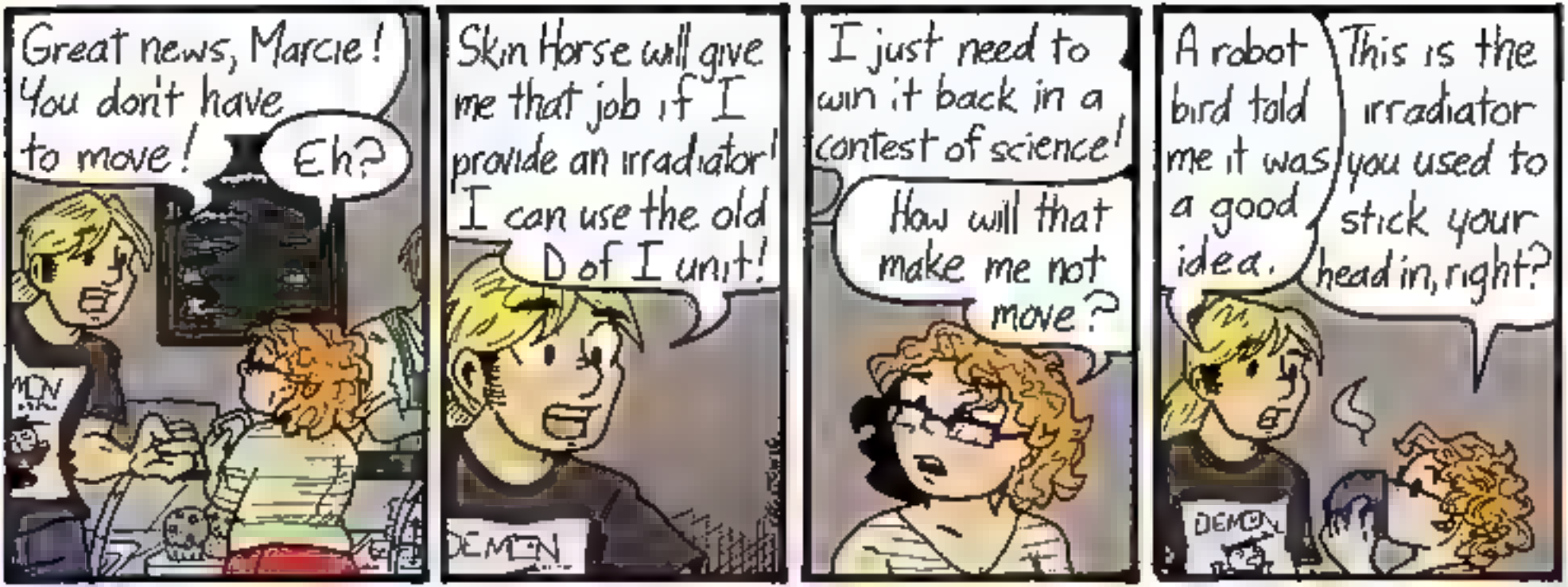

I don't know if I'm ready to cohabit...
Cold feet are **such** a patriarchal cliché.
I ♥ TOXIC WASTE
Let's try long-distance first. We can date online.
Yeah, okay.
I ♥ TOXIC
With VR, we can get it on coast-to-coast as pan-genitalled tanuki centaurs!
Good work making commitment the less scary option.
You won't know fear 'til you see the peripherals I ordered.
I ♥ TOXIC WASTE

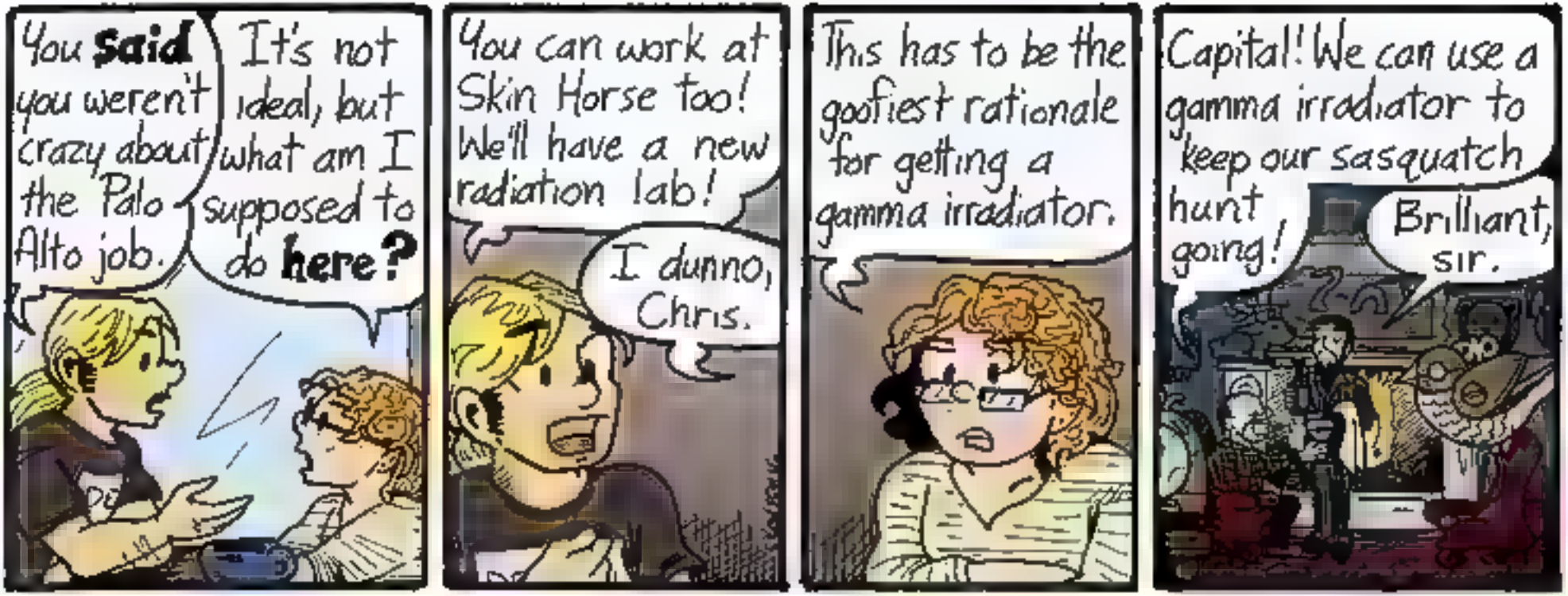
Why don't I go with Marcie? There's nothing keeping me here, and living together would be awesome...
ARGH! I need somebody to tell me what to do!
THUD
Greetings. I am here to tell you what to do.
When the universe listens to me, it listens weird.
Sorry. I just tell you what to do and peck things.


Apologies for the alarm.
It's okay. Believe it or not, I've seen stranger.
No, I mean apologies for this alarm.
• click •
• beep •
PURVEYORS OF SANE SCIENCE! BOW BEFORE TIGERLILY JONES!
SKREEE
The mistress feels volume control is for "jive turkeys."
Lemme weigh in once I clean the blood outta my ears.

MY CRIME LAIR, ONCE THE CHICKEN COOP KNOWN AS "ANNEX ONE," IS REBORN AS AN ARENA OF SCIENCE!
I INVITE Y'ALL TO BATTLE FOR GLORY AND A WI-90 GAMMA IRRADIATOR!
Wait, that's ours!
What makes that loon think she can take stuff from the D of I office?
Did you miss my vocoder screaming "crime"?
So you can tell me what to do, peck things, and be a smartass.
Don't make me activate function two.


Well well.
Yes, I am
Director.
But sir!
scrupulously follows
HR rules'
I'm Director
Doggy
Thank


Great news, Marcie! You don't have to move!
Eh?
Skin Horse will give me that job if I provide an irradiator! I can use the old D of I unit!
I just need to win it back in a contest of science!
How will that make me not move?
A robot bird told me it was a good idea.
This is the irradiator you used to stick your head in, right?


You said you weren't crazy about the Palo Alto job.
It's not ideal, but what am I supposed to do here?
You can work at Skin Horse too! We'll have a new radiation lab!
I dunno, Chris.
This has to be the goofiest rationale for getting a gamma irradiator.
Capital! We can use a gamma irradiator to keep our sasquatch hunt going!
Brilliant, sir.

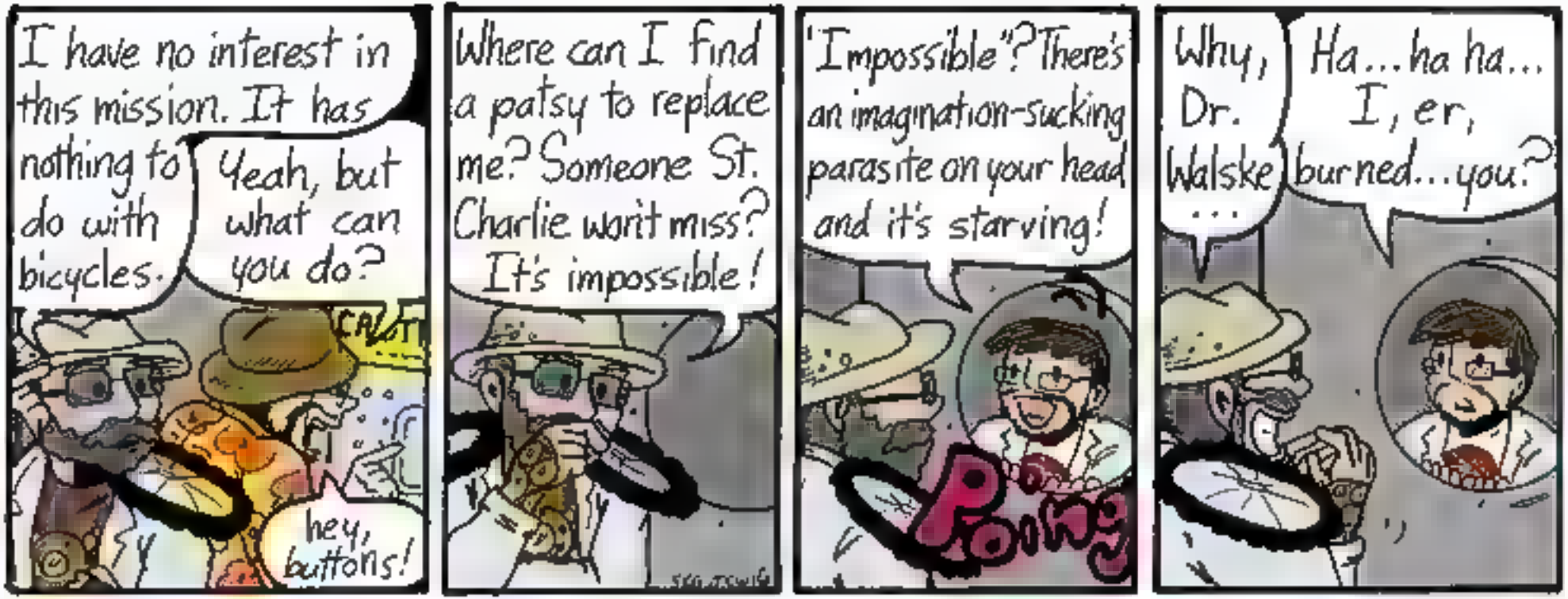
My fellow mad zoologists demand results, Mr. Berk. I need to produce a sasquatch.
How, Dr Haller?
We'll use radiation to mutate a false one, while we continue our hunt for the real.
Well, it beats our last plan.
Behold! The Bigfoot!
You literally knitted that whole thing.
Agreed. My carpal tunnels were screaming.
Otherwise a flawless plan.

Are you sure we should defraud the cryptozoology community?
You heard the bird
This is evil genius war We must be ruthless.
A bird at the door is offering us a gamma irradiator.
Oh good. I can use it to destroy humanity.
I'll pack the accordion.
Too ruthless, you think?

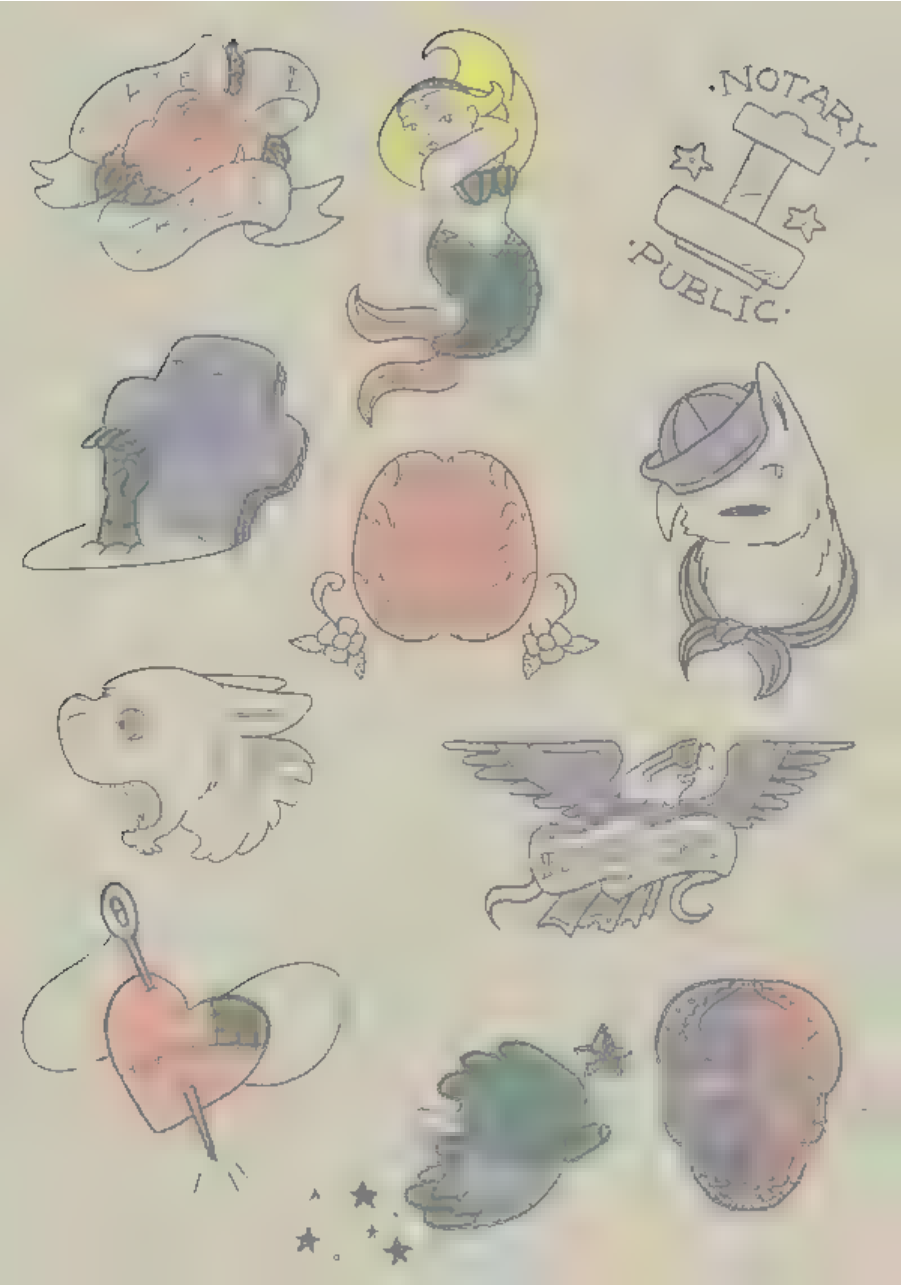
Sir! You know I frown on mass murder!
Please. I mean to destroy humanity, not kill humans
With the irradiator Dr. Jones offers, we can mutate humans into superior beast-men!
Yes, they may show some resistance to being stripped of their humanity...
Hi, team! I just changed all my social media images to my fursona!
But perhaps only **Some.**

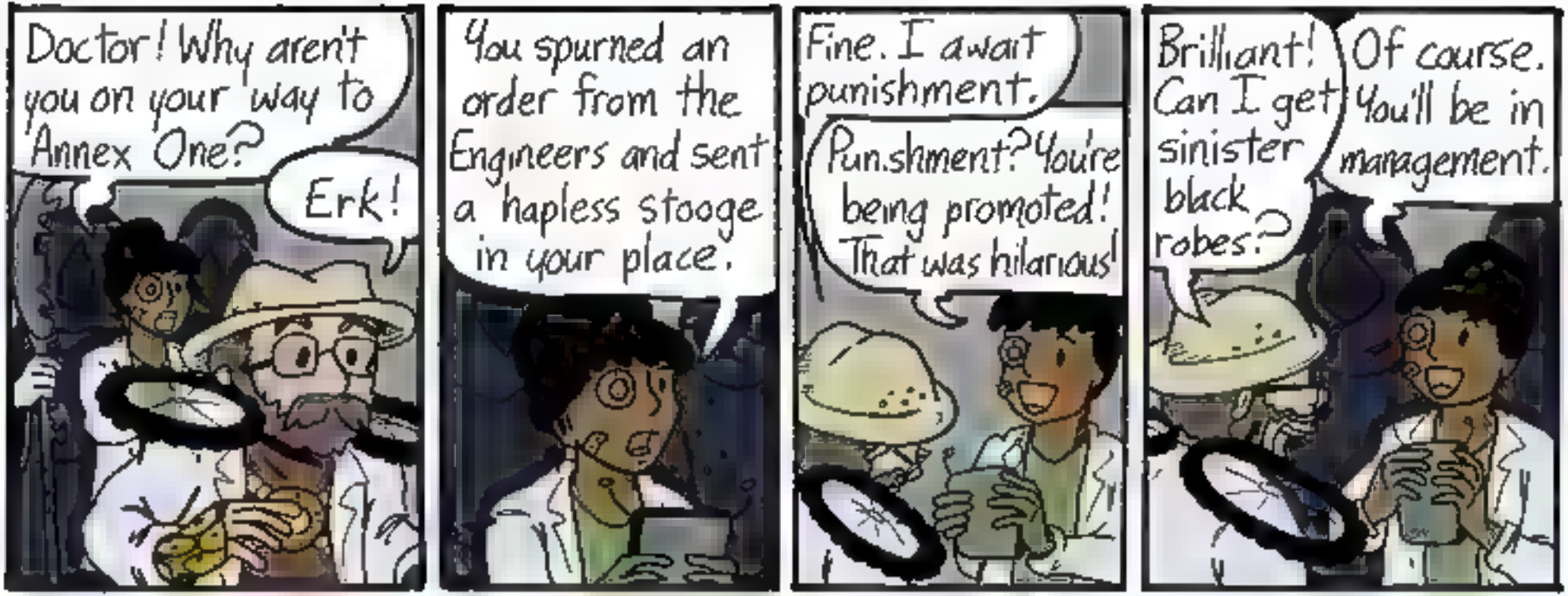
With this irradiator, we will literally convert others to our cause!
Hubris check, H.T.
Right. Reynard, you're a tech genius. I trust you to win that irradiator.
Can I go too?
Certainly, but don't take this lightly. Doubtless every faction will send its best.
Hey! You two drawing mustaches on the Brain-O-Mat! Go win this contest thingy for St Charlie!
Crud.

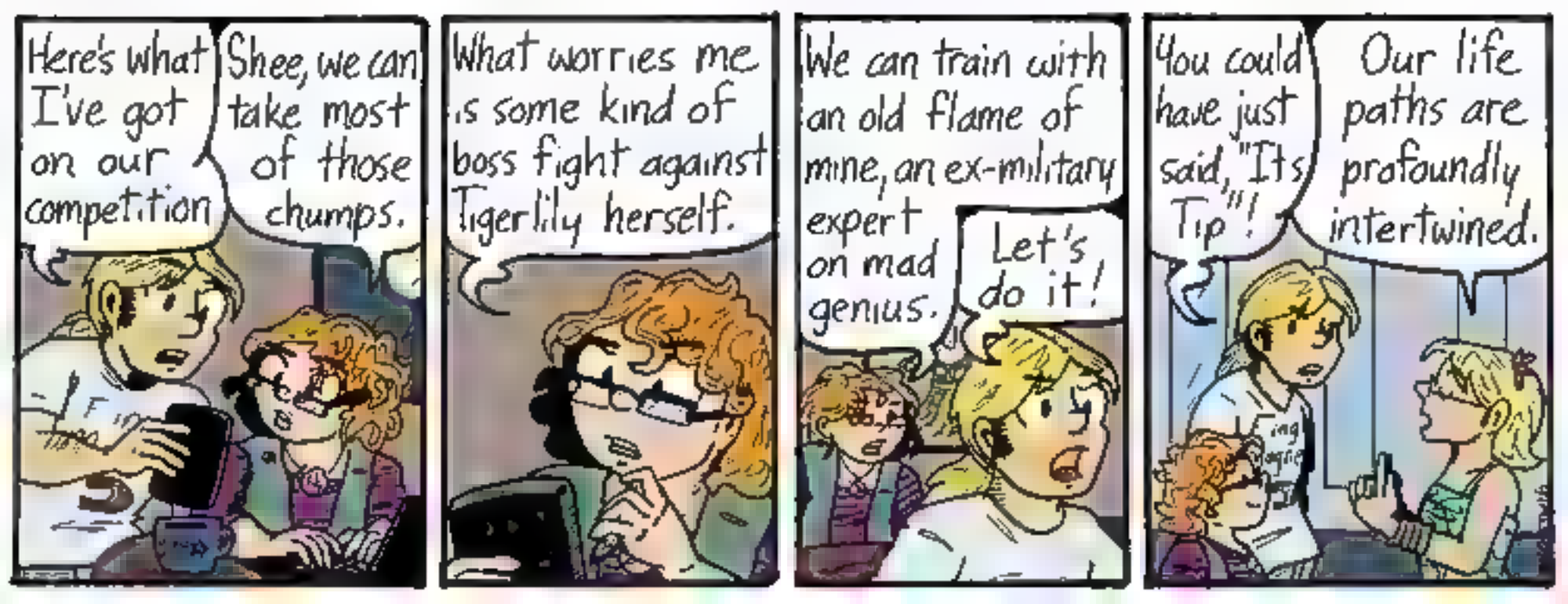
I refuse to team up with Dr. Phillips.
You crazier than the rest of us? I'm with Security!
Clearly the Engineers selected me to ensure our team's safety.
G'day, Phillips!
Who was that?
Dangerous criminal. I'm escorting him to the brig.
Shouldn't you do something?
Hey, yeah! He's got my beer!
HA!

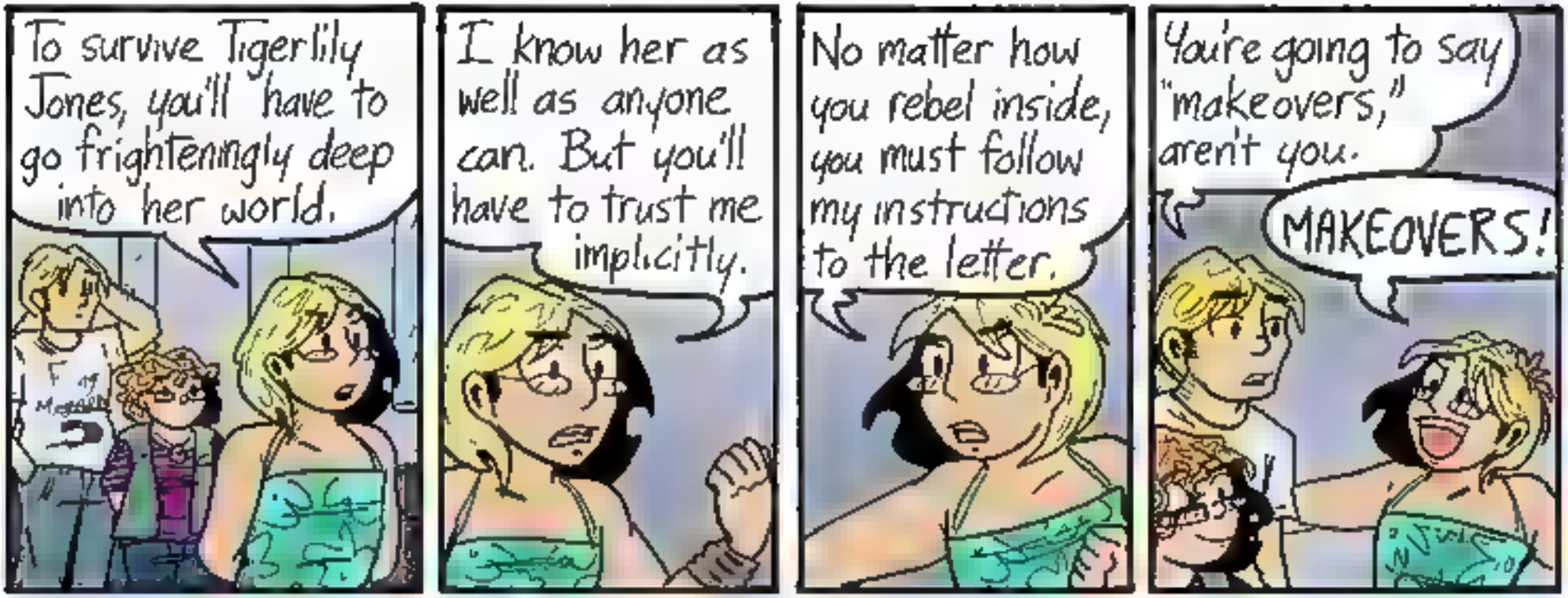

I have no interest in this mission. It has nothing to do with bicycles.
Yeah, but what can you do?
CRUST
hey, buttons!
Where can I find a patsy to replace me? Someone St. Charlie won't miss? It's impossible!
"Impossible"? There's an imagination-sucking parasite on your head and it's starving!
POOWS
Why, Dr. Walske...
Ha...ha ha... I, er, burned...you?

Walske! The guy who lurks around dissing people who call things impossible!
That's me!
Well, I've found something impossible: this mission! No one can prove me wrong!
Even if I provided a bicycle to take you – I mean, **our team** there, I'm smugly confident you couldn't succeed.
Waaait... are you manipulating me?
That would be impossible.

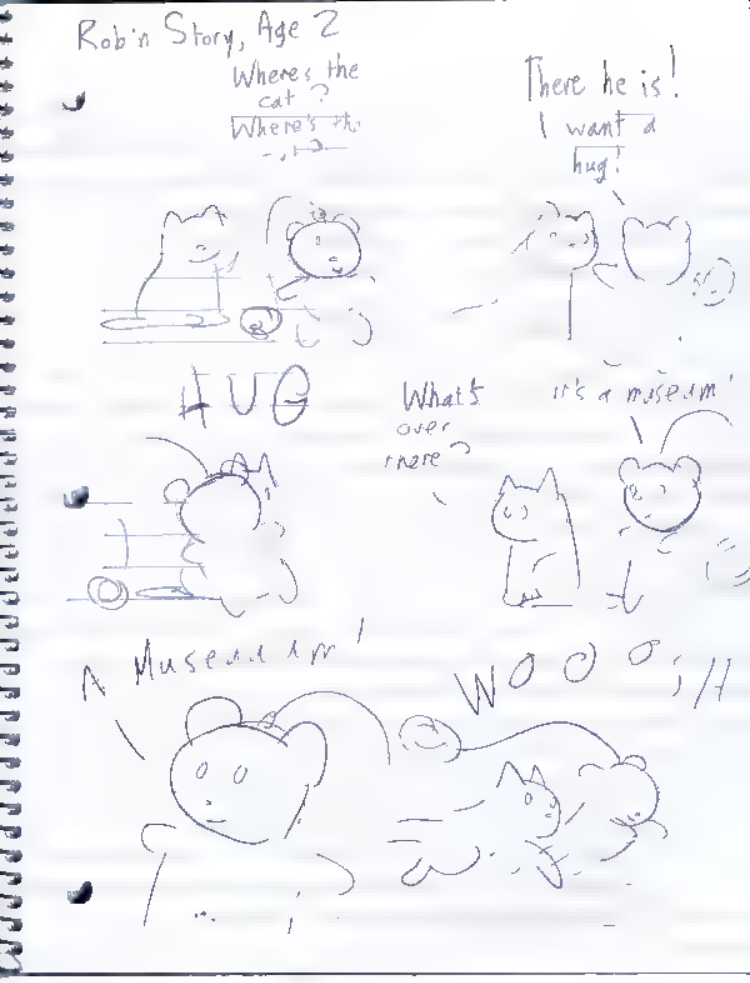

NOTARY
PUBLIC

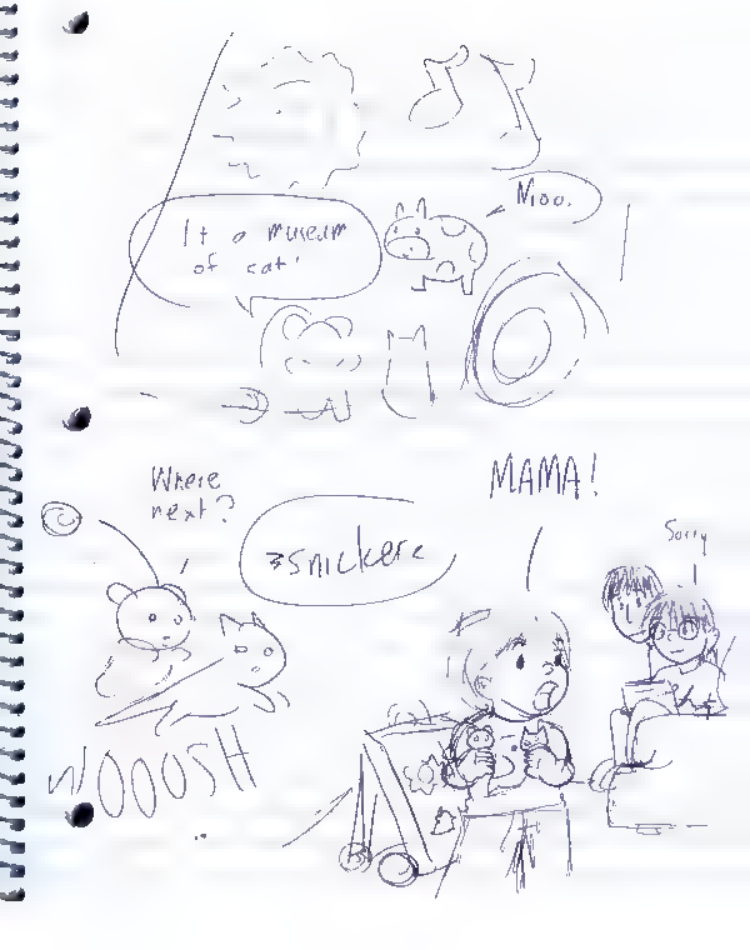

Doctor! Why aren't you on your way to Annex One?
Erk!
You spurned an order from the Engineers and sent a hapless stooge in your place.
Fine. I await punishment.
Punishment? You're being promoted! That was hilarious!
Brilliant! Can I get sinister black robes?
Of course. You'll be in management.

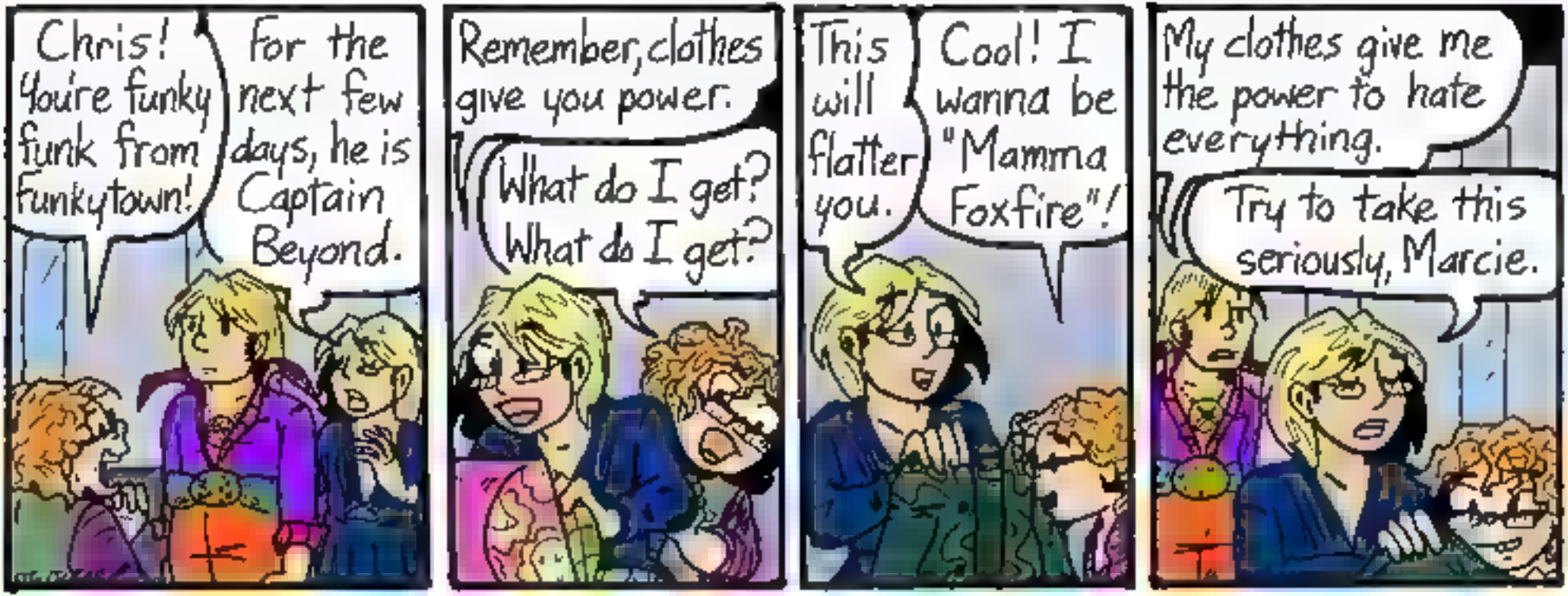

Here's what I've got on our competition
Shee, we can take most of those chumps.
What worries me is some kind of boss fight against Tigerlily herself.
We can train with an old flame of mine, an ex-military expert on mad genius.
Let's do it!
You could have just said, "It's Tip"!
Our life paths are profoundly intertwined.

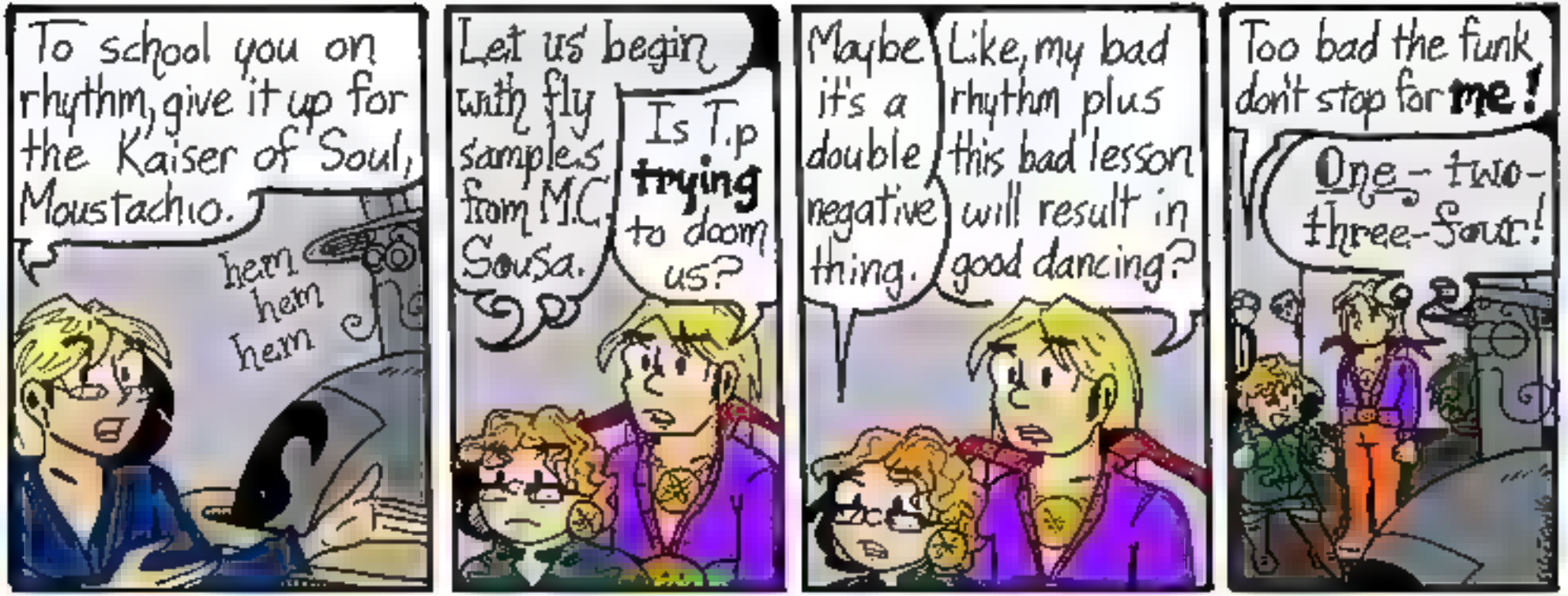

To survive Tigerlily Jones, you'll have to go frightenngly deep into her world.
I know her as well as anyone can. But you'll have to trust me implicitly.
No matter how you rebel inside, you must follow my instructions to the letter.
You're going to say "makeovers," aren't you.
MAKEOVERS!

Rob'n Story, Age 2

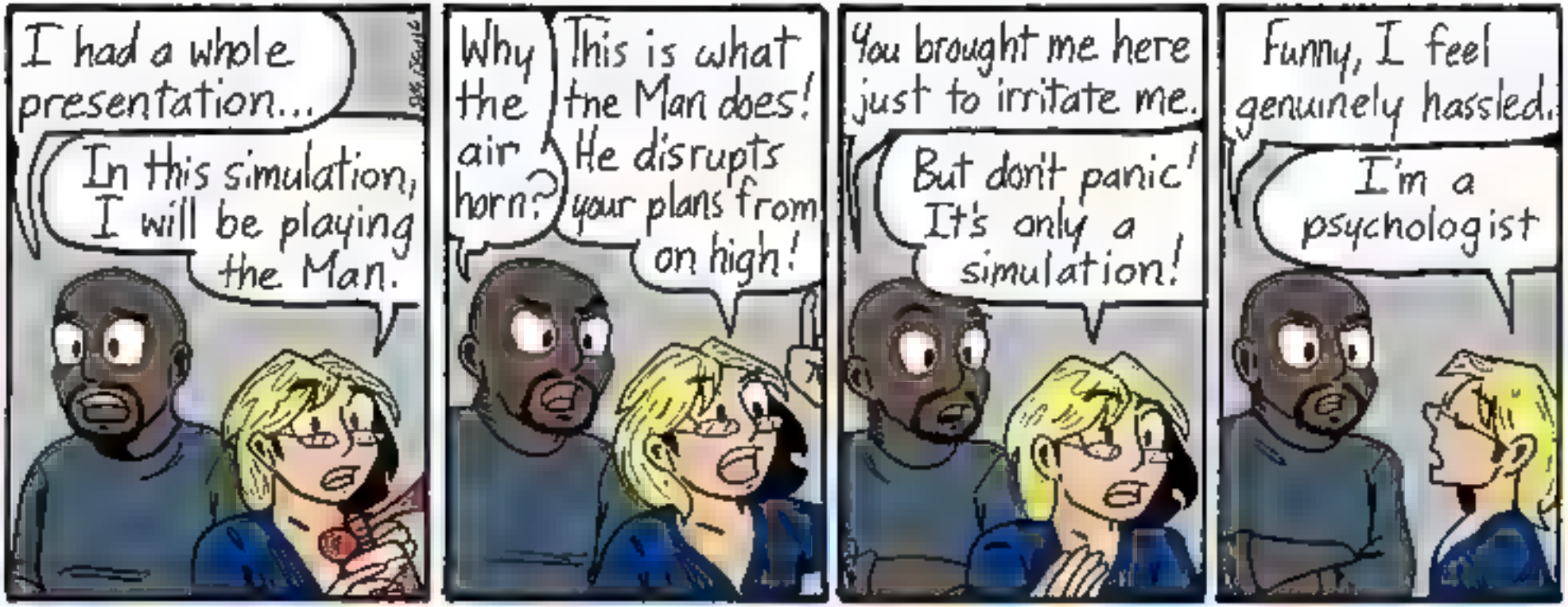





Chris! You're funky funk from Funkytown!
For the next few days, he is Captain Beyond.
Remember, clothes give you power.
What do I get? What do I get?
This will flatter you.
Cool! I wanna be "Mamma Foxfire"!
My clothes give me the power to hate everything.
Try to take this seriously, Marcie.


To school you on rhythm, give it up for the Kaiser of Soul, Moustachio.
hem hem hem
Let us begin with fly samples from M.C. Sousa.
Is T.p trying to doom us?
Maybe it's a double negative thing.
Like, my bad rhythm plus this bad lesson will result in good dancing?
Too bad the funk don't stop for me!
One-two-three-four!

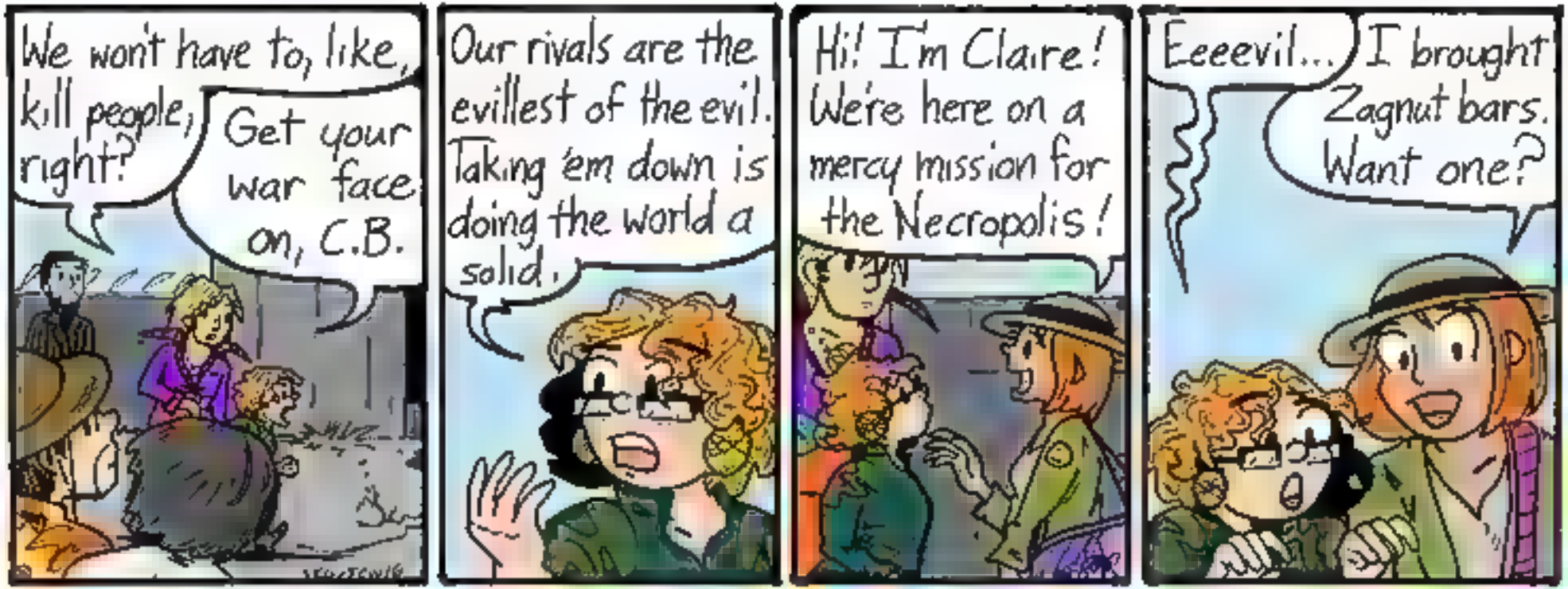
Let's discuss the Man, who schemes to keep a sister down. I've invited Mr. Silvers to speak.
•THREADS
• FUNK
• THE M
Uh, thanks
Institutionalized racism remains a complex and pressing issue. I've prepared a PowerPoint presentation to—
FWAAT
YAUGH!
WHAT THE HELL?
Like a serpent, the Man strikes when least expected.

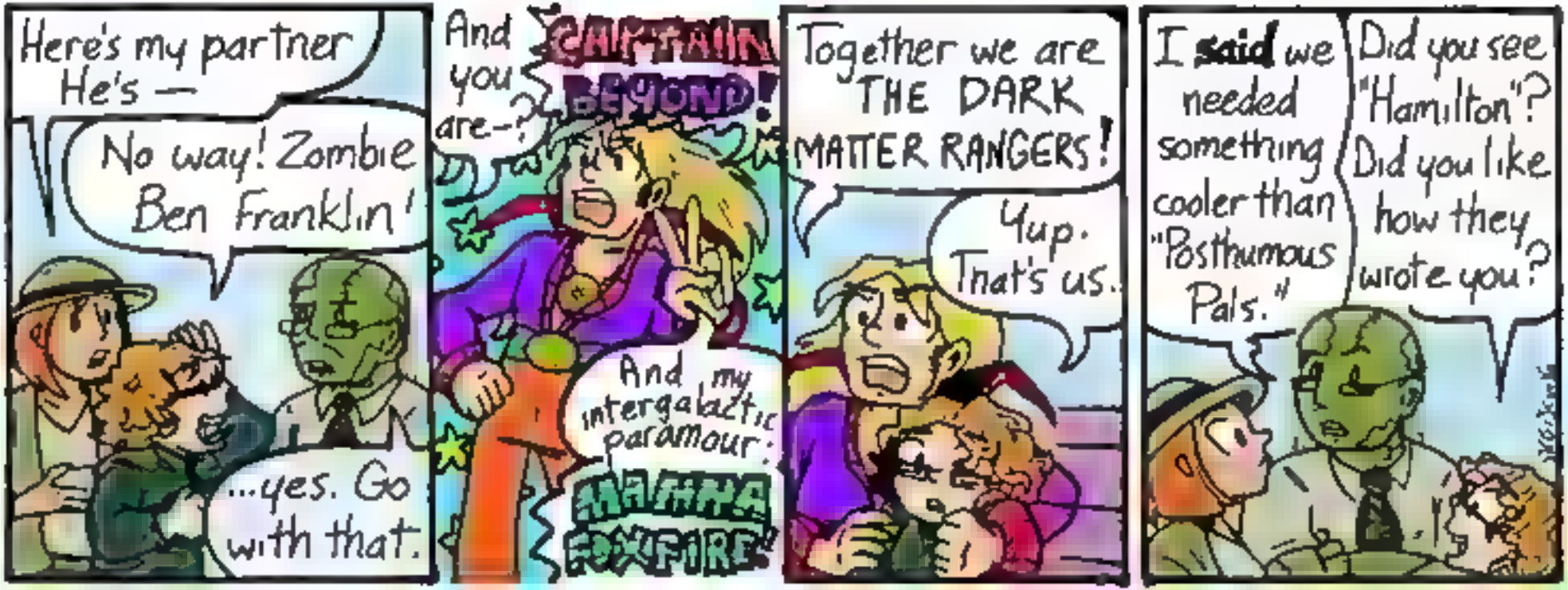

I had a whole presentation...
In this simulation, I will be playing the Man.
Why the air horn?
This is what the Man does! He disrupts your plans from on high!
You brought me here just to irritate me.
But don't panic! It's only a simulation!
Funny, I feel genuinely hassled.
I'm a psychologist

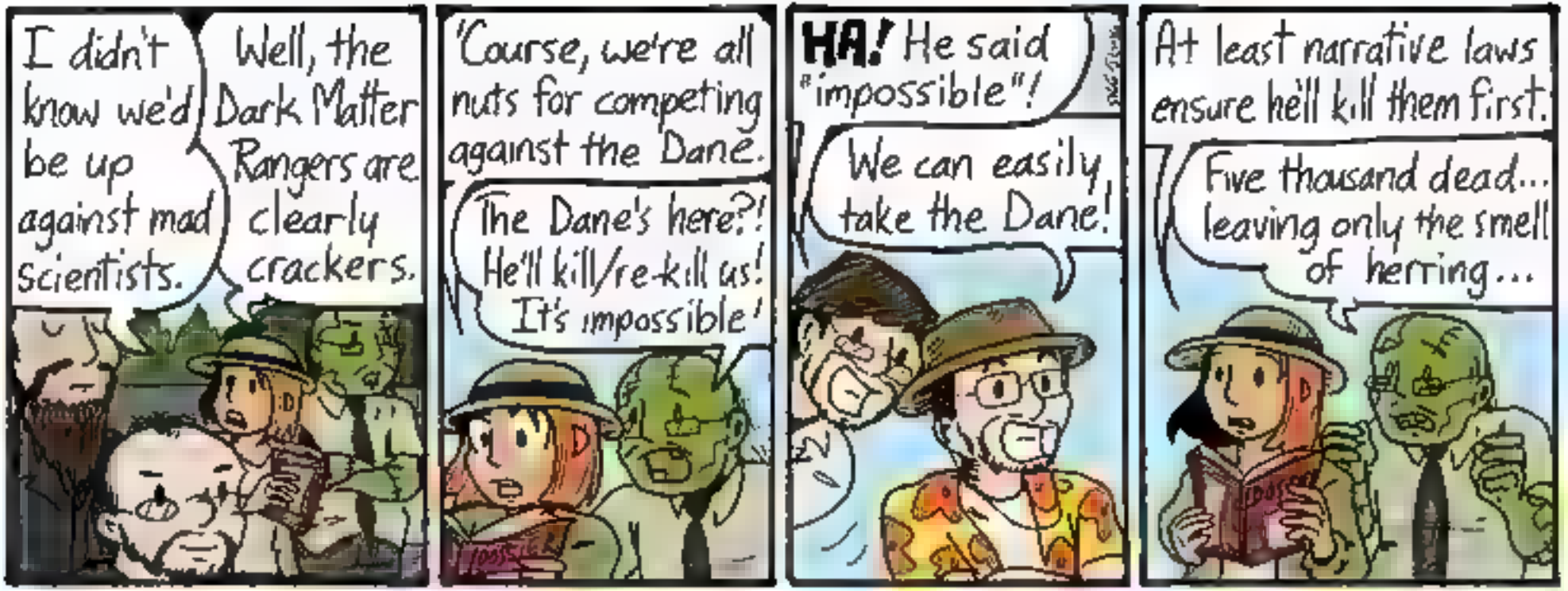
Final lesson: hedonism. Tigerlily's powers of seduction rival my own.
You need to prepare for a hot-tub ambush. Of course, the SH offices don't have a hot tub!
Ha... of course not...
We'll have to practice in our employee steam bath.
Forgive my skepticism. I have to work here.
So... we can be together... right...?

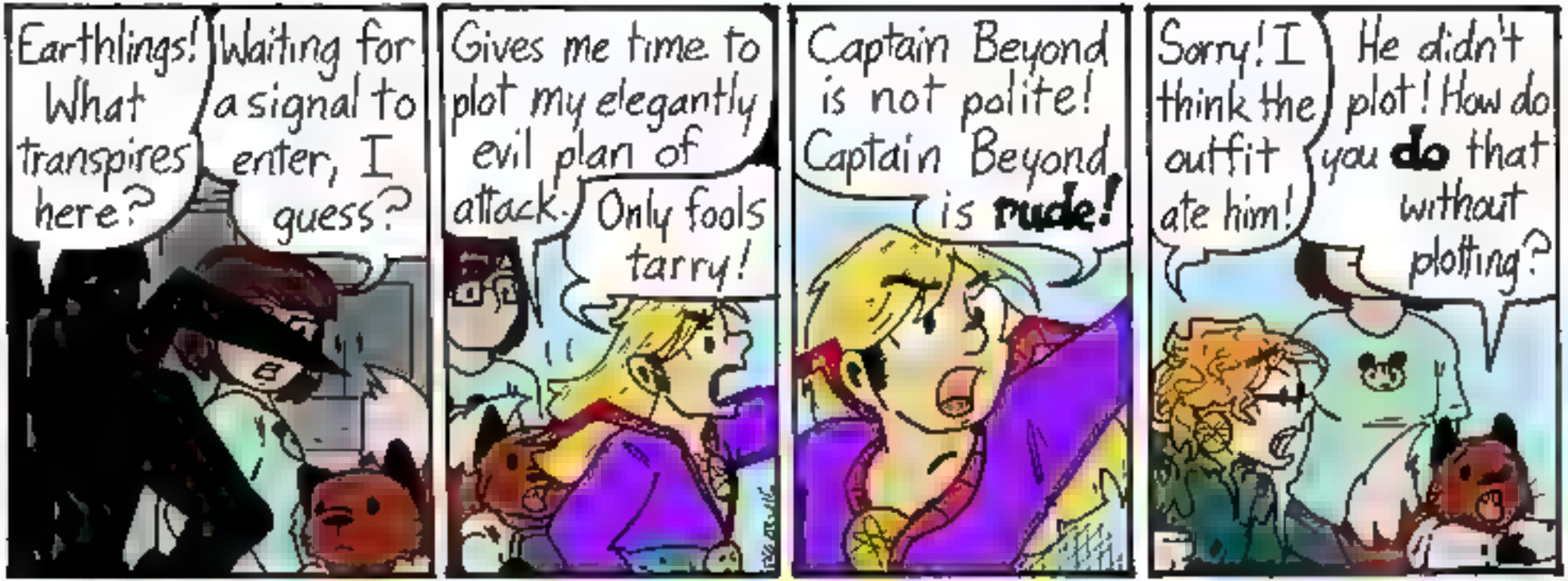
Well, that "training" was utterly pointless.
At least I got a sweet Nehru jacket.
What am I thinking, challenging a bunch of ruthless science lunatics?
What's scarier than that?
Unemployment and/or Palo Alto.
Let's ride.
Yeah! Eat it, Bay Area!

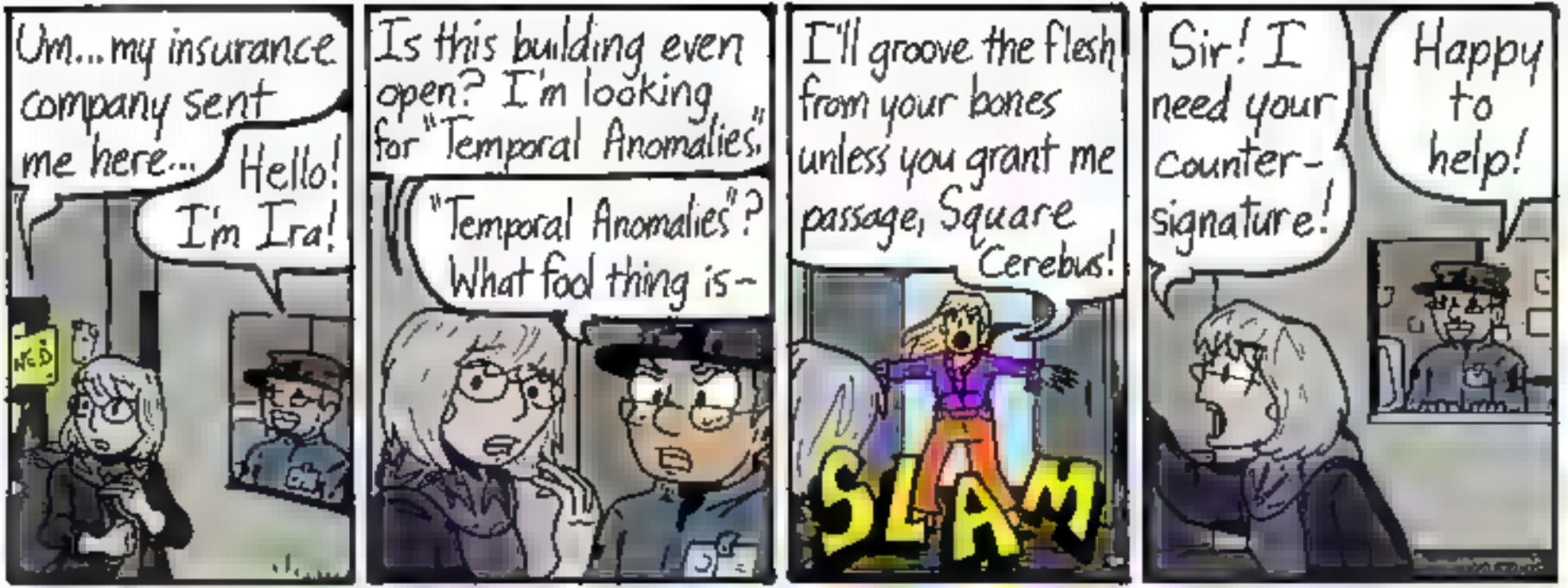
There's Annex One. Our old irradiatin' grounds.
Doesn't look funkier than usual.
1
NO TRESP
Like Tip said, the Funk comes at you unexpectedly from on high
No no no. The Man does that.
Gah, I need flash cards.
Dont come up crummy on me or youre finna make out of sporting life.
Captain Beyond, youre a natural.
The marijuana is helping.

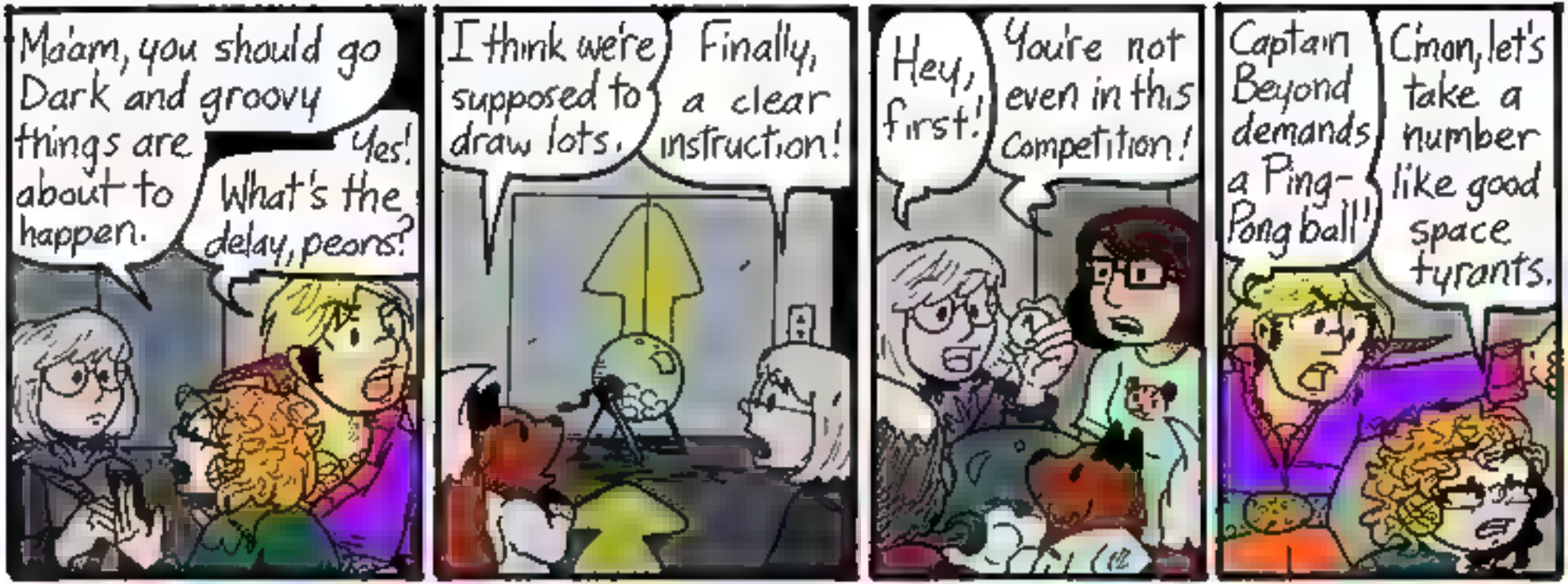

We won't have to, like, kill people, right?
Get your war face on, C.B.
Our rivals are the evillest of the evil. Taking 'em down is doing the world a solid.
Hi! I'm Claire! We're here on a mercy mission for the Necropolis!
Eeeevil...
I brought Zagnut bars. Want one?

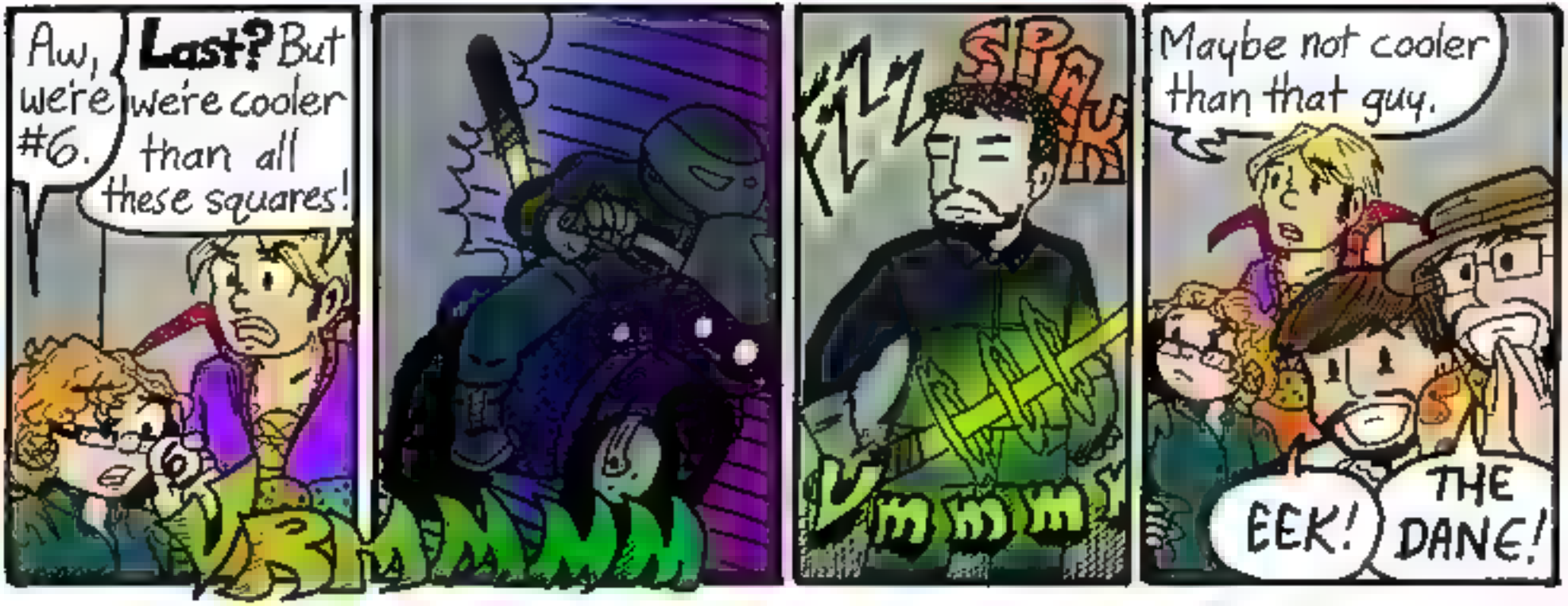

Here's my partner He's —
No way! Zombie Ben Franklin!
...yes. Go with that.
And you are—?
CAPTAIN BEYOND!
And my intergalactic paramour:
MAHNA FOXFIRE!
Together we are THE DARK MATTER RANGERS!
Yup. That's us.
I said we needed something cooler than "Posthumous Pals."
Did you see "Hamilton"? Did you like how they wrote you?

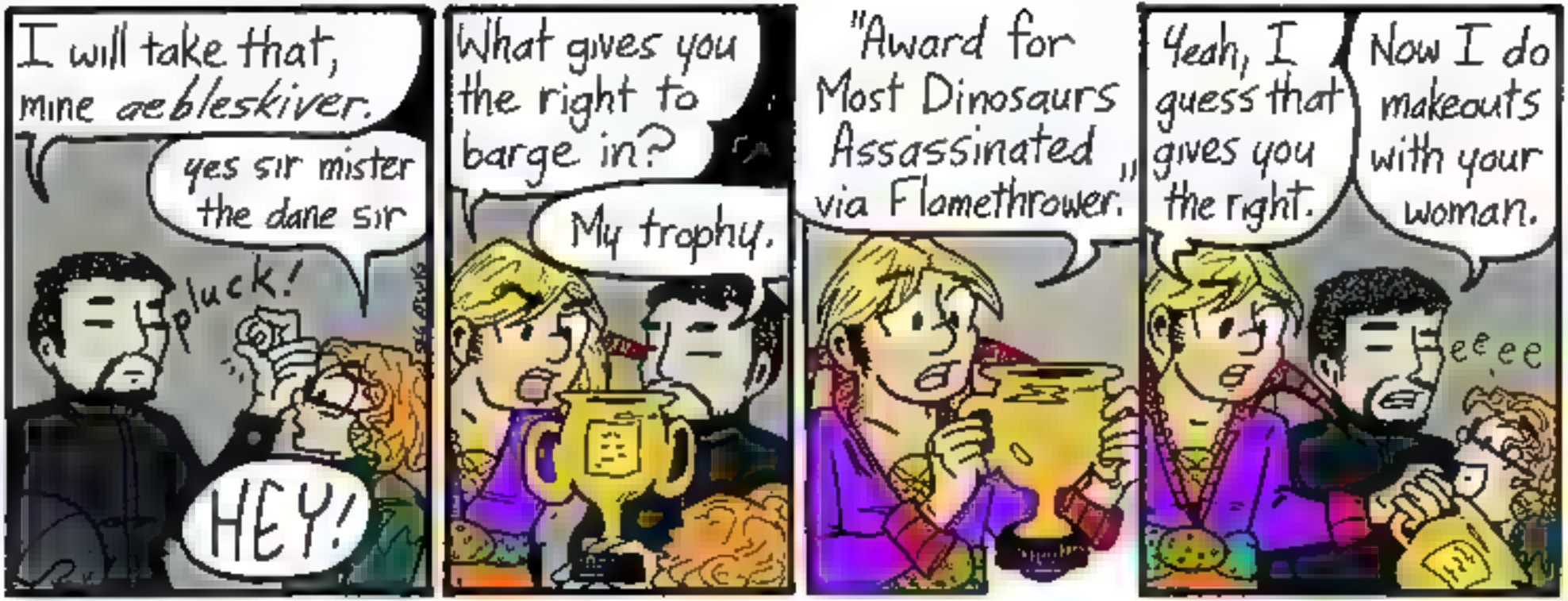

I didn't know we'd be up against mad scientists.
Well, the Dark Matter Rangers are clearly crackers.
'Course, we're all nuts for competing against the Dane.
The Dane's here?! He'll kill/re-kill us! It's impossible!
HA! He said "impossible"!
We can easily take the Dane!
At least narrative laws ensure he'll kill them first.
Five thousand dead... leaving only the smell of herring...


Earthlings! What transpires here?
Waiting for a signal to enter, I guess?
Gives me time to plot my elegantly evil plan of attack.
Only fools tarry!
Captain Beyond is not polite! Captain Beyond is rude!
Sorry! I think the outfit ate him!
He didn't plot! How do you do that without plotting?

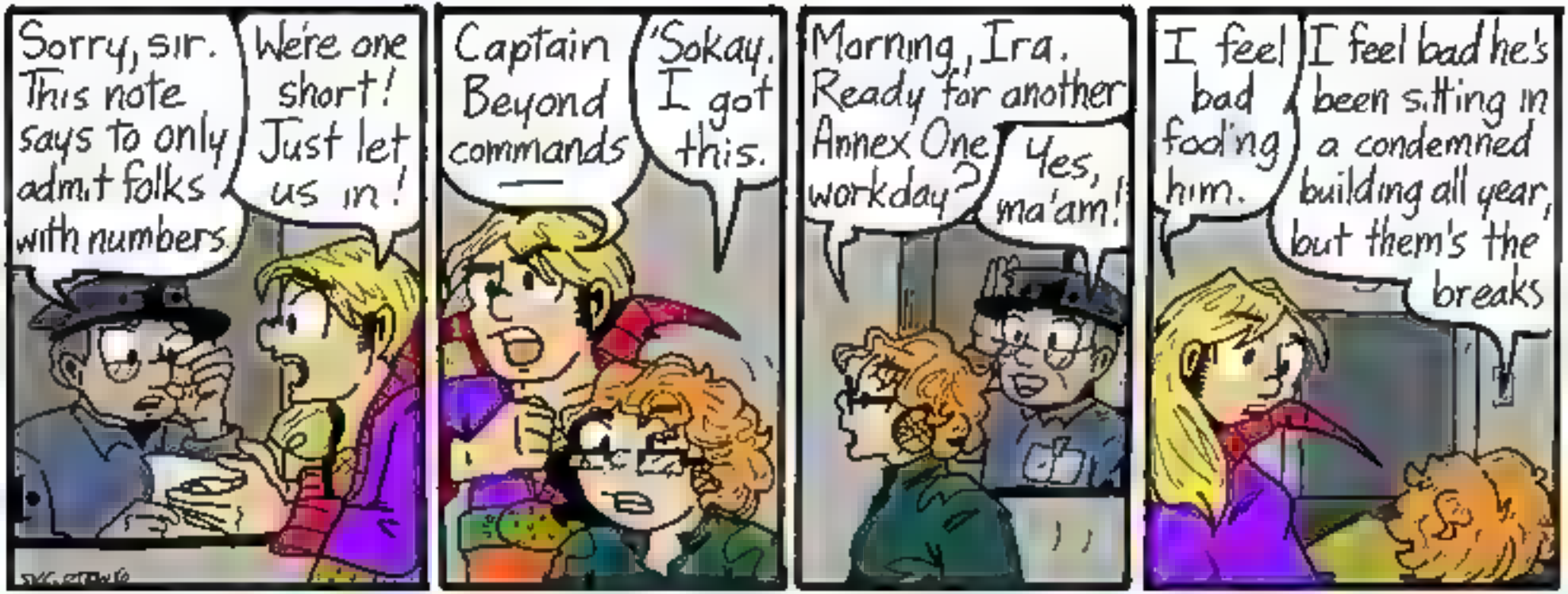

Um... my insurance company sent me here...
Hello! I'm Ira!
Is this building even open? I'm looking for "Temporal Anomalies."
"Temporal Anomalies"? What fool thing is-
I'll groove the flesh from your bones unless you grant me passage, Square Cerebus!
SLAM
Sir! I need your counter-signature!
Happy to help!


Ma'am, you should go
Dark and groovy things are about to happen.
Yes!
What's the delay, peons?
I think we're supposed to draw lots.
Finally, a clear instruction!
Hey, first!
You're not even in this competition!
Captain Beyond demands a Ping-Pong ball!
C'mon, let's take a number like good space tyrants.

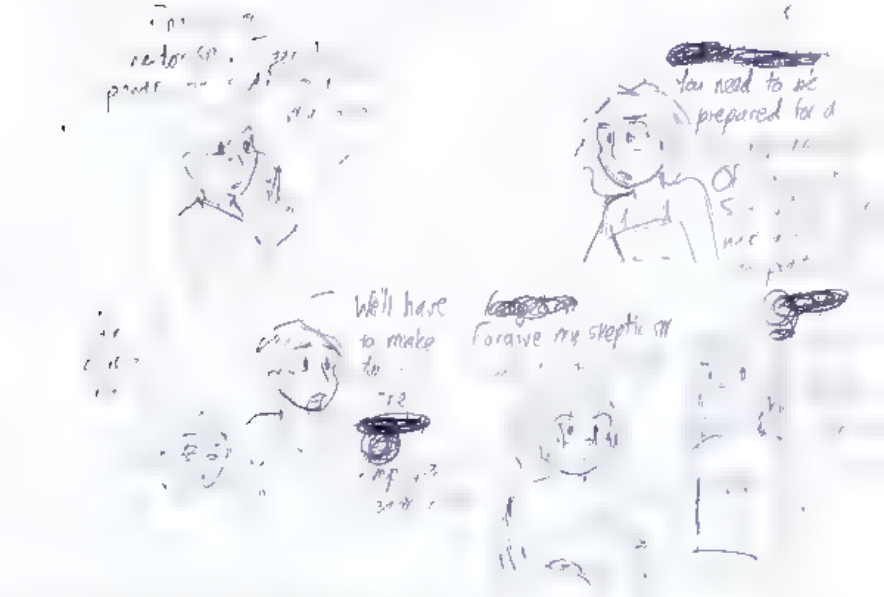

Aw, we're #6.
Last? But we're cooler than all these squares!
SPANK
Mmm
Maybe not cooler than that guy.
EEK!
THE DANE!

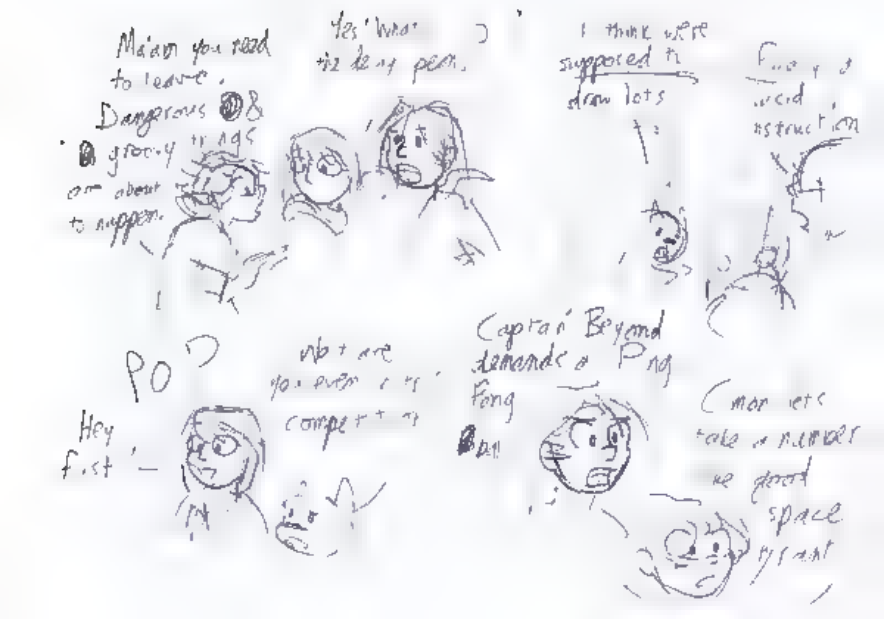

I will take that, mine aebleskiver.
yes sir mister the dane sir
pluck!
HEY!
What gives you the right to barge in?
My trophy.
"Award for Most Dinosaurs Assassinated via Flamethrower."
Yeah, I guess that gives you the right.
Now I do makeouts with your woman.
eeeee

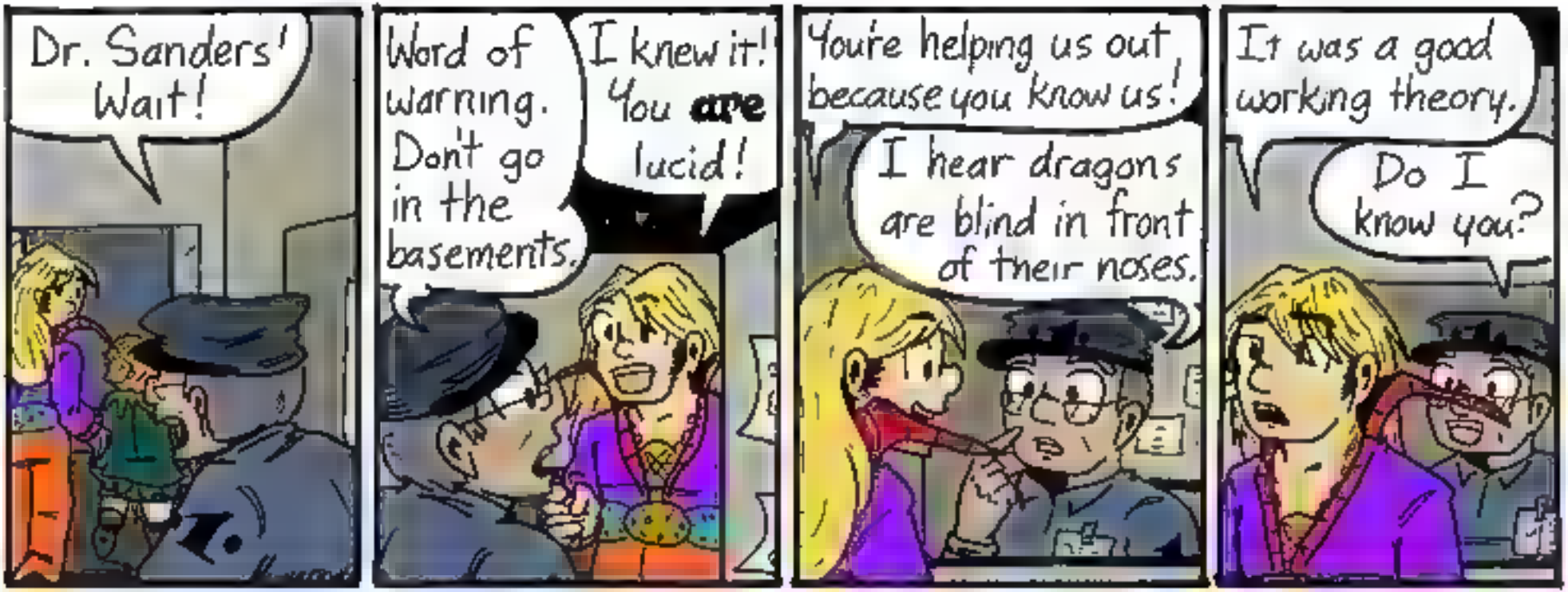
Sorry, The Dane I'm taken.
Thank you.
Someday you will look back and know regret.
Whatever, Hamlet. You're not the only alpha male.
Ira, let us in so we can go to this contest.
No.
Okay.
No, wait! Rude!
You don't have a Ping-Pong ball.
I'm kinda feeling regret.


Sorry, sir. This note says to only admit folks with numbers.
We're one short! Just let us in!
Captain Beyond commands
'Sokay. I got this.
Morning, Ira. Ready for another Annex One workday?
Yes, ma'am!
I feel bad fooling him.
I feel bad he's been sitting in a condemned building all year, but them's the breaks

Let us begin with super-fly from
Marching band? Is it
Like, my
Too bad I'm a
One - two - three -
your bad self!


You need to be prepared for a
We'll have to make
Forgive my skepticism

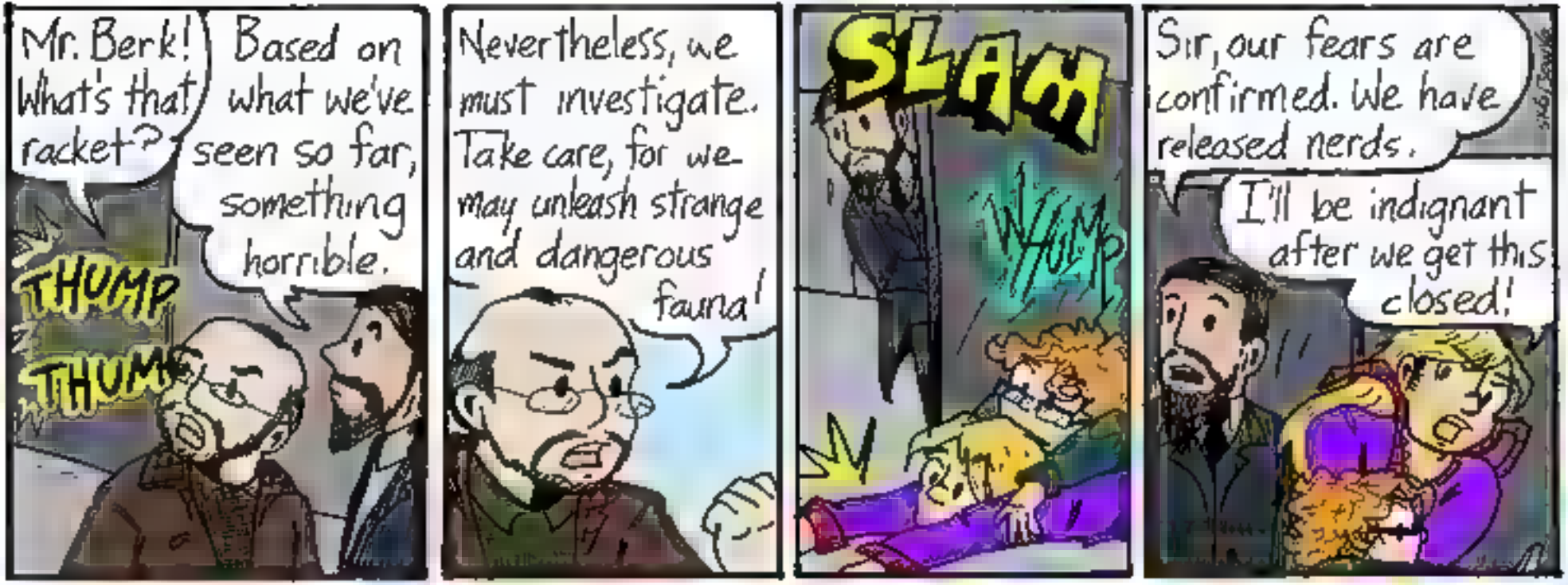

Maiden you need to leave. Dangerous & groovy things are about to happen.
Yes! What the heavy peeps.
I think we're supposed to draw lots
Captain Beyond demands a Ping Pong
Hey, first —
what are you even competing at
Maiden let's take a number we should space ourselves

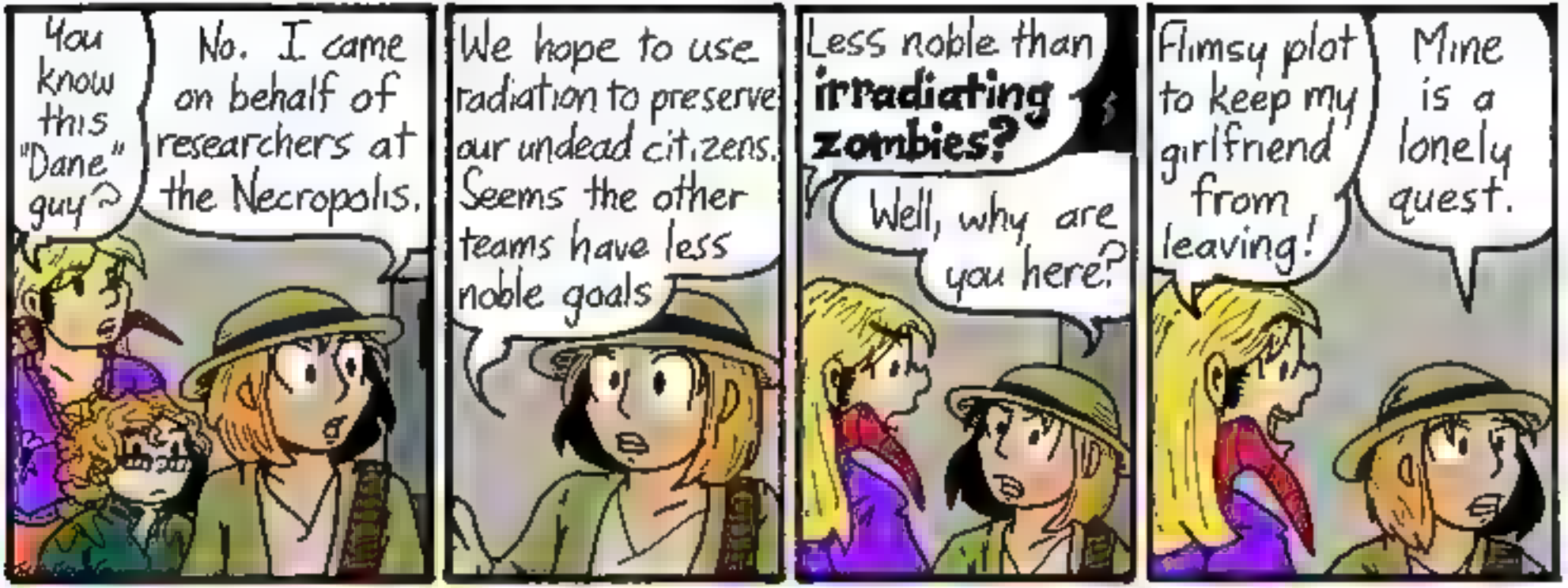

Dr. Sanders! Wait!
Word of warning. Don't go in the basements.
I knew it! You are lucid!
You're helping us out because you know us!
I hear dragons are blind in front of their noses.
It was a good working theory.
Do I know you?

Looks like the same old building to me.
KCHUNK
RIGHTEOUS
Still pretty normal for Annex One.
GREETINGS, HONKY CATS!
COME BASK IN MY FABULOUSNESS!
WOOSH
Didn't Tip do this a few years back?
No, totally different. He didn't say "honky cats."
EXCUSE ME? FORTY-FOOT HOLOGRAM HERE!

Your challenge is simple! Make it to the top of my Positronic Love Tower!
Every route is booby-trapped with the coolest, deadliest
How about the fire door everyone keeps jammed open?
Click.
IRE
CAPE
SLAM
Well, shoot.
Ignoring Sweetheart's constant building-wide emails paid off.

Shorties, I like your moxie, but you'd best get on the test track.
Or what, you'll holo-slap us?
I'm releasing my droids!
It's okay! She's conditioned to build only small robots!
RSSSwrrrrr
Ulp.
They could've done "small" and "non-terrifying."
Say hello to Smokey Washington #1 and #2!


Mr. Berk! What's that racket?
Based on what we've seen so far, something horrible.
THUMP
THUM
Nevertheless, we must investigate. Take care, for we may unleash strange and dangerous fauna!
SLAM
WHUMP
Sir, our fears are confirmed. We have released nerds.
I'll be indignant after we get this closed!


You know this "Dane" guy?
No. I came on behalf of researchers at the Necropolis.
We hope to use radiation to preserve our undead citizens. Seems the other teams have less noble goals
Less noble than irradiating zombies?
Well, why are you here?
Flimsy plot to keep my girlfriend from leaving!
Mine is a lonely quest.

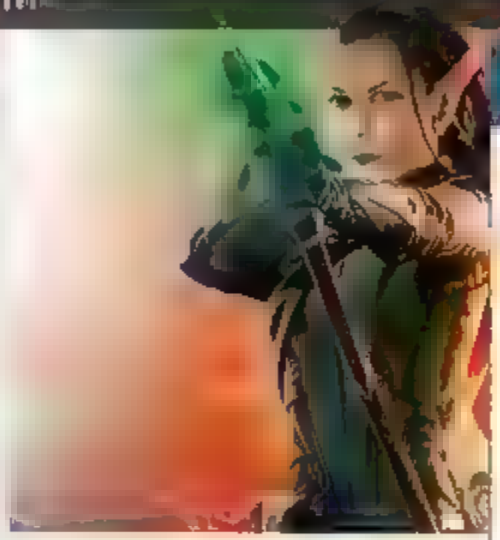
Your arrival is fortuitous, Dark Matter Rangers! I propose a team-up!
Yeah?
You can keep the prize when we're done. We just need to make an ersatz Sasquatch.
An Ersatzquatch
Until then, we'll be Butch and Sundance! Bonnie and Clyde! Samson and Delilah!
Or you can save time and betray us now.
Othello and... that other chap!
Iago, sir

Nissa's Origin Home MA.

wizards.com

green white d

Apple Bing Google Yahoo Mobile Getting Started Them's Fightin Herds The Harshwhinny Forum



Scripts Currently Forbidden

Home

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Editing

UPDATES AVAILABLE

Positronic ¶

STRIP ONE

PANEL ONE

(Chris tells Marcie the bird's good news.)

Chris: Marcie! I know how to get our gamma irradiator back.

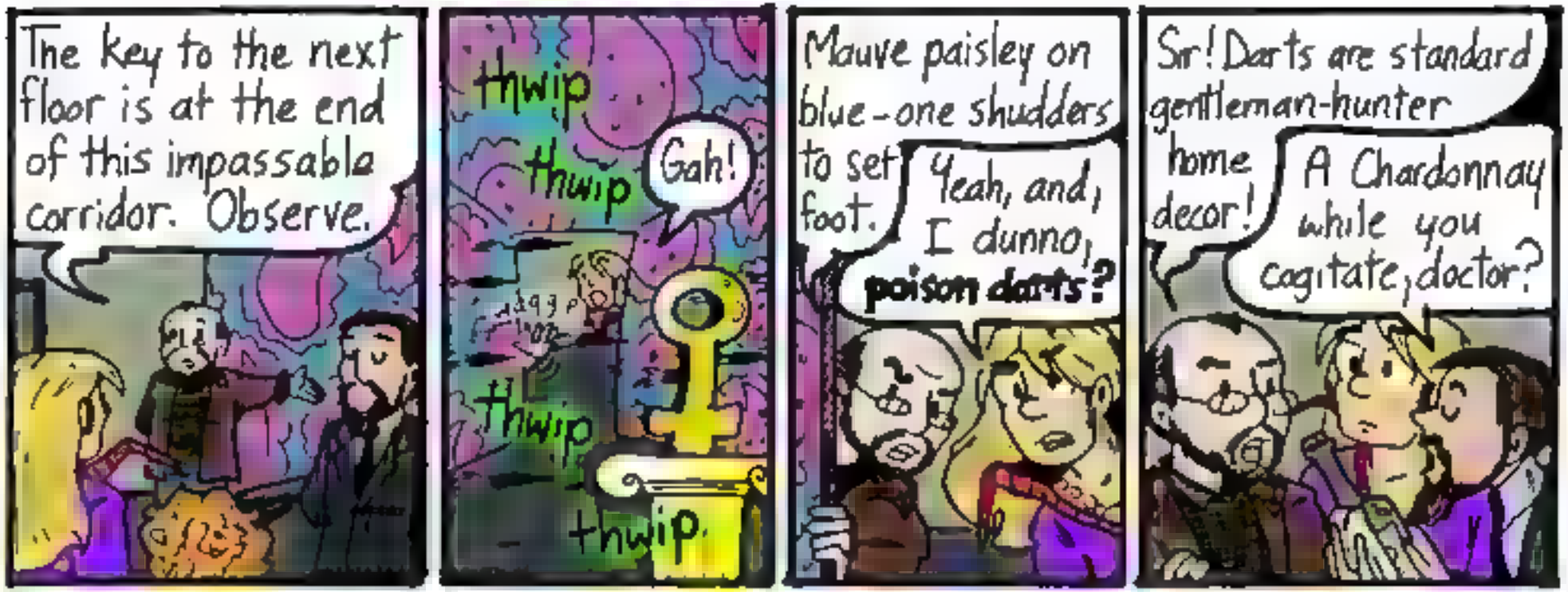
Marcie: Chris, that's great.

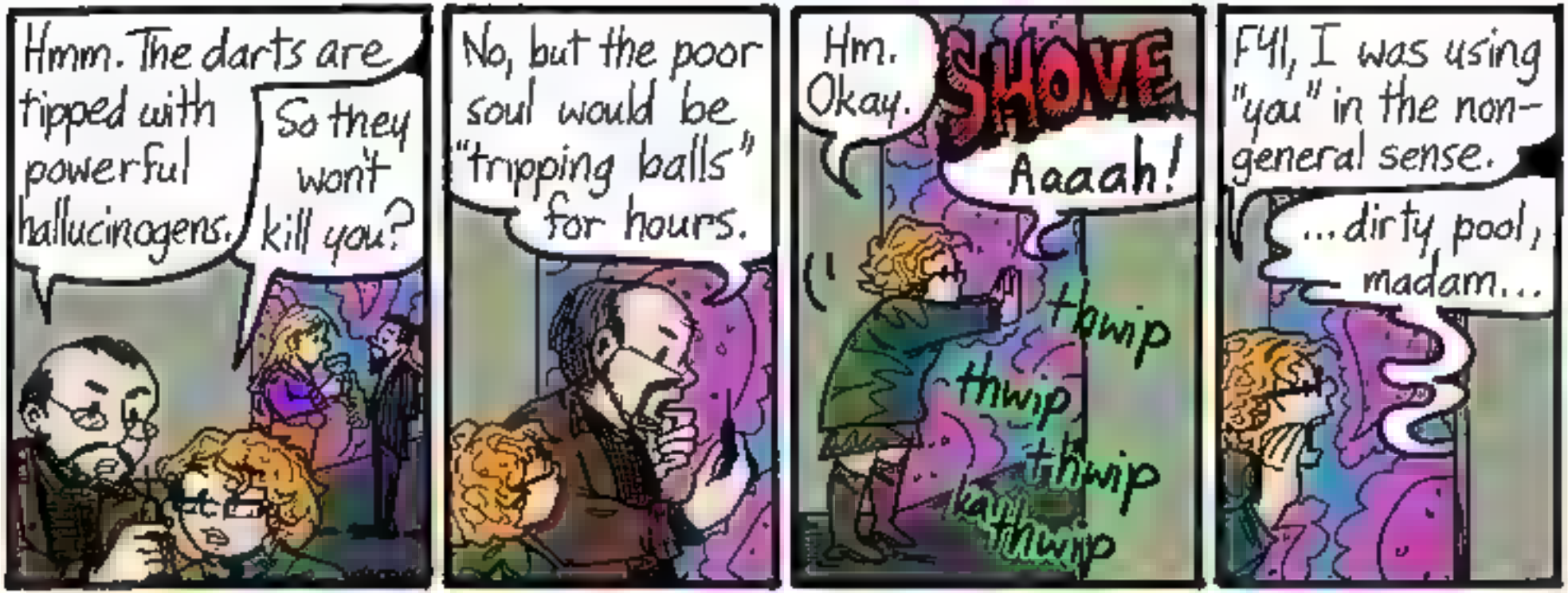
PANEL TWO

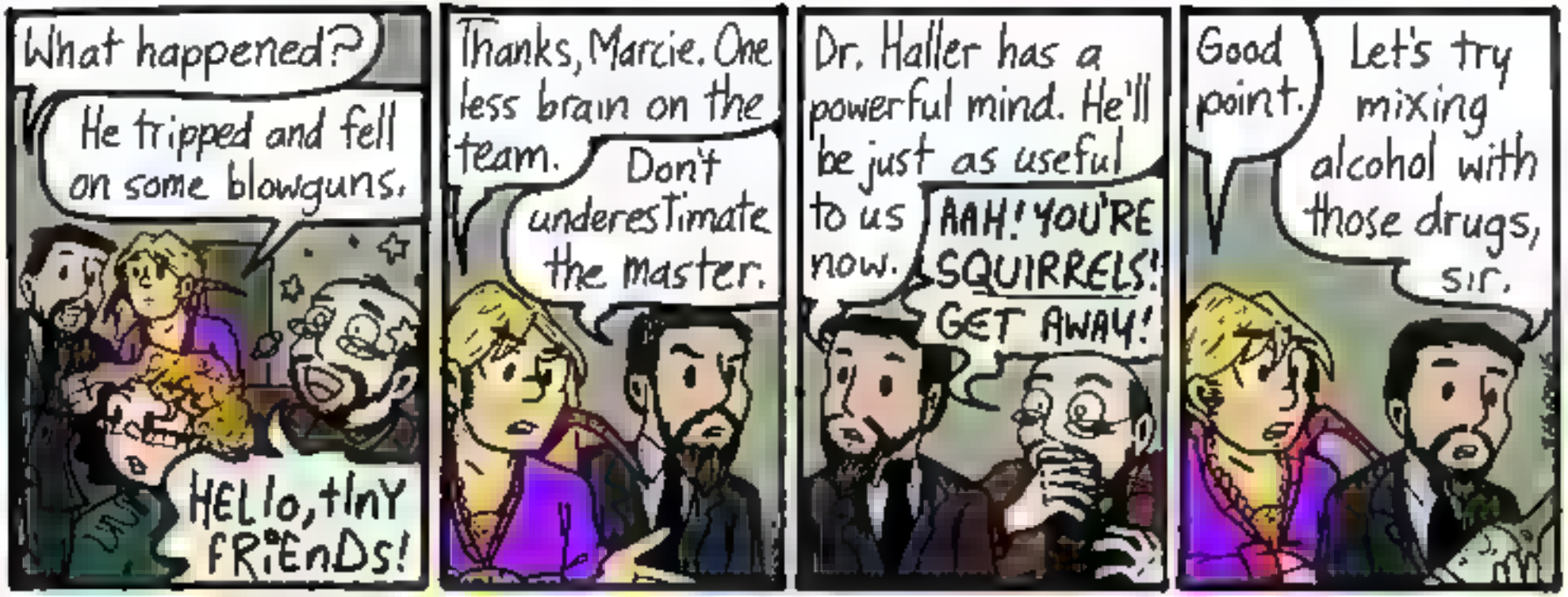
Chris: We just need to defeat five evil science teams plus Tigerlily Jones in a death match!

Marcie: Okay... less great, but kind of awesome.

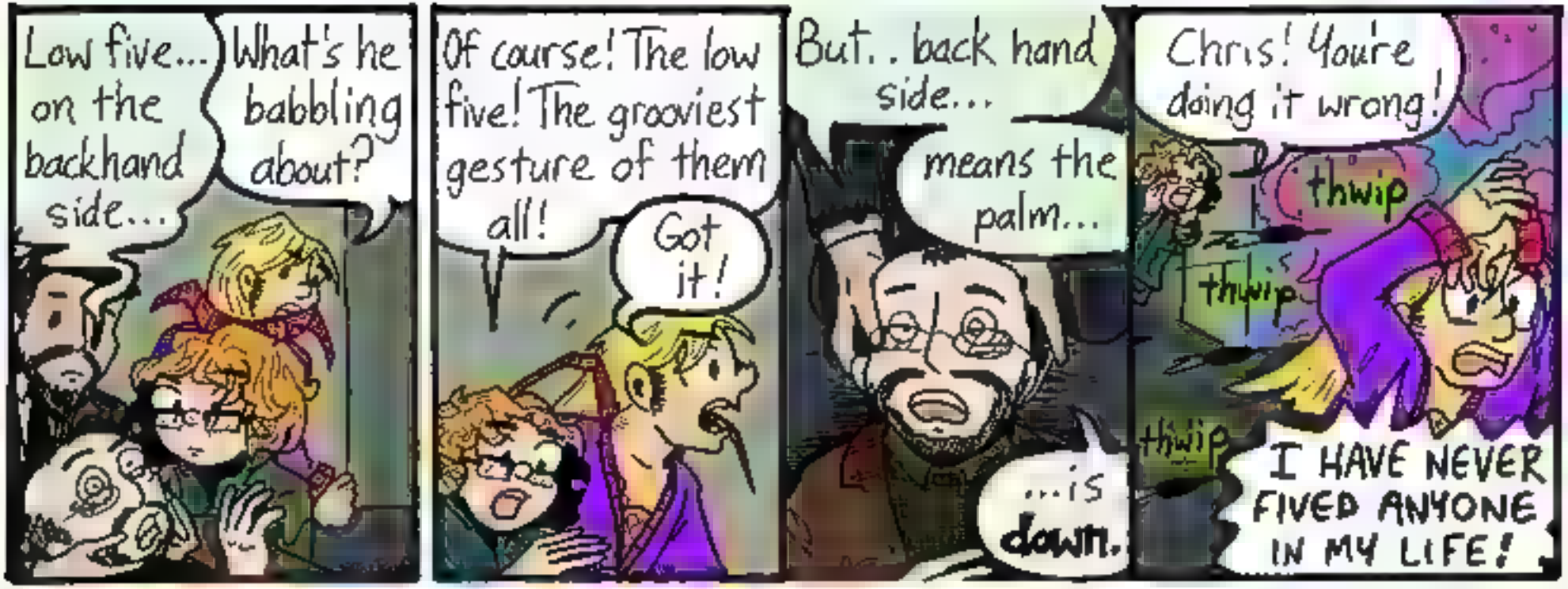
PANEL THREE

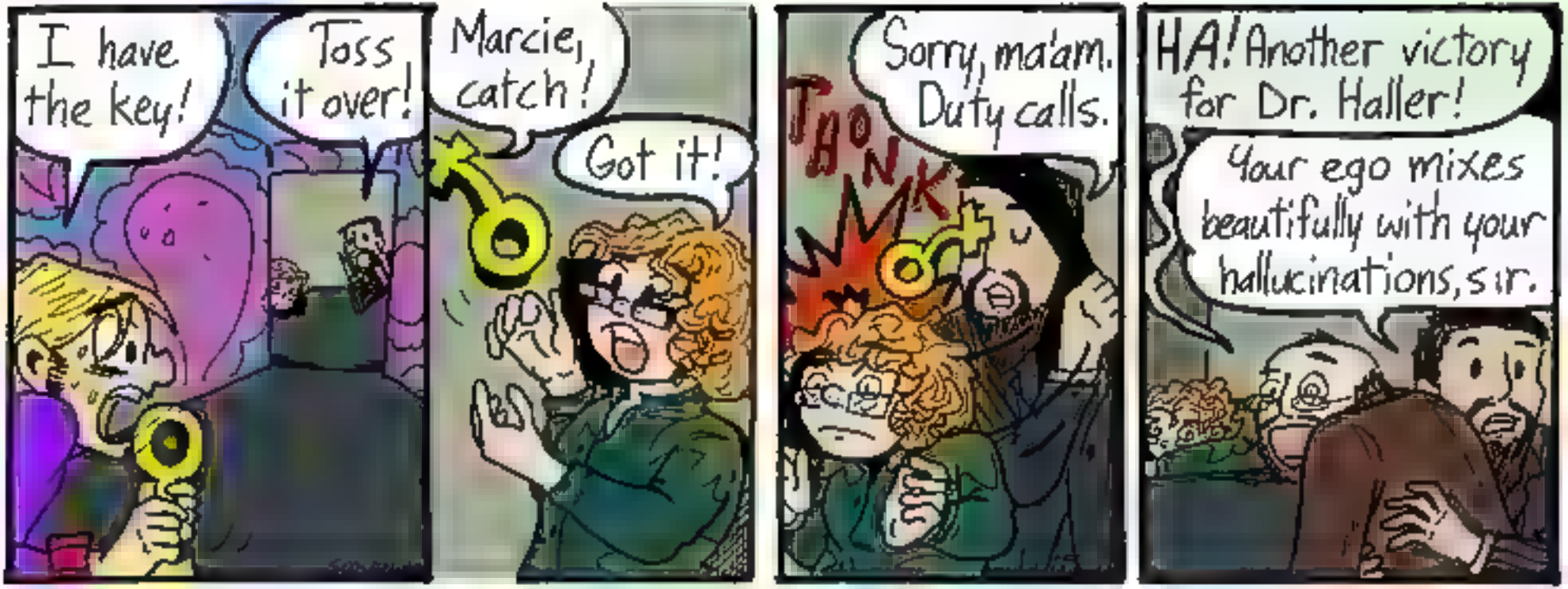

The key to the next floor is at the end of this impassable corridor. Observe.
thwip
thwip
thwip
thwip
Gah!
Mauve paisley on blue-one shudders to set foot.
Yeah, and, I dunno, poison darts?
Sir! Darts are standard gentleman-hunter home decor!
A Chardonnay while you cogitate, doctor?


Hmm. The darts are tipped with powerful hallucinogens.
So they won't kill you?
No, but the poor soul would be "tripping balls" for hours.
Hm. Okay.
SHOVE
Aaaah!
thwip
thwip
thwip
kathwip
FYI, I was using "you" in the non-general sense.
...dirty pool, madam...

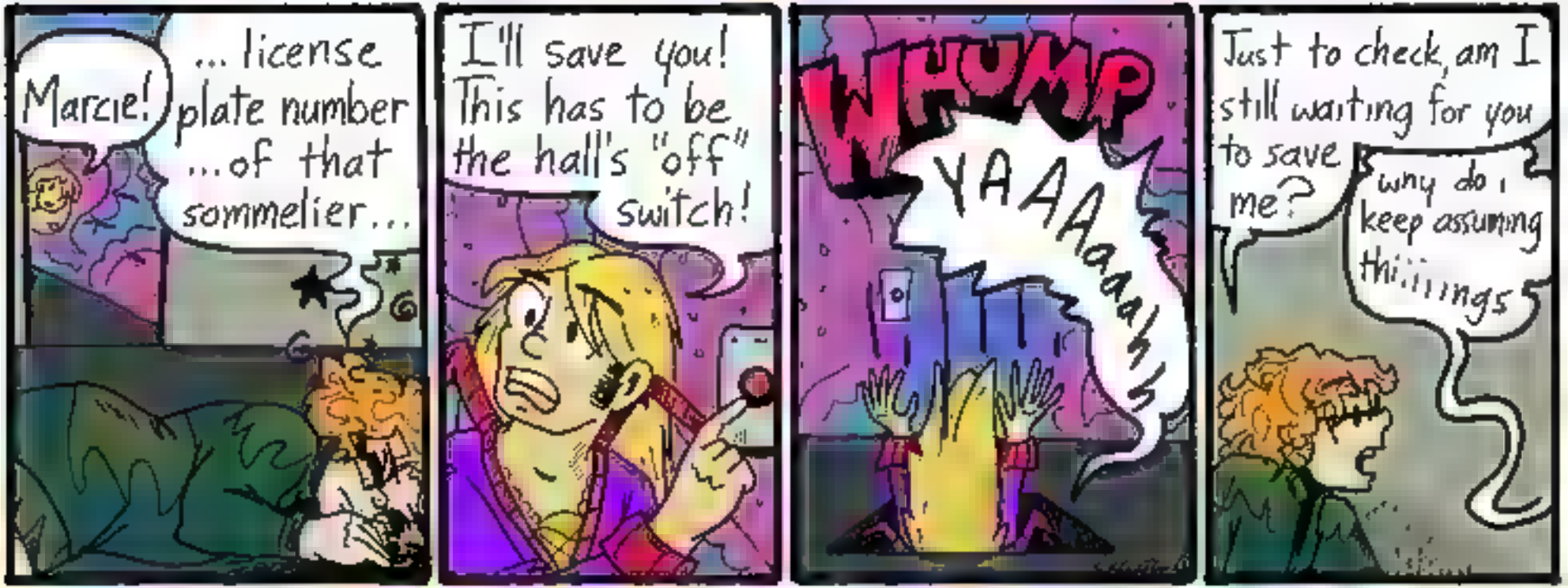

What happened?
He tripped and fell on some blowguns.
HELlo, tInY fRiEnDs!
Thanks, Marcie. One less brain on the team.
Don't underestimate the master.
Dr. Haller has a powerful mind. He'll be just as useful to us now.
AAH! YOU'RE SQUIRRELS! GET AWAY!
Good point.
Let's try mixing alcohol with those drugs, sir.

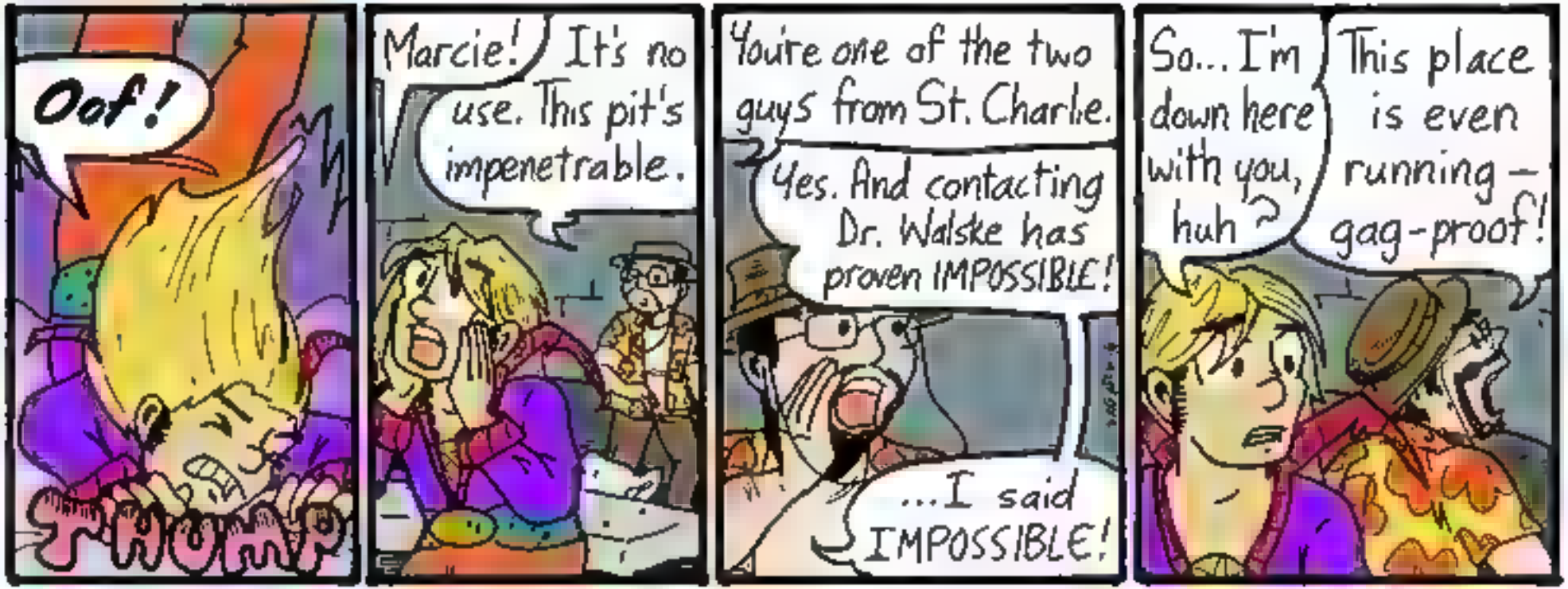
Never mind. The rest of us are fully capable of handling this.
Intriguing.
Certain hand gestures disable the sensors.
I get it! We need to gesture funkily as we walk!
Great! Everybody name a funky move!
I take it back. We all suck.
Is the "funky chicken" technically funky?


Low five... on the backhand side...
What's he babbling about?
Of course! The low five! The grooviest gesture of them all!
Got it!
But.. back hand side...
means the palm...
...is down.
Chris! You're doing it wrong!
thwip
thwip
thwip
I HAVE NEVER FIVED ANYONE IN MY LIFE!

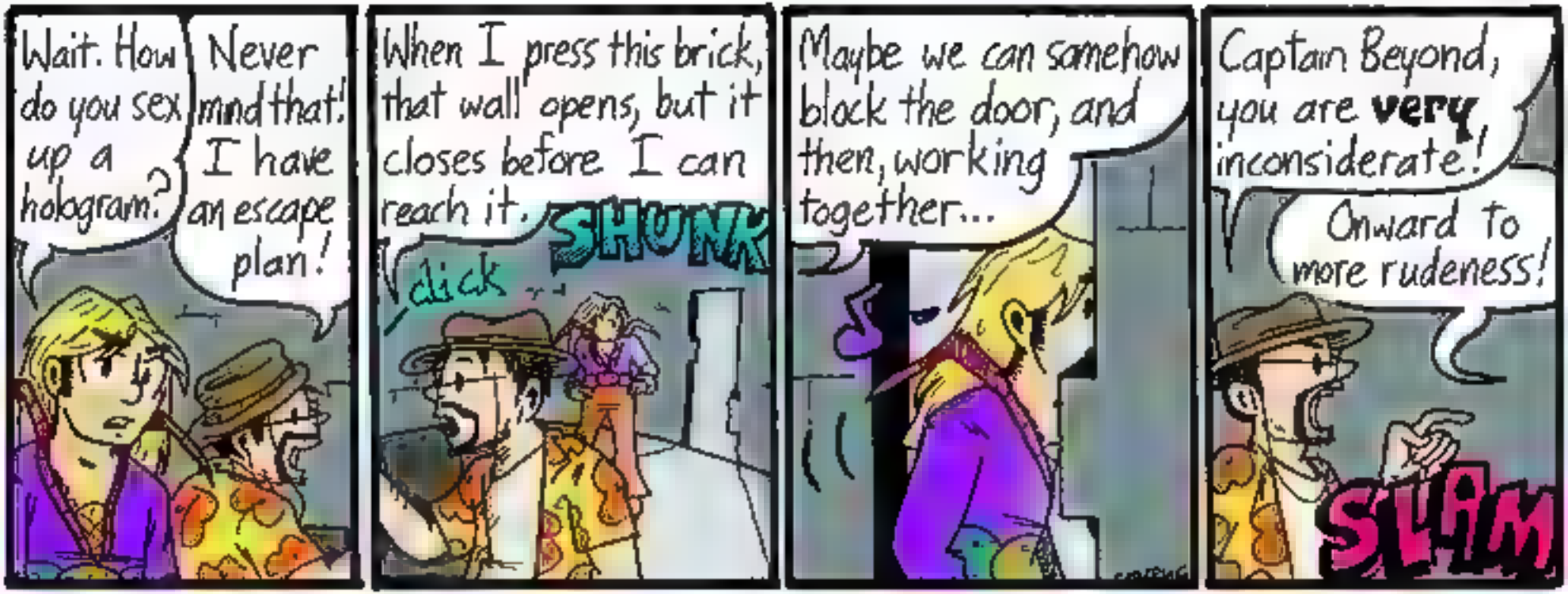

I have the key!
Toss it over!
Marcie, catch!
Got it!
THONK
Sorry, ma'am. Duty calls.
HA! Another victory for Dr. Haller!
Your ego mixes beautifully with your hallucinations, sir.

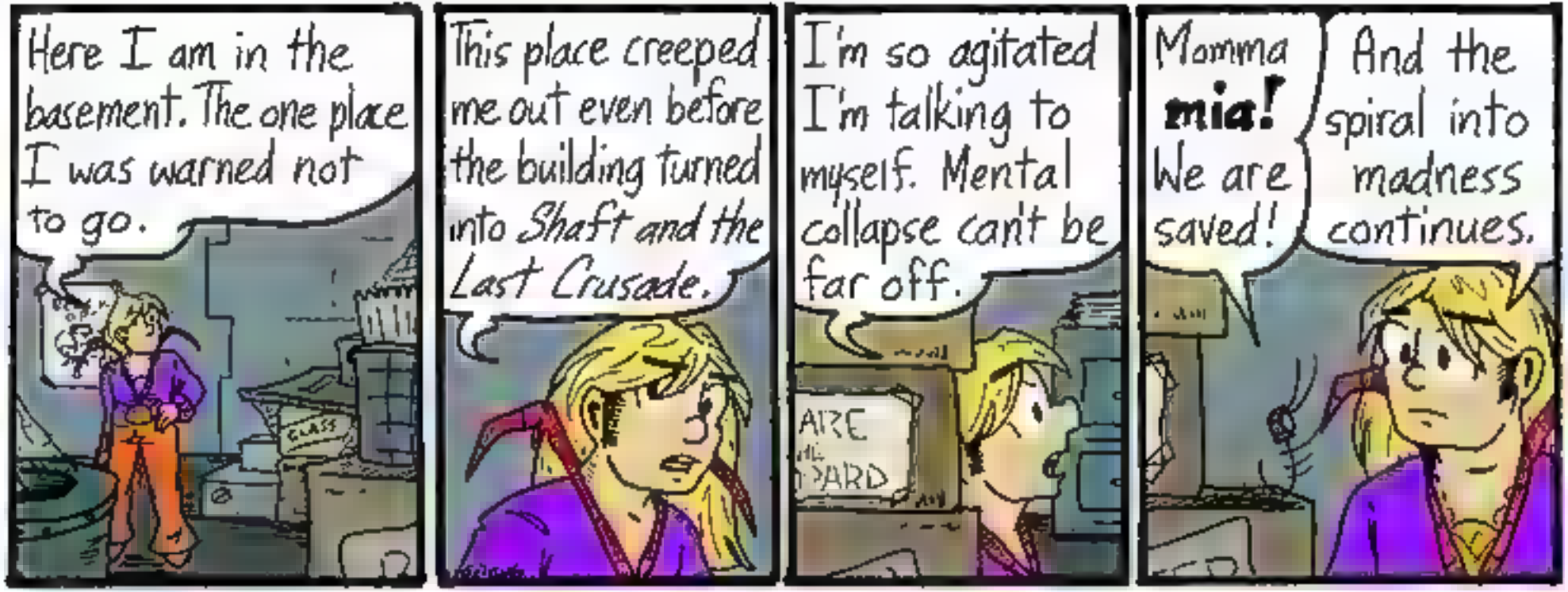
What's that, Rosalind?
Oh, hi, Artie. Mom and Dad got me a cat.
It may or may not be dead, and until I open the box it exists in a state of quantum superposition.
That sounds like them.
Why do I even bother making birthday lists?
So are you going to open the box and resolve the paradox?
I don't know if it'll resolve anything.
Will it collapse the quantum state, or will it create multiple universes to encompass each possible outcome?
Yes, a pet is a big responsibility. What are you going to do?


Marcie!
... license plate number ...of that sommelier...
I'll save you! This has to be the hall's "off" switch!
WHUMP
YAAAaaaahh
Just to check, am I still waiting for you to save me?
why do I keep assuming thi...ings


Oof!
THUMP
Marcie!
It's no use. This pit's impenetrable.
You're one of the two guys from St. Charlie.
Yes. And contacting Dr. Walske has proven IMPOSSIBLE!
...I said IMPOSSIBLE!
So... I'm down here with you, huh?
This place is even running — gag-proof!

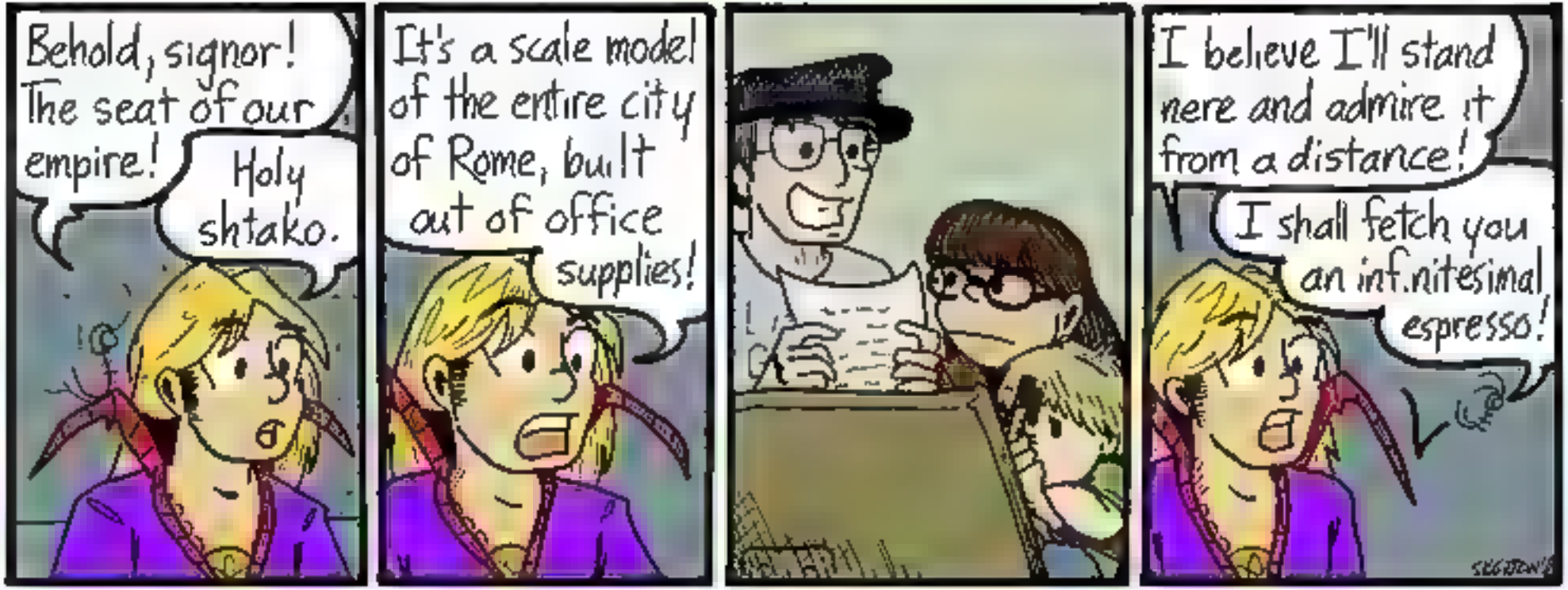
How'd you wind up down here?
Failed one of Dr. Jones's tests...
What it **is**, little science men. To pass, you have to show Hologram Jones a good time.
oh my god yes.
Sorry. I embraced a monogamous lifestyle 20 years ago with no regrets.
Well, I regret it made an evil hologram throw me down a hole.
Youire weird, but with principles. I respect that.

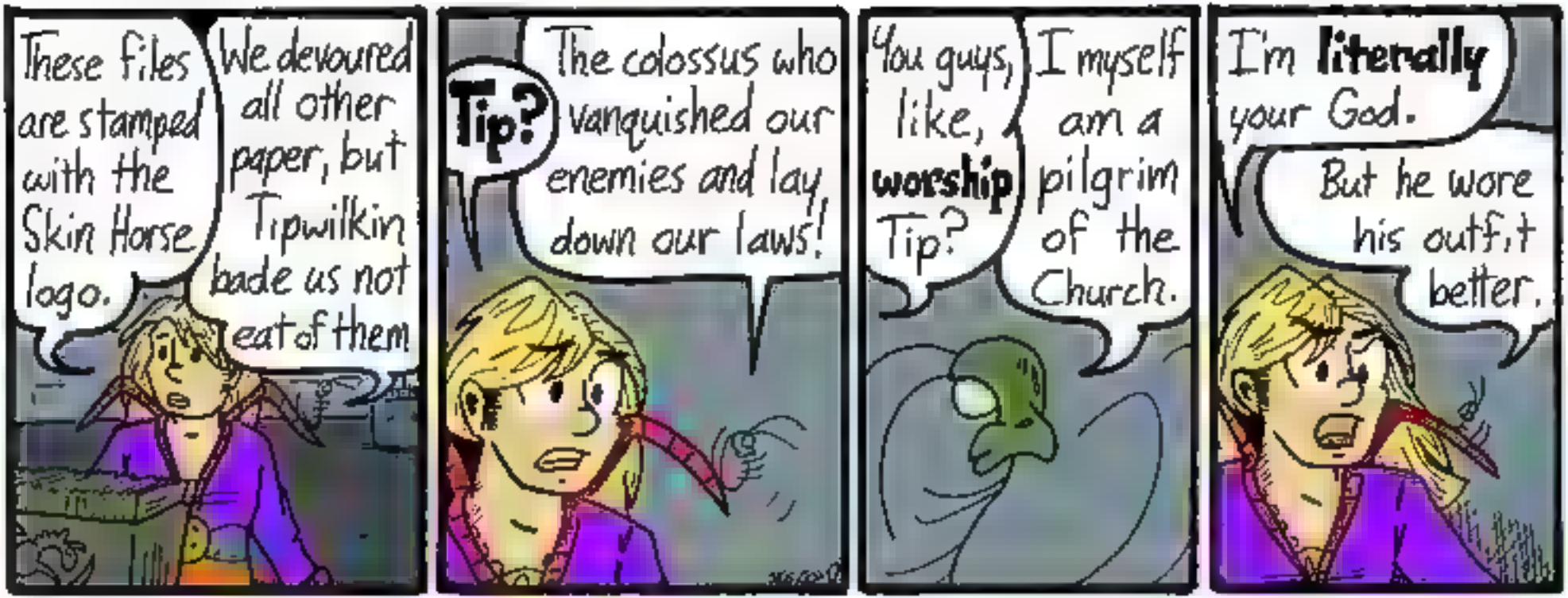

Wait. How do you sex up a hologram?
Never mind that! I have an escape plan!
When I press this brick, that wall opens, but it closes before I can reach it.
SHUNK
click
Maybe we can somehow block the door, and then, working together...
Captain Beyond, you are very inconsiderate!
Onward to more rudeness!
SLAM

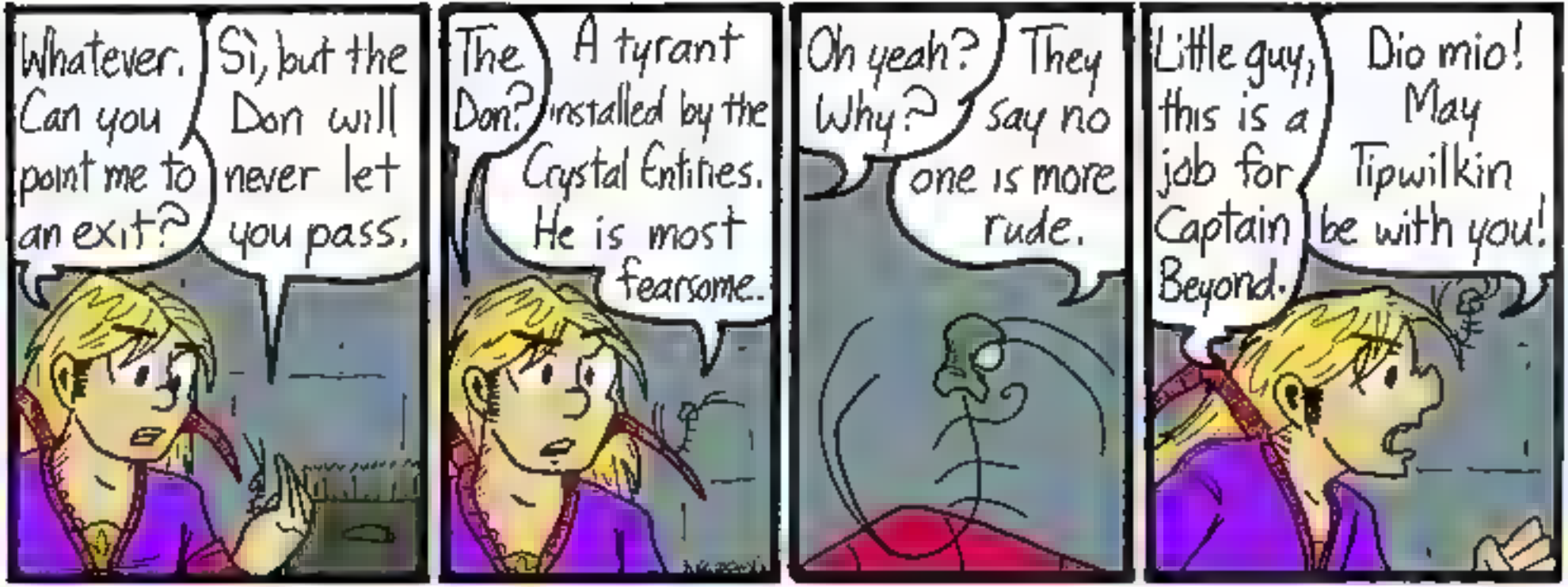

Here I am in the basement. The one place I was warned not to go.
CLASS
This place creeped me out even before the building turned into Shaft and the Last Crusade.
I'm so agitated I'm talking to myself. Mental collapse can't be far off.
Momma mia! We are saved!
And the spiral into madness continues.

Oh yeah! Marcie and I irradiated you silverfish years ago.
Sì! Not me, but my bis-bis-bis-bis-bis-nonno!
I AM YOUR CREATOR! YOU MUST OBEY ME!
Sì, signor! Anything!
Oh! I, uh, didn't expect that to work. I didn't have a command ready.
Shall I make a suggestion?
Is this gonna end with me sacrificed to a tiny, tiny volcano?
Come! We shall shower you with bitty delights!

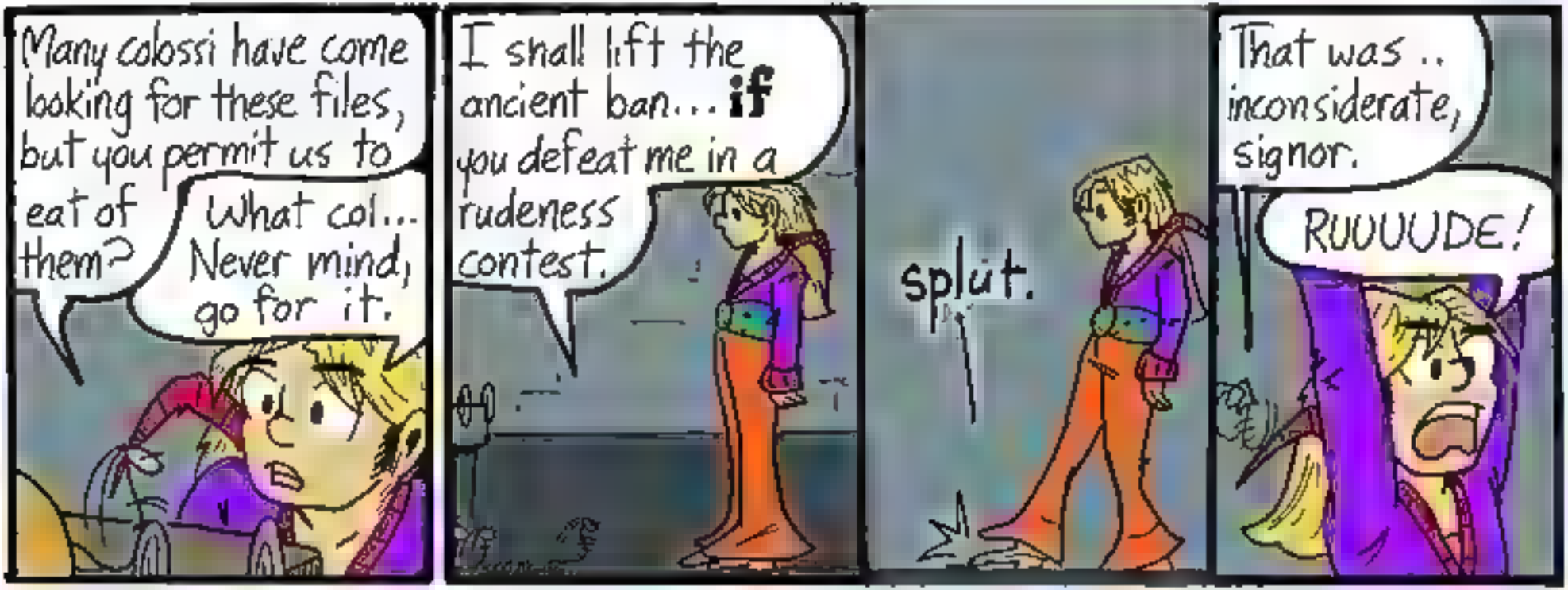
LA STREGA
SCIENZA

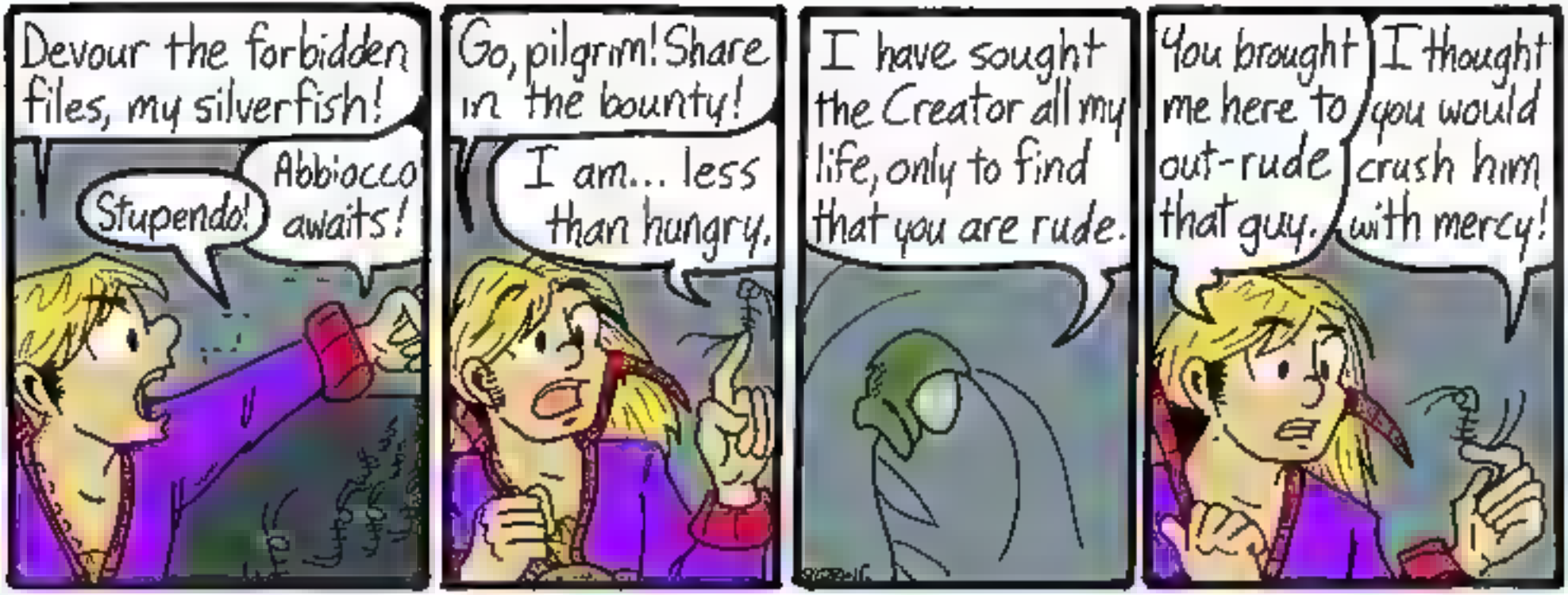

Behold, signor! The seat of our empire!
Holy shtako.
It's a scale model of the entire city of Rome, built out of office supplies!
I believe I'll stand here and admire it from a distance!
I shall fetch you an inf.nitesimal espresso!

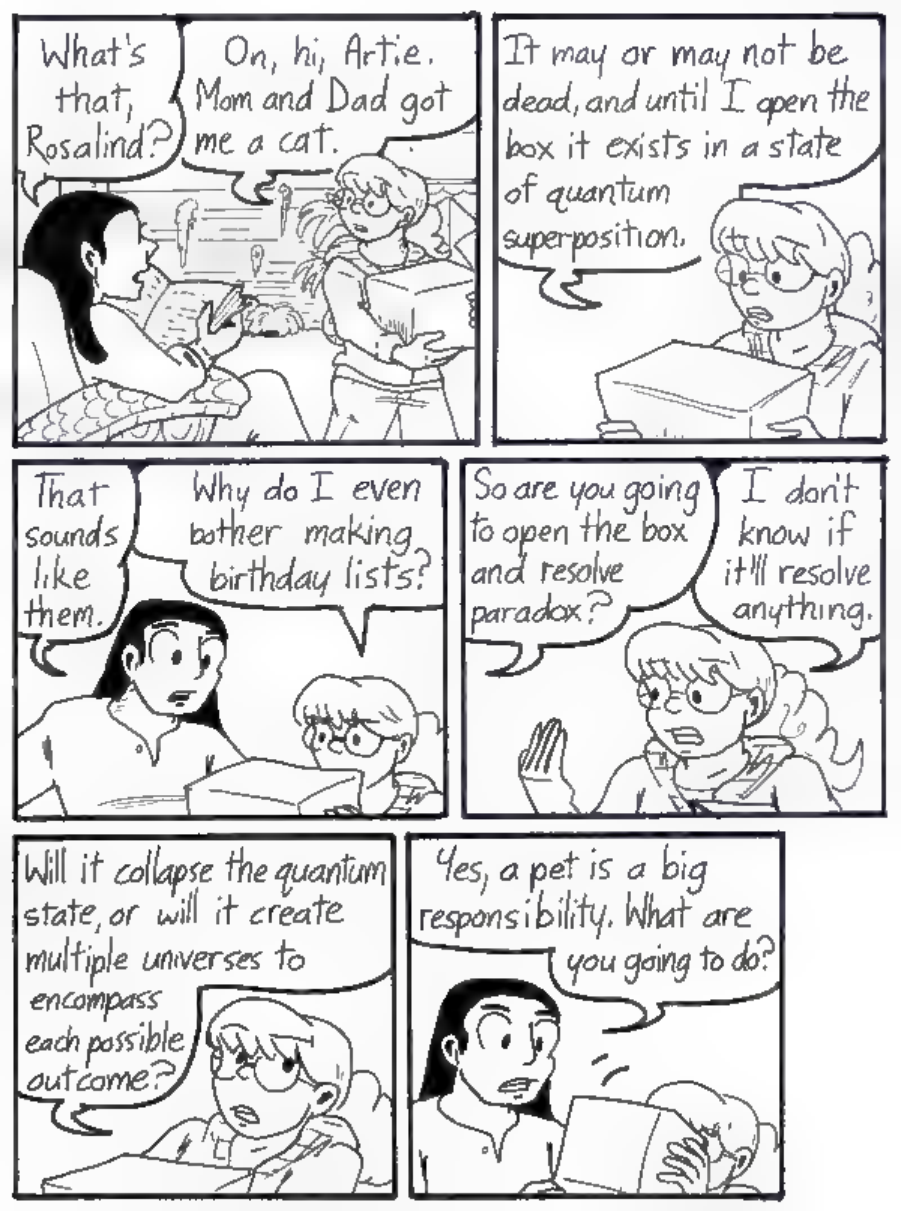

These files are stamped with the Skin Horse logo.
We devoured all other paper, but Tipwilkin bade us not eat of them
Tip?
The colossus who vanquished our enemies and lay down our laws!
You guys, like, worship Tip?
I myself am a pilgrim of the Church.
I'm literally your God.
But he wore his outfit better.

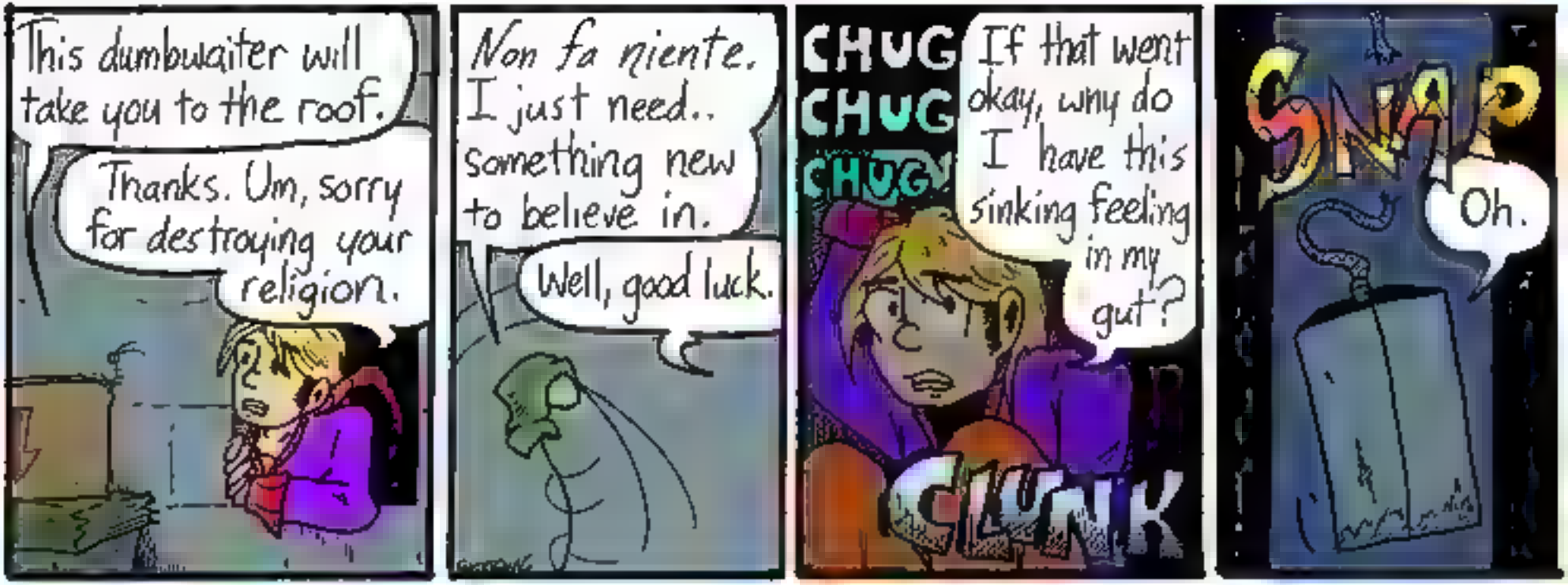

Whatever. Can you point me to an exit?
Sì, but the Don will never let you pass.
The Don?
A tyrant installed by the Crystal Entities. He is most fearsome.
Oh yeah? Why?
They say no one is more rude.
Little guy, this is a job for Captain Beyond.
Dio mio! May Tipwilkin be with you!

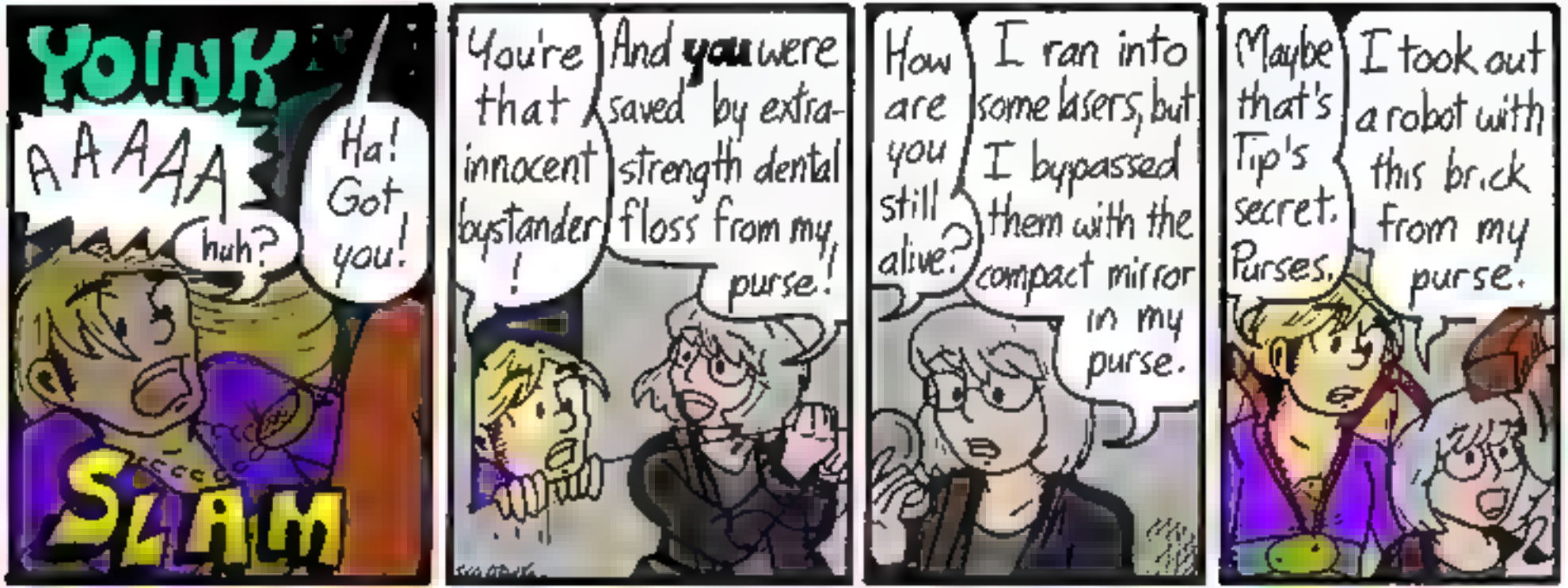
Che cavolo! What is the meaning of this?
Great Don, this is our creator, Divine Chrissanders!
Divine stronzino, is more like.
Our people starve! Chrissanders has surely been sent to save us!
And where will he find paper to feed us?
I dunno. The files Tip said to leave alone?
Gasp! Heresy!
Nay, a new gospel!
Serves him right, going around being God behind my back.

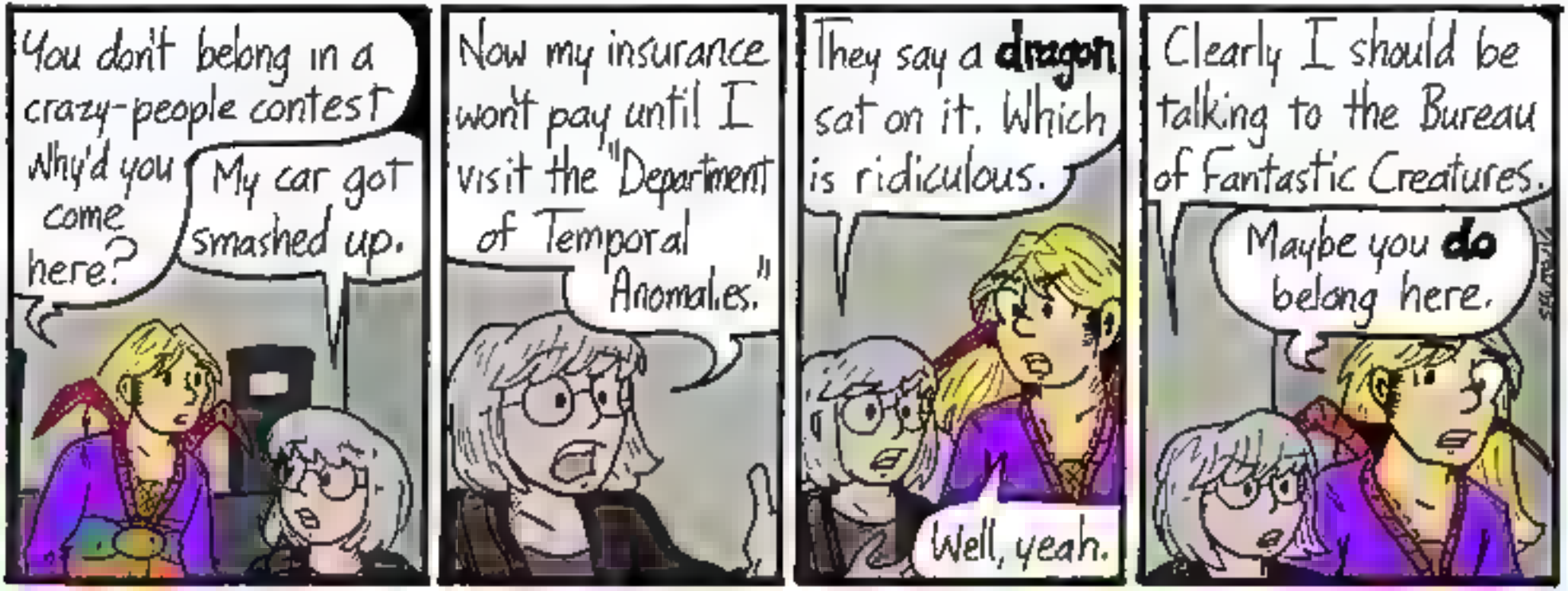

Many colossi have come looking for these files, but you permit us to eat of them?
What col... Never mind, go for it.
I shall lift the ancient ban... if you defeat me in a rudeness contest.
splut.
That was .. inconsiderate, signor.
RUUUUDE!

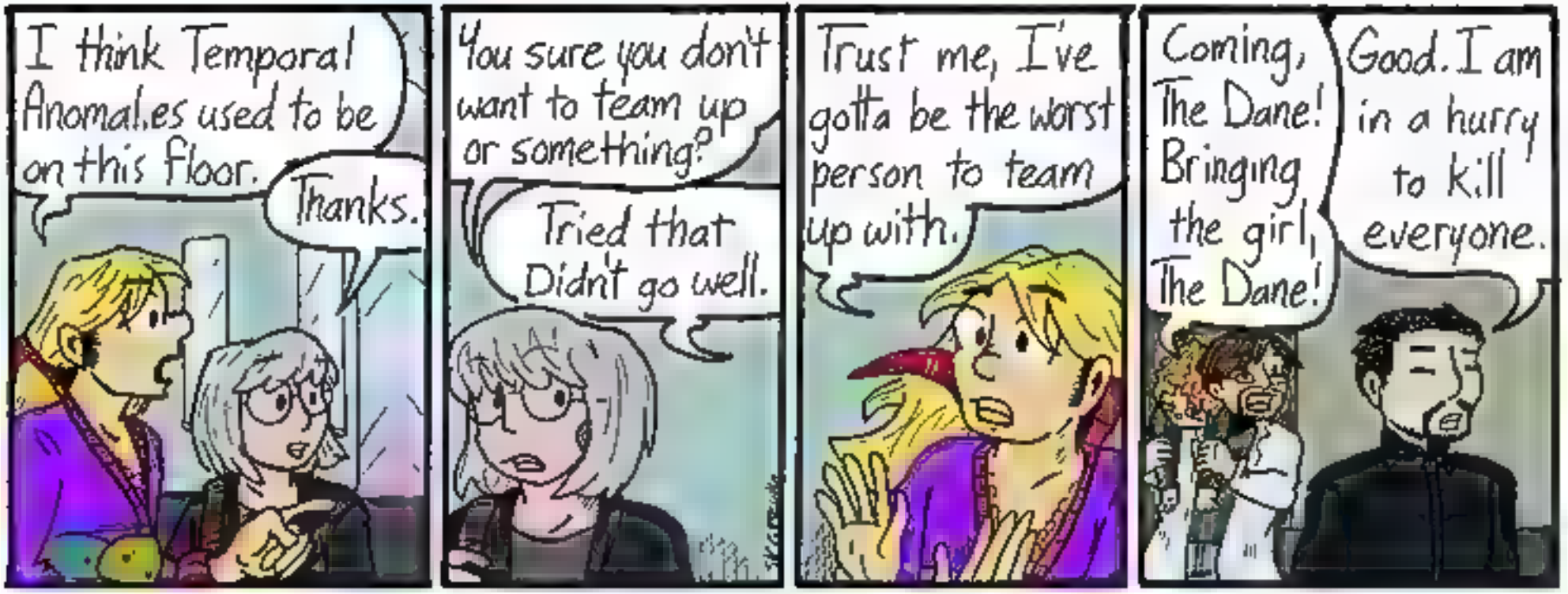

Devour the forbidden files, my silverfish!
Stupendo!
Abbiocco awaits!
Go, pilgrim! Share in the bounty!
I am... less than hungry.
I have sought the Creator all my life, only to find that you are rude.
You brought me here to out-rude that guy.
I thought you would crush him with mercy!


What's that, Rosalind?
Oh, hi, Artie. Mom and Dad got me a cat.
It may or may not be dead, and until I open the box it exists in a state of quantum superposition.
That sounds like them.
Why do I even bother making birthday lists?
So are you going to open the box and resolve paradox?
I don't know if it'll resolve anything.
Will it collapse the quantum state, or will it create multiple universes to encompass each possible outcome?
Yes, a pet is a big responsibility. What are you going to do?


This dumbwaiter will take you to the roof.
Thanks. Um, sorry for destroying your religion.
Non fa niente. I just need.. something new to believe in.
Well, good luck.
CHUG CHUG CHUG
If that went okay, why do I have this sinking feeling in my gut?
CLUNK
SNAP
Oh.


YOINK
AAAAA
huh?
Ha! Got you!
SLAM
You're that innocent bystander!
And you were saved by extra-strength dental floss from my purse!
How are you still alive?
I ran into some lasers, but I bypassed them with the compact mirror in my purse.
Maybe that's Tip's secret. Purses.
I took out a robot with this brick from my purse.


You don't belong in a crazy-people contest.
Why'd you come here?
My car got smashed up.
Now my insurance won't pay until I visit the "Department of Temporal Anomalies."
They say a dragon sat on it. Which is ridiculous.
Well, yeah.
Clearly I should be talking to the Bureau of Fantastic Creatures.
Maybe you do belong here.

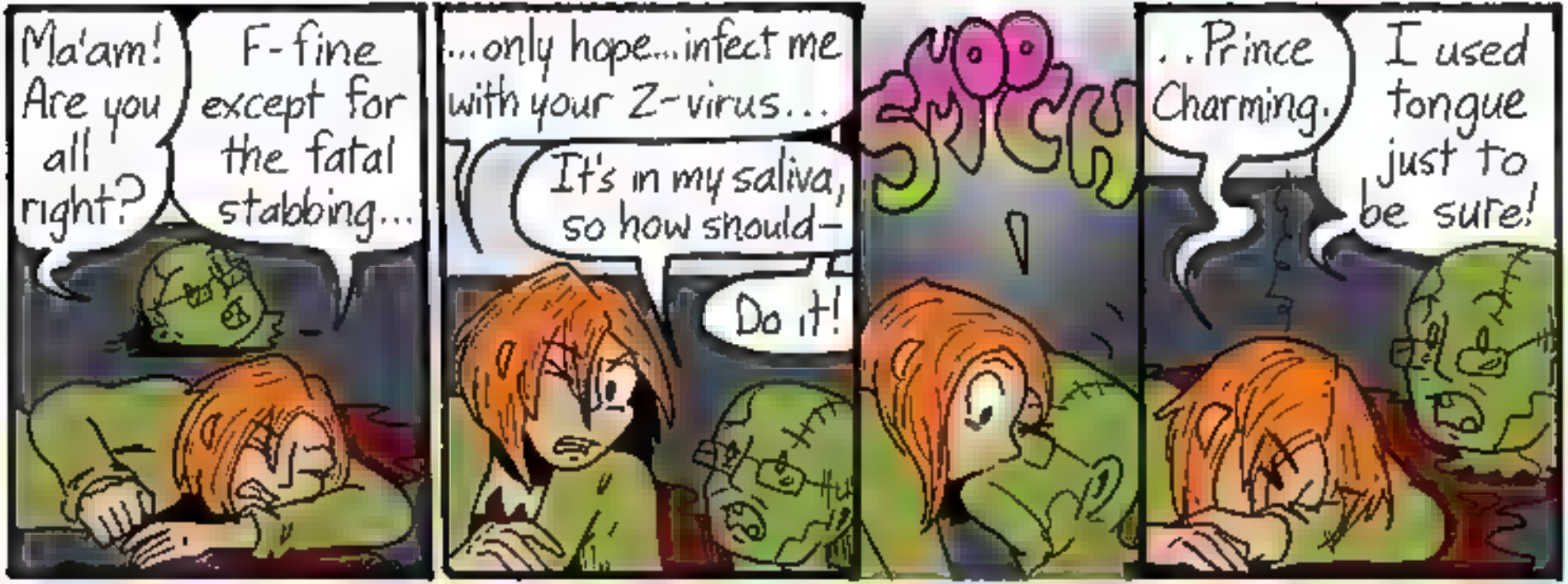

I think Temporal Anomalies used to be on this floor.
Thanks.
You sure you don't want to team up or something?
Tried that Didn't go well.
Trust me, I've gotta be the worst person to team up with.
Coming, The Dane! Bringing the girl, The Dane!
Good. I am in a hurry to kill everyone.

I, um, notice we're not headed for the roof.
Correctly spotted.
Won't the others get the irradiator first?
Dr. Walske, I am a homicidal maniac.
I am here for the reason of, how do you say it, killing you all.
Ah! And then we get the irradiator!
Is it my English? Does "homicidal maniac" mean something else?

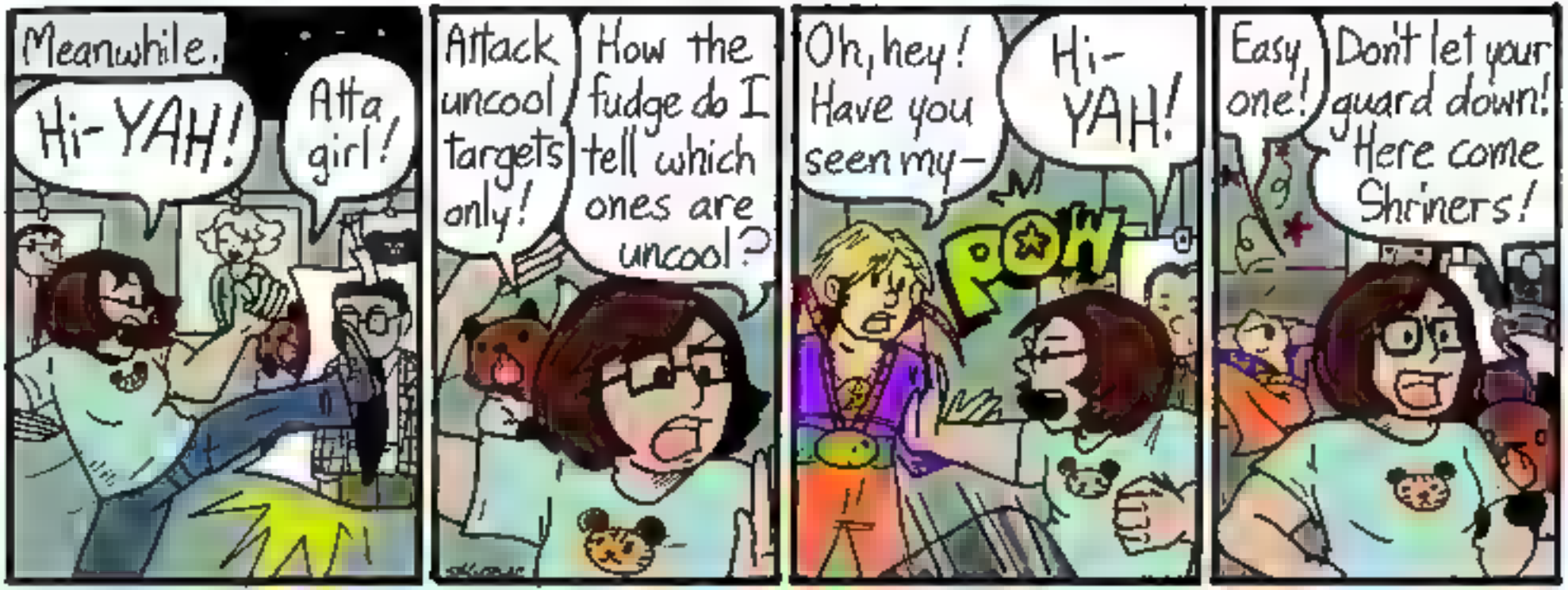
You "contestants" are threats to humanity.
Captain Beyond WAS rude.
"Captain Beyond" is Dr. Sanders, creator of monsters. As is our hostage.
The Colma folks seemed nice.
They are guilty of their own crimes.
Such as?
Right now, occupying a room I want.
EEK! The Dane!

Zombie Defensive Rage!
Whoa! Truce! We're out of the running!
You too, huh? We failed the hairdo test.
I'm not capable of an Afro.
So how'd you guys fail?
Dear girl, the Dane never fails.
Except at honoring truces. That he is not so good at.
STAB
Zombie betrayed rage!

FLL SCHLOCK
Hey!
Ha... ha... that's one way to get a n-h-
Do not dishonor the dead with quips.
I detest and love you in equal measure
The Dane tends to inspire this emotion.
If I ask you to sign my arm, will you promise not to chop it off?
The Dane makes no promises.


Ma'am! Are you all right?
F-fine except for the fatal stabbing...
...only hope...infect me with your Z-virus...
It's in my saliva, so how should—
Do it!
SMOOCH
..Prince Charming.
I used tongue just to be sure!

I think those guys are twitching.
It matters not. They are doomed.
From these kitchen appliances will come the Omega Weapon, scourge of all but us.
We're building a doomsday device out of cafeteria equipment?
Yes.
How does this help us get the irradiator, again?
Permit me to revise. Scourge of all but me.


Meanwhile,
Hi-YAH!
Atta girl!
Attack uncool targets only!
How the fudge do I tell which ones are uncool?
Oh, hey! Have you seen my—
Hi-YAH!
POW
Easy one!
Don't let your guard down! Here come Shriners!

Sorry. We thought you were part of the kung-fu test.
The ku... you know what, sure. Whatever.
I think we're only supposed to attack un-funky targets. It's fiendishly difficult.
Fortunately, I've volunteered to take on the onerous work of tactical calculation.
Reynard! A plywood Nixon is whacking me in the face!
So much difficult difficult brain work!

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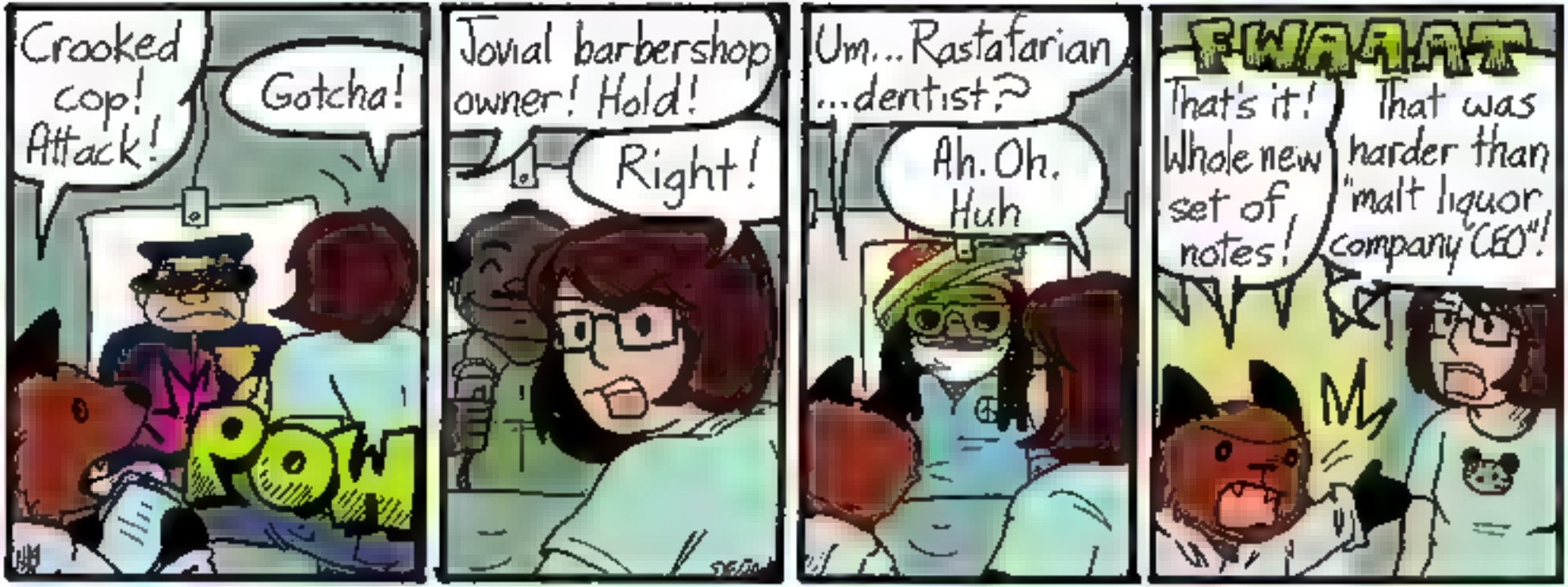
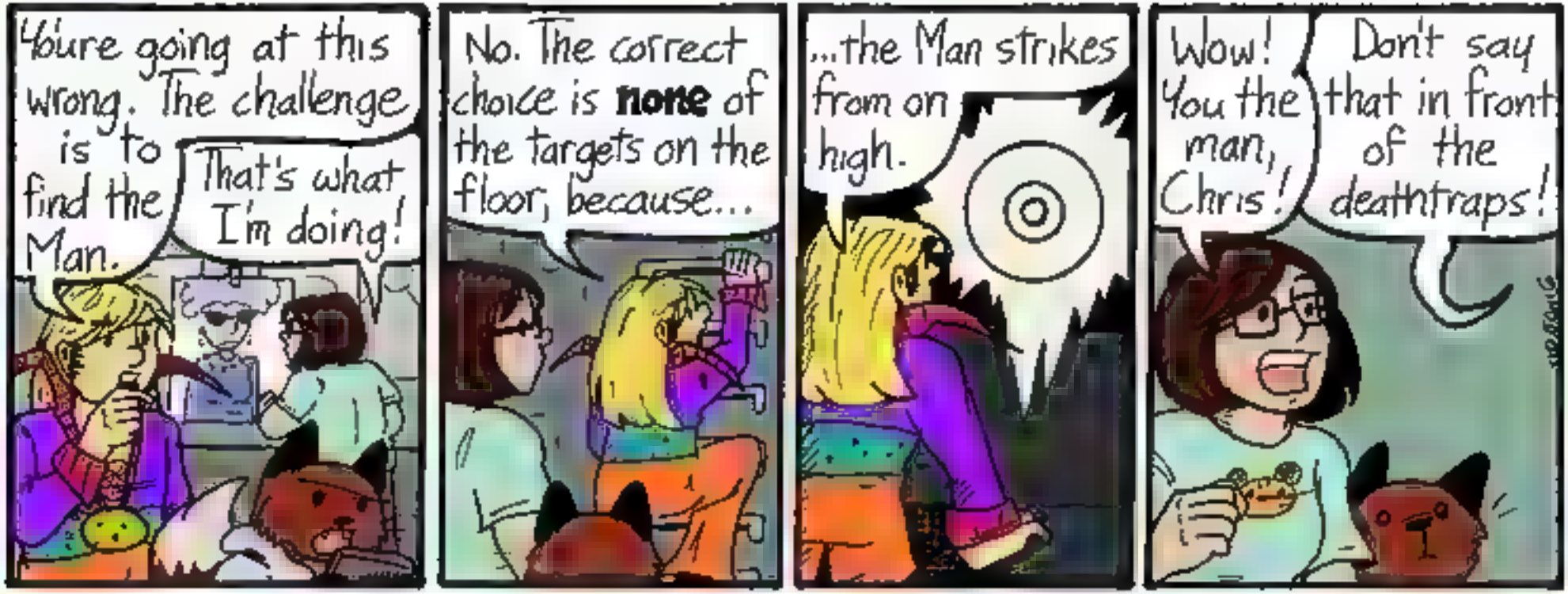
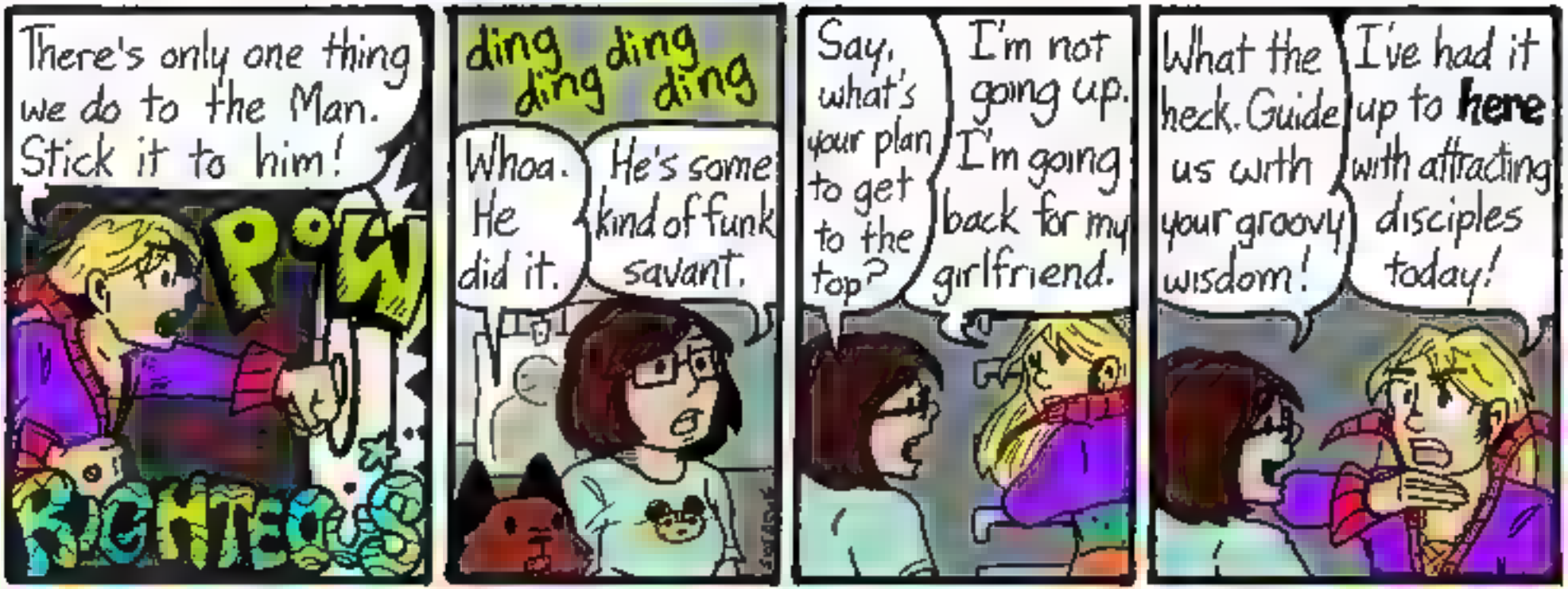
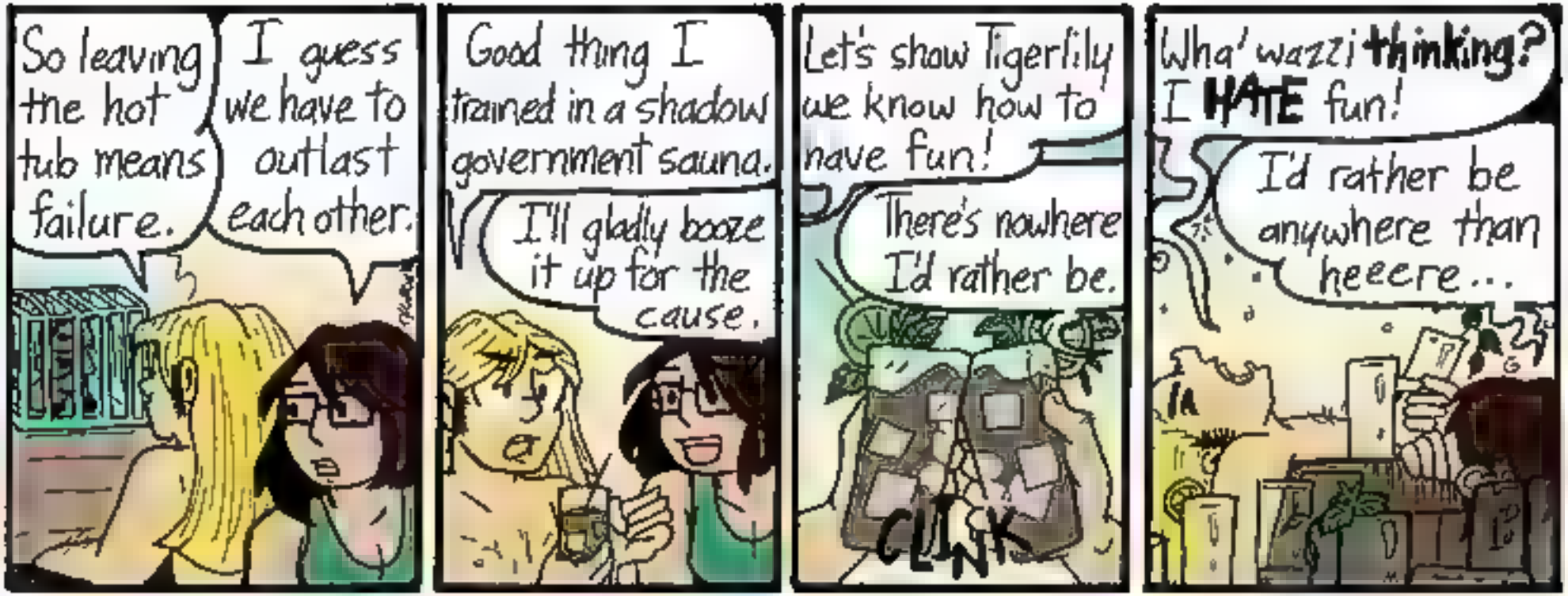

Crooked cop! Attack!
Gotcha!
POW
Jovial barbershop owner! Hold!
Right!
Um... Rastafarian ...dentist?
Ah. Oh. Huh
SWAAT
That's it! Whole new set of notes!
That was harder than "malt liquor company CEO"!


You're going at this wrong. The challenge is to find the Man.
That's what I'm doing!
No. The correct choice is none of the targets on the floor, because...
...the Man strikes from on high.
Wow! You the man, Chris!
Don't say that in front of the deathtraps!


There's only one thing we do to the Man. Stick it to him!
POW
RIGHTEOUS
ding ding ding ding
Whoa. He did it.
He's some kind of funk savant.
Say, what's your plan to get to the top?
I'm not going up. I'm going back for my girlfriend.
What the heck. Guide us with your groovy wisdom!
I've had it up to here with attracting disciples today!

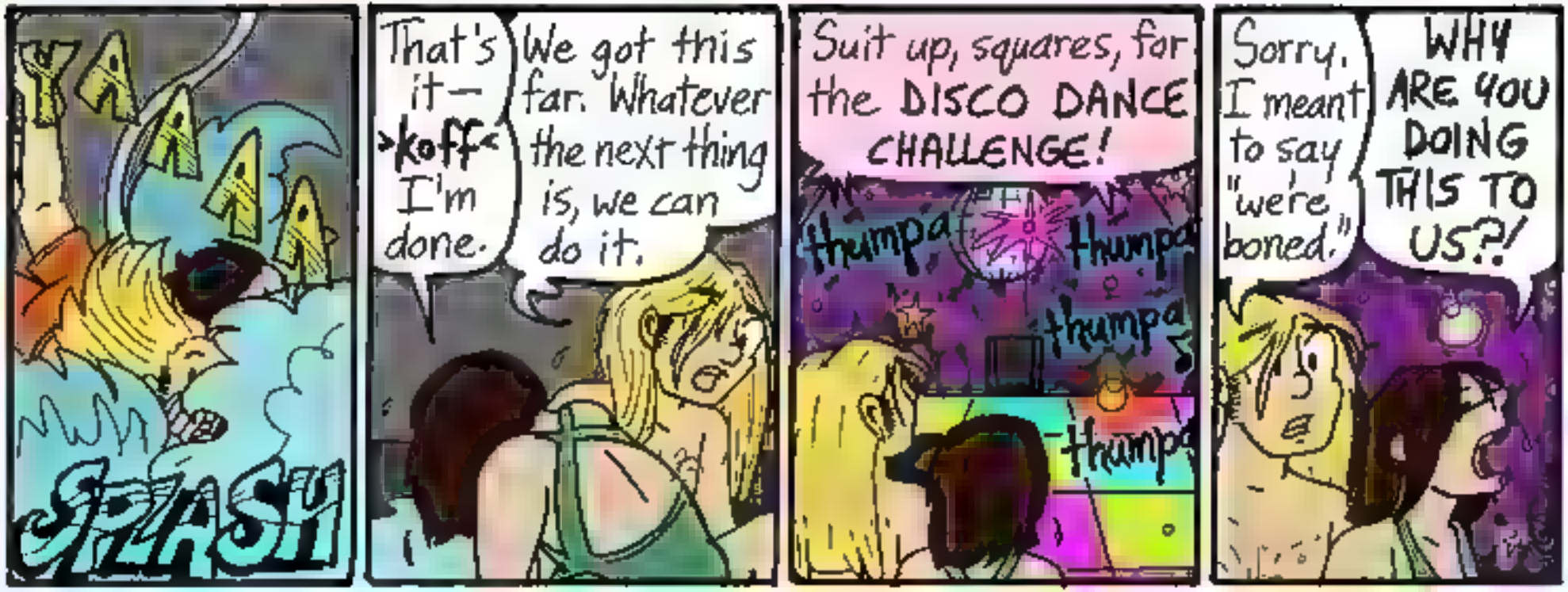
Dammit She's gone.
Maybe she went on ahead. We should head for the top.
We'll tag along. Helping.
If you're planning to use me as a shield, forget it
I can't protect you from whatever danger lies ahead. It'll take all I've got just to survive.
As I was saying, there are serious health risks to hot-tubbing.
Are these Cuba Libres? That's really interesting.

This is suspiciously pleasant.
Says the biped with functional sweat glands.
I'm overheating. And I don't drink.
Renard, wait—
splish
You two enjoy. I'll just relax and lie down over h—
CLICK
Or I stand in a tiny laser cage. That works.
Can I throw you a towel?

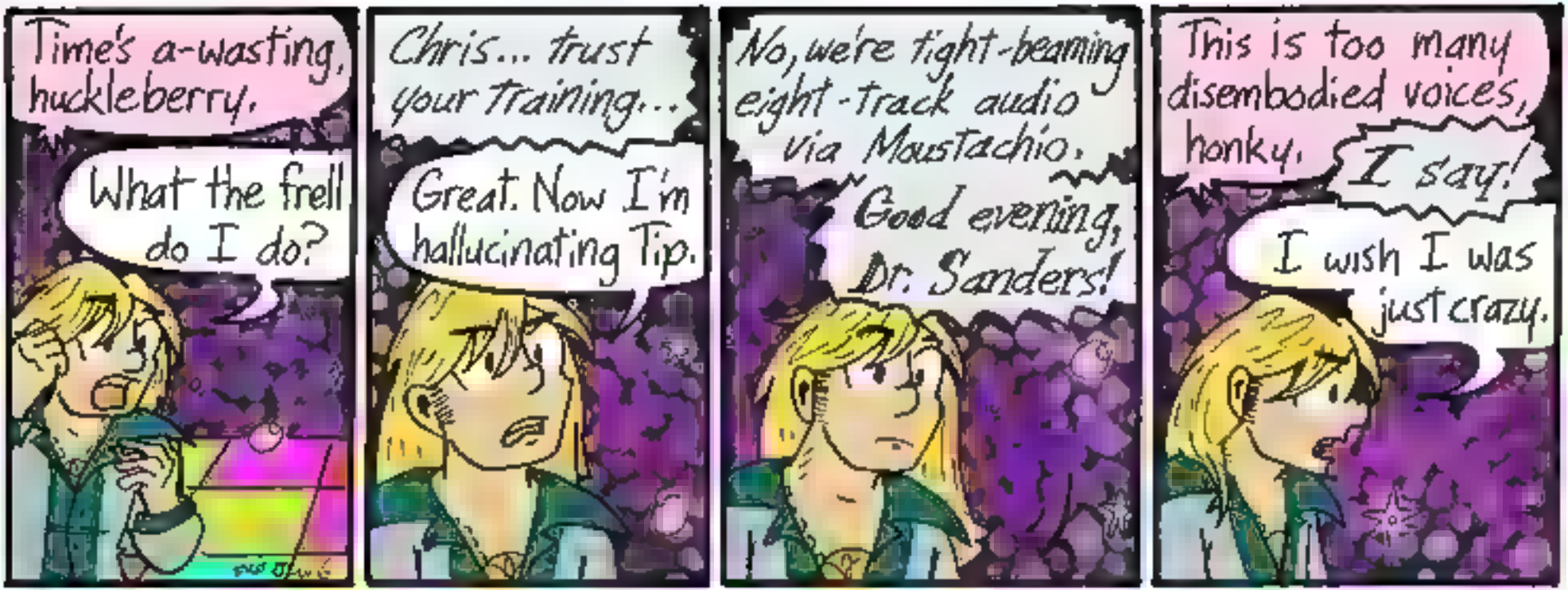

So leaving the hot tub means failure.
I guess we have to outlast each other.
Good thing I trained in a shadow government sauna.
I'll gladly booze it up for the cause.
Let's show Tigerlily we know how to have fun!
There's nowhere I'd rather be.
CLINK
Wha' wazzi thinking? I HATE fun!
I'd rather be anywhere than heeere...

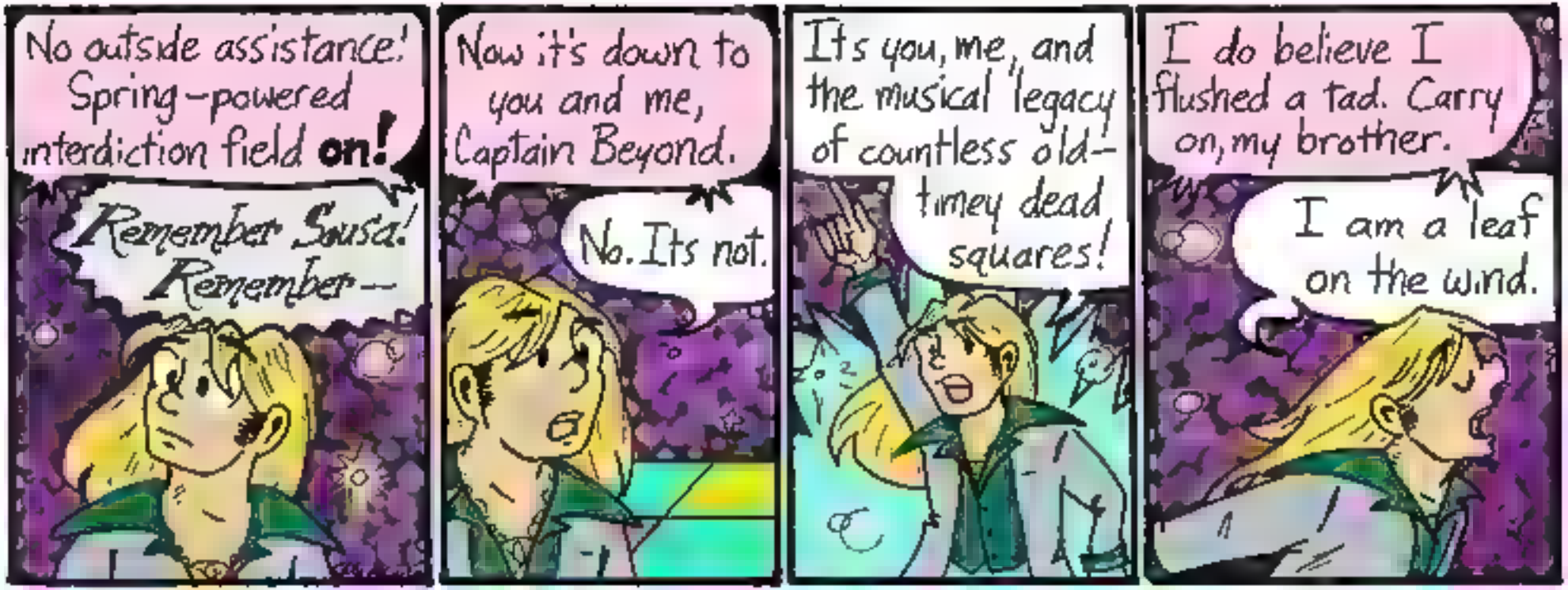
EUREKA! IT'S DONE!
WHAT'S DONE?
PHASE ONE OF MY PLAN TO DOMINATE THE WORLD IS COMPLETE! I MEAN, FOR REAL THIS TIME!
SURE
NO WONDER IT'S A BRILLIANT PLAN! THE BEST YET!
OKAY THEN. WHAT'S PHASE ONE? WHAT'S THE KEY?
YOU'RE LOOKING AT IT!
A SODA CAN
AH! BUT THAT'S NO ORDINARY SODA CAN!
OH WAIT YES IT IS
(A E CAT)

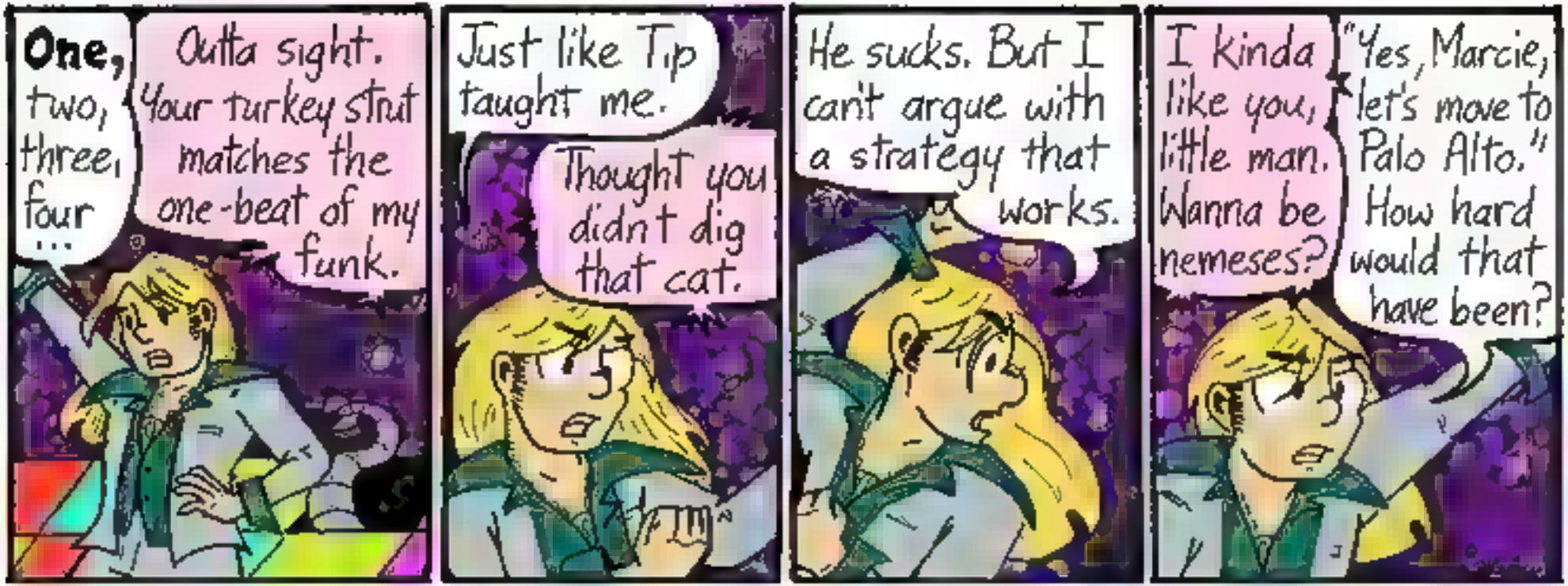
You two are made of stern stuff. I bet you could hot-tub all night.
kill me now.
Ain't my style, sweet chestnut. Let's declare you both winners and empty that whirlpool.
Oh, thank
CLUNK
SLOOSH
Aw, that looked fun.
That's why they call it failure, Foxy Brown.


YAAAA
SPLASH
That's it— >koff< I'm done.
We got this far. Whatever the next thing is, we can do it.
Suit up, squares, for the DISCO DANCE CHALLENGE!
thumpa
thumpa
thumpa
thumpa
Sorry. I meant to say "we're boned."
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO US?!

A dance contest? We're drunk, damp, and dehydrated.
Maybe... those are perfect discotheque conditions.
Drunken, exhausted flailing: these are the moves of a dancing queen!
klik
GLOMP
HA HA HA
She danced... poorly.
Maybe add cocaine?


Time's a-wasting, huckleberry.
What the frell do I do?
Chris... trust your training...
Great. Now I'm hallucinating Tip.
No, we're tight-beaming eight-track audio via Moustachio.
Good evening, Dr. Sanders!
This is too many disembodied voices, honky.
I say!
I wish I was just crazy.


No outside assistance! Spring-powered interdiction field on!
Remember Sousa! Remember--
Now it's down to you and me, Captain Beyond.
No. Its not.
Its you, me, and the musical legacy of countless old-timey dead squares!
I do believe I flushed a tad. Carry on, my brother.
I am a leaf on the wind.


One, two, three, four ...
Outta sight. Your turkey strut matches the one-beat of my funk.
Just like Tip taught me.
Thought you didn't dig that cat.
He sucks. But I can't argue with a strategy that works.
I kinda like you, little man. Wanna be nemeses?
"Yes, Marcie, let's move to Palo Alto." How hard would that have been?

A Dream Art Wall

Shannon K. Garrity
2016/10/21

At a gft, I got an hour with the Art Wall.

It was made of materials for artists to work with freely

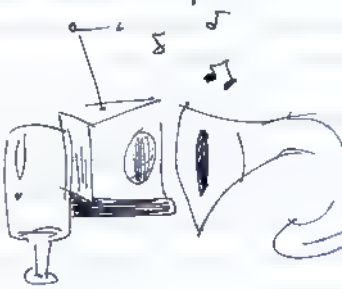
I became focused on controlling the jets of water that could be made to pour down in patterns

Sometimes I started to worry about the time, but I reminded myself to relax & live in the moment

Near the end of my hour, I suddenly realized the wall could be turned around.

There was an entire side I hadn't even seen!

On this side I got interested in sound, hooking funnels & tubes to a pocket radio.

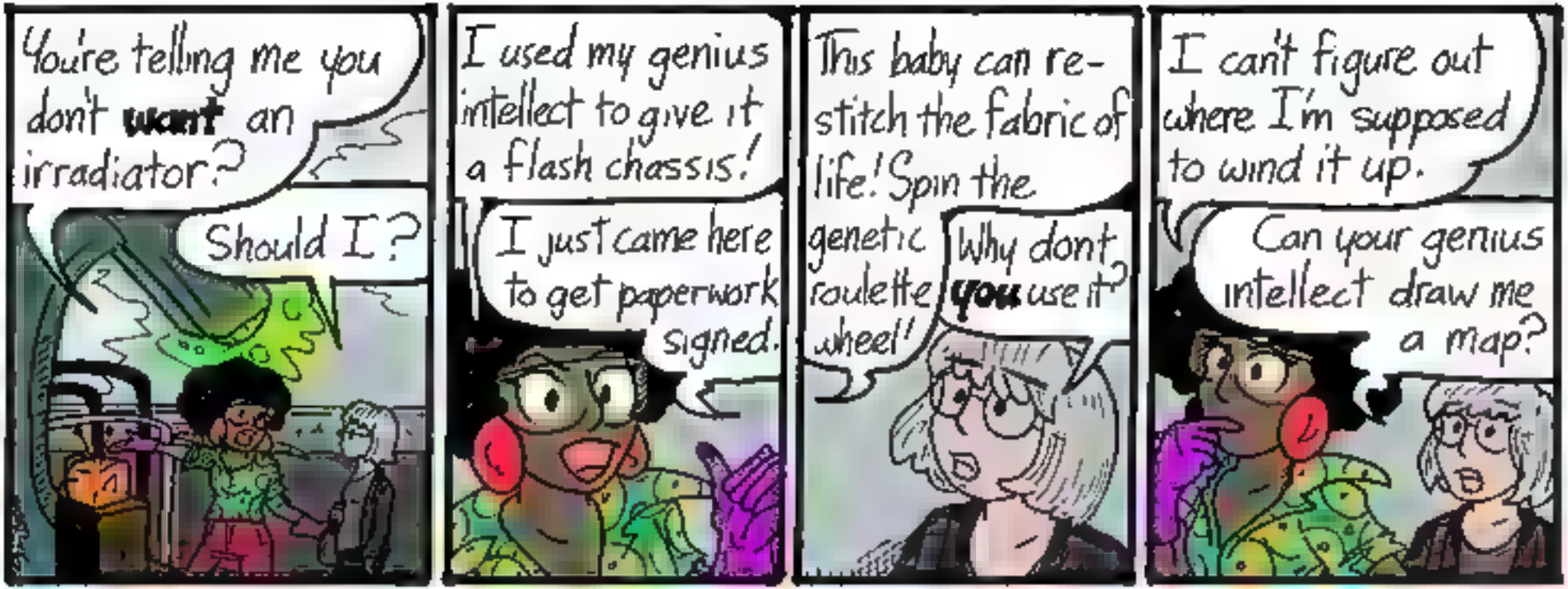


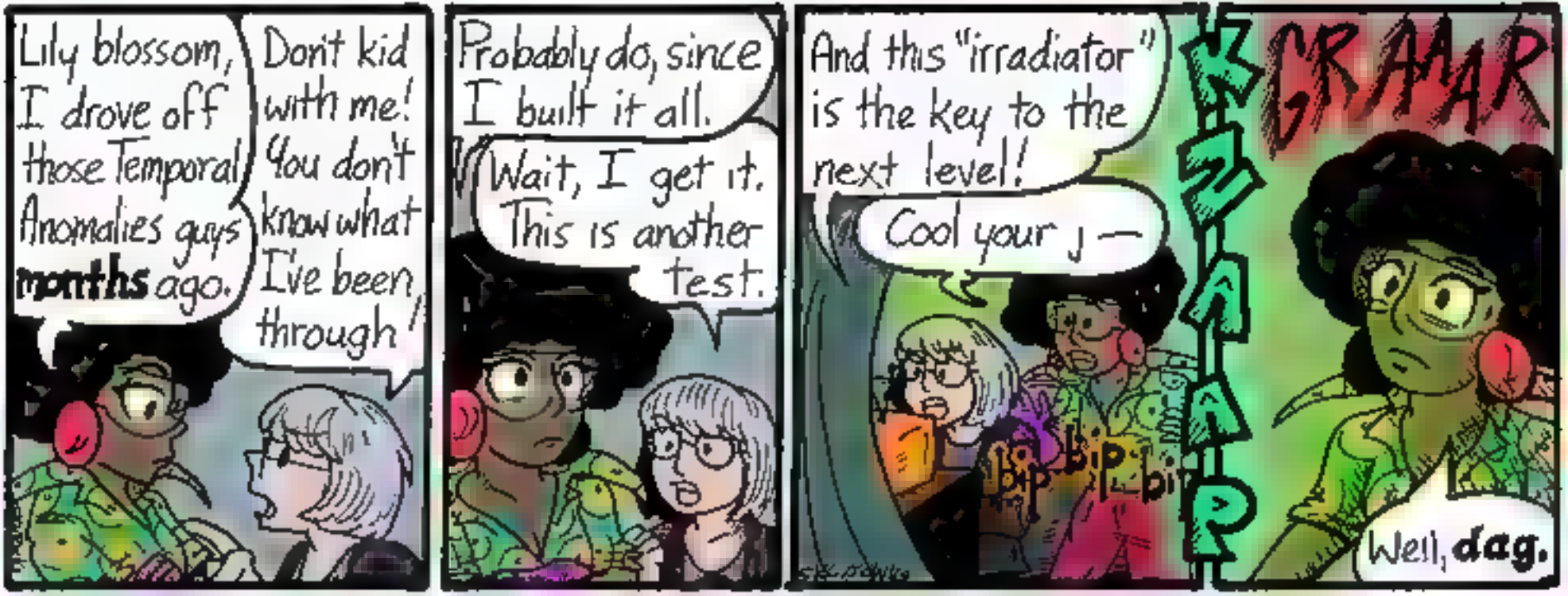
The guy who had the next hour arrived a few minutes early

I tried not to let it spoil my experience

Fresh. Frosty. Out. Of. Sight.
Even that white-cheese danish plays my game: creating a gauntlet only the maddest genius alive can pass!
Um, hi. Is this the top of the building?
YAH!
If so, I made a wrong turn..
Maddest genius, or lady who found the back stairwell.

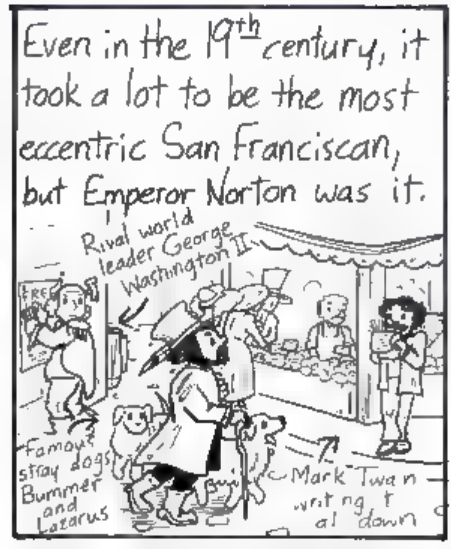
Ain't gonna lie, I wasn't expecting this.
I used all the contents of my purse!
Well, I had this whole victory speech prepped. Can't let it go to waste...
New acolyte of funk! You have risen to glimpse the glory of Lovetron!
Are you the person who signs this or not?
You're sucking the wind outta my flares, silver mama.

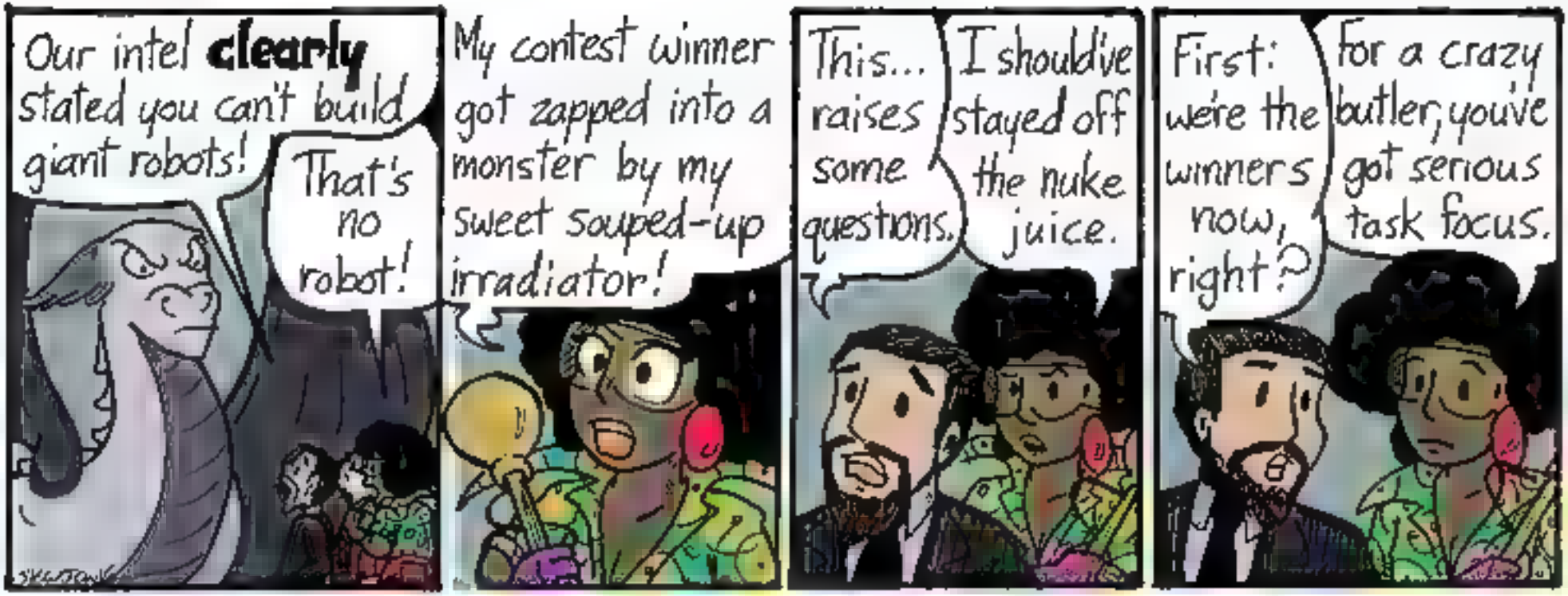

You're telling me you don't **want** an irradiator?
Should I?
I used my genius intellect to give it a flash chassis!
I just came here to get paperwork signed.
This baby can re-stitch the fabric of life! Spin the genetic roulette wheel!
Why don't **you** use it?
I can't figure out where I'm supposed to wind it up.
Can your genius intellect draw me a map?


Lily blossom, I drove off those Temporal Anomalies guys months ago.
Don't kid with me! You don't know what I've been through!
Probably do, since I built it all.
Wait, I get it. This is another test.
And this "irradiator" is the key to the next level!
Cool your j—
bip bip bip bi
KLAAR
GRAAAR
Well, dag.

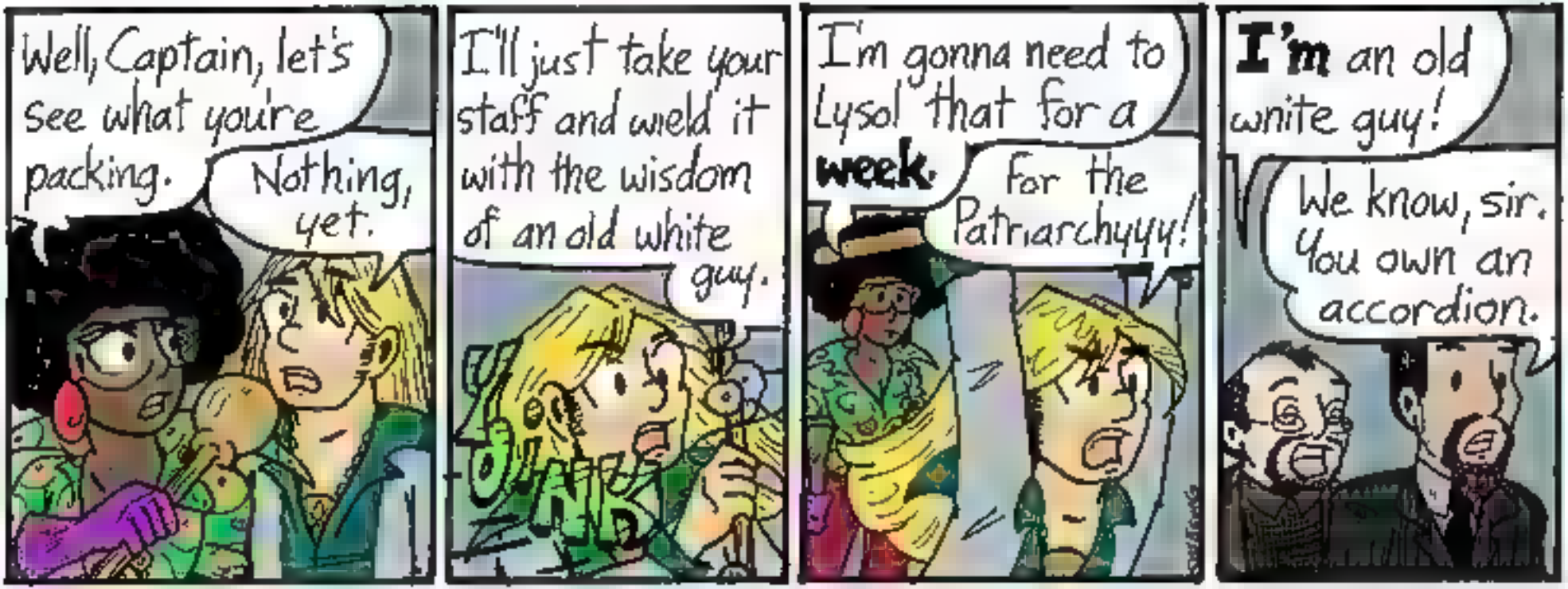
Here's the roof. Have we bested all challenges?
One remains – the hunting of the beast!
Sir! I've humored your hallucinations, but now is not the time!
But–
Pull yourself together, man! There is no beast!
?
I'm about to get eaten by dramatic irony, aren't I?
Why did I leave my reptile gun in the car?

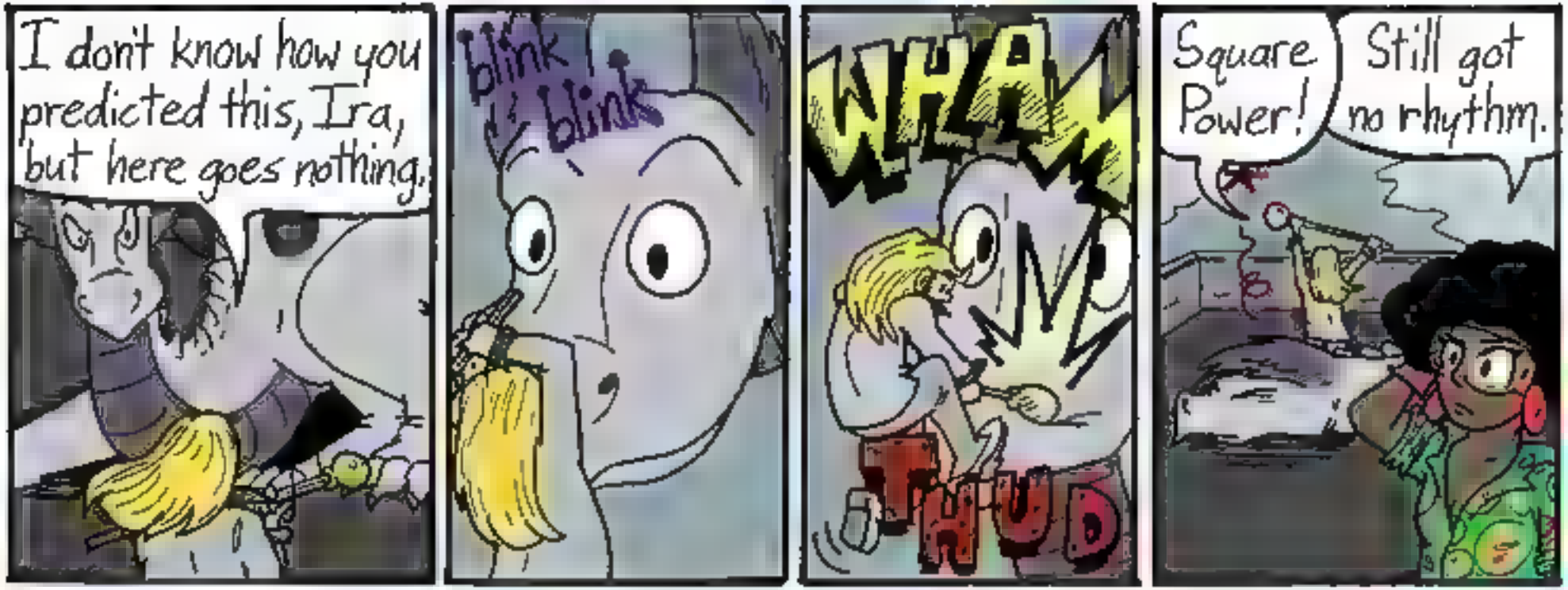
Ah. Hm. Okay. We can... deal with th-
hr?
Shift your skin, turkey chow!
Why'd you just stand there? You cats on drugs?
I enjoy baking pies!
Besides the drugs I gave you?
Raspberry is my favorite!


Even in the 19th century, it took a lot to be the most eccentric San Franciscan, but Emperor Norton was it.
Rival world leader George Washington II
Famous stray dogs Bummer and Lazarus
Mark Twain writing at
When he died in 1880, nearly 30,000 people came out to see his two-mile funeral procession. The Chronicle ran the headline "Le Roi Est Mort."

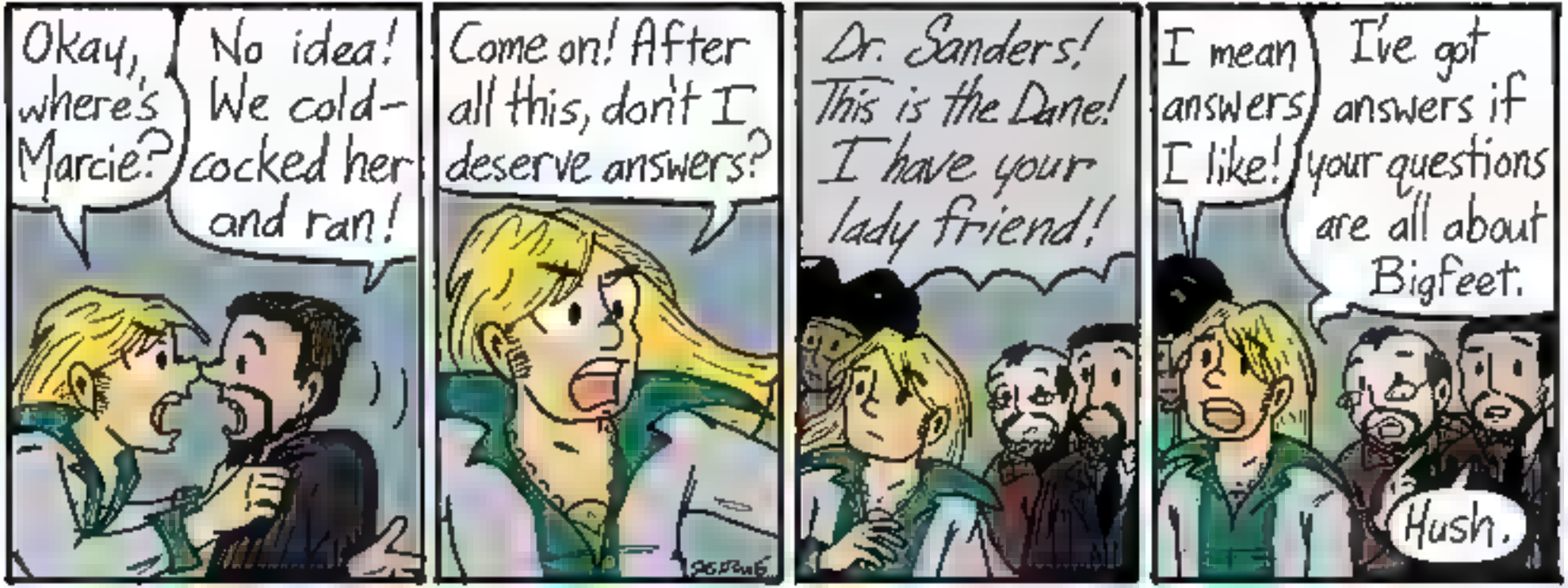

Our intel clearly stated you can't build giant robots!
That's no robot!
My contest winner got zapped into a monster by my sweet souped-up irradiator!
This... raises some questions.
I should've stayed off the nuke juice.
First: we're the winners now, right?
For a crazy butler, you've got serious task focus.

Stairwell sentries! Take that critter down!
Kr;;;
SKREEE
Oh no! This is not how it ends for Tigerlily Jones!
Oh, hey. Clueless white guy here. Need some help?
POP
That is how it ends for Tigerlily Jones.
Cool! A Blue Eyes White Dragon!

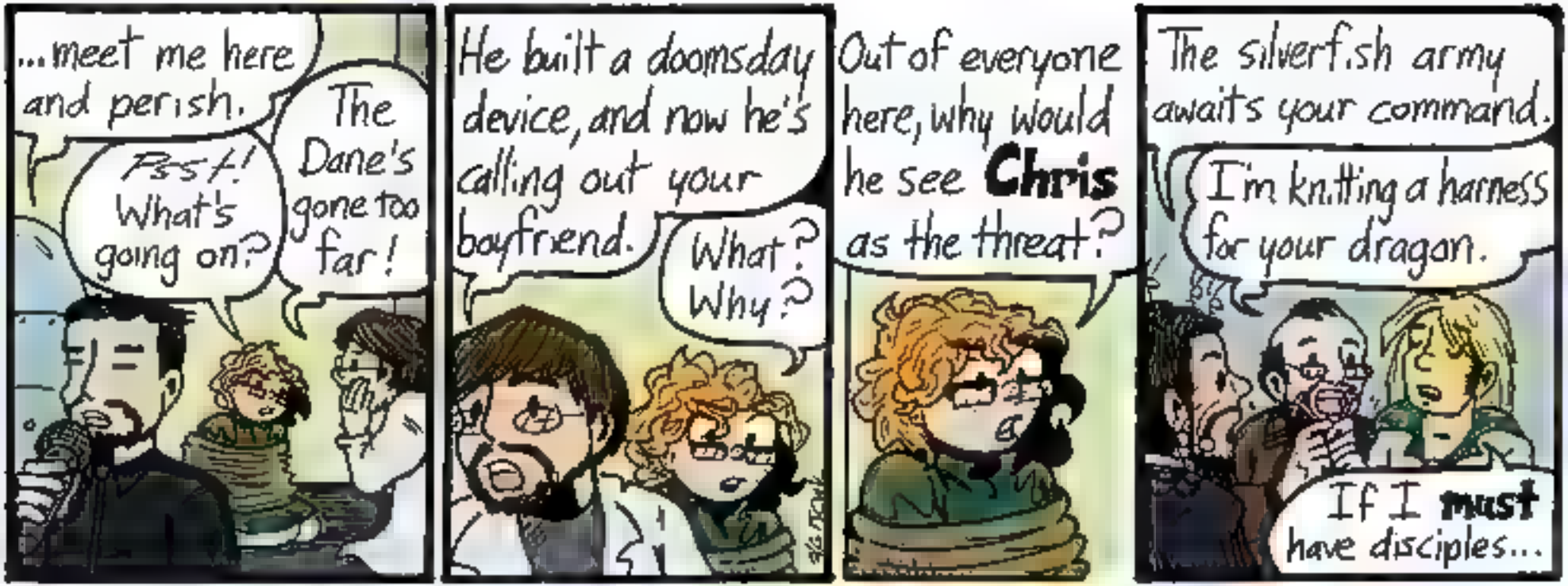

Well, Captain, let's see what you're packing.
Nothing, yet.
I'll just take your staff and wield it with the wisdom of an old white guy.
I'm gonna need to Lysol that for a week.
For the Patriarchyyy!
I'm an old white guy!
We know, sir. You own an accordion.


I don't know how you predicted this, Ira, but here goes nothing.
blink blink
WHAM
THUD
Square Power!
Still got no rhythm.

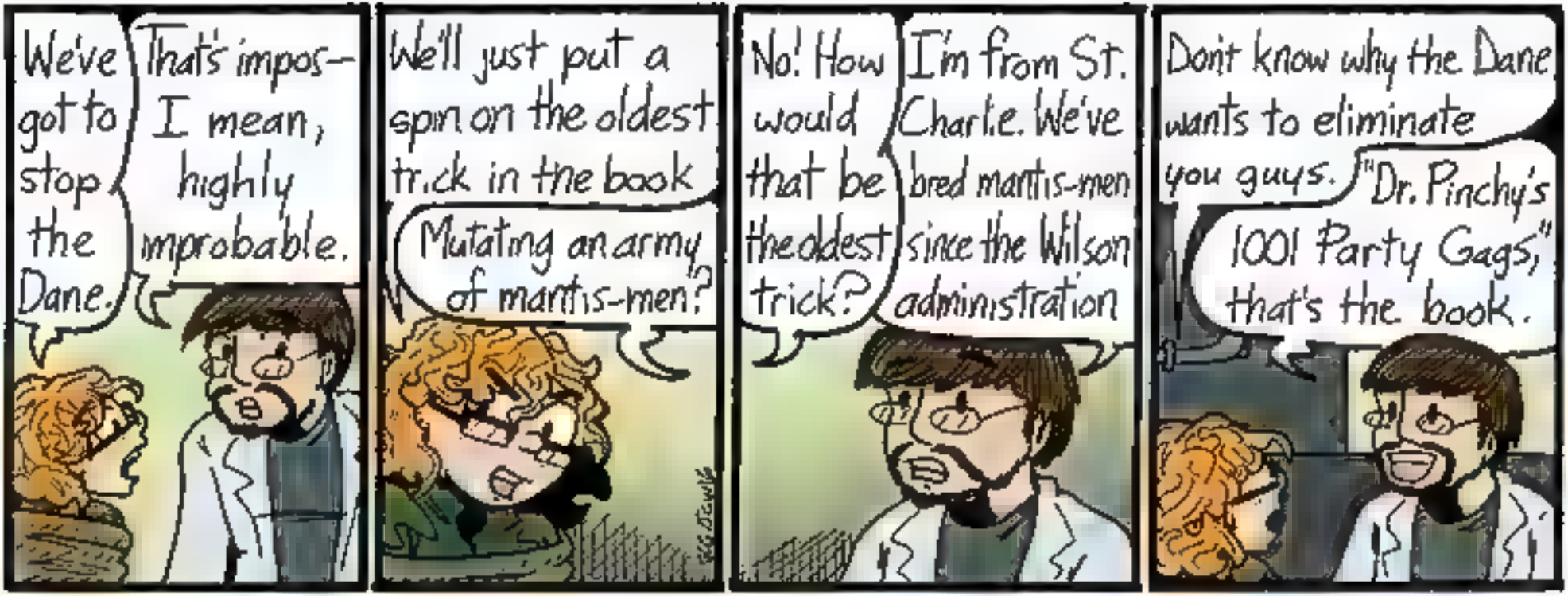
She's fine We can try talking when she wakes up.
I'm off my game. Why didn't I think of that?
You've been up here too long, lording over the little people.
You, Dr. Jones, have become The Man!
Now I gotta Lysol myself.
It's Sweet Sweetback's Badasss Personal Insight.

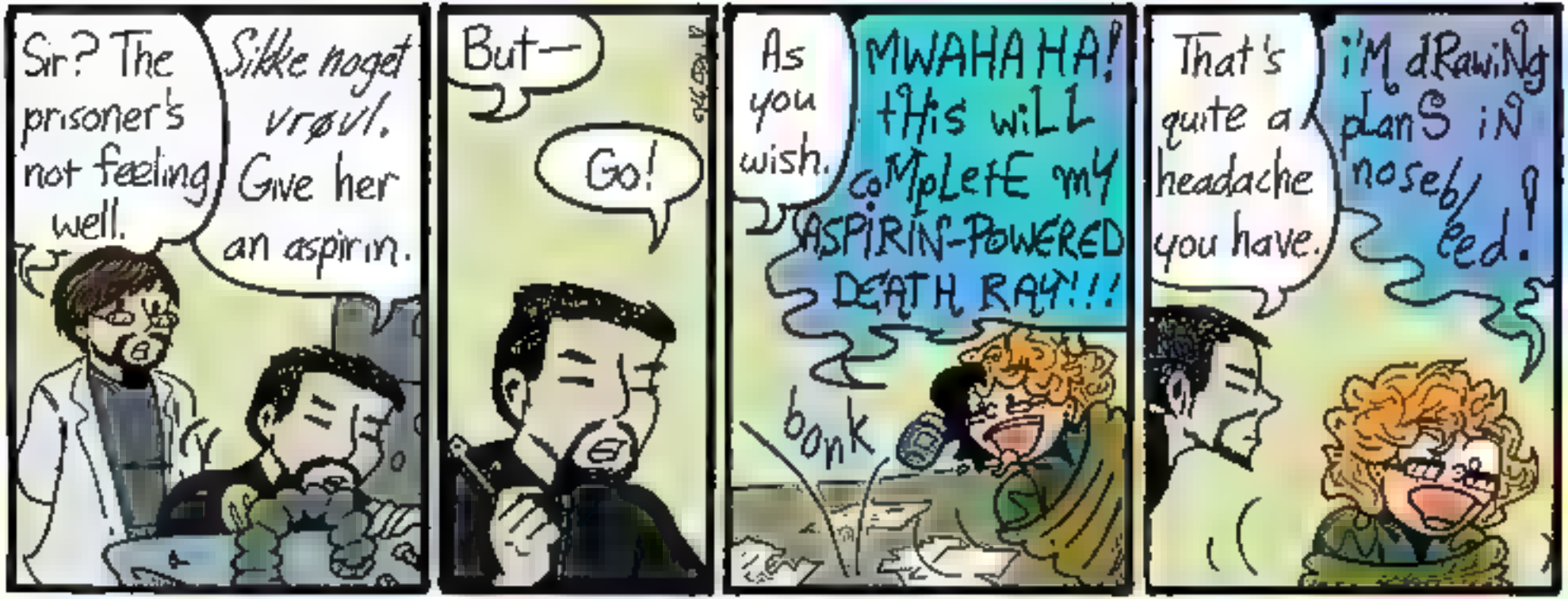

Okay, where's Marcie?
No idea! We cold-cocked her and ran!
Come on! After all this, don't I deserve answers?
Dr. Sanders! This is the Dane! I have your lady friend!
I mean answers I like!
I've got answers if your questions are all about Bigfeet.
Hush.

At the Adventurers Club historial artists and writers mingle for the Pre-Raphelite Salon.
Evelyn DeMorgan
Edgar Allen Poe
Christina Rossetti
For this sitting, Effie Ruskin will model as the Virgin.
Hilarious art history joke! — Google it
HA
HA
HA

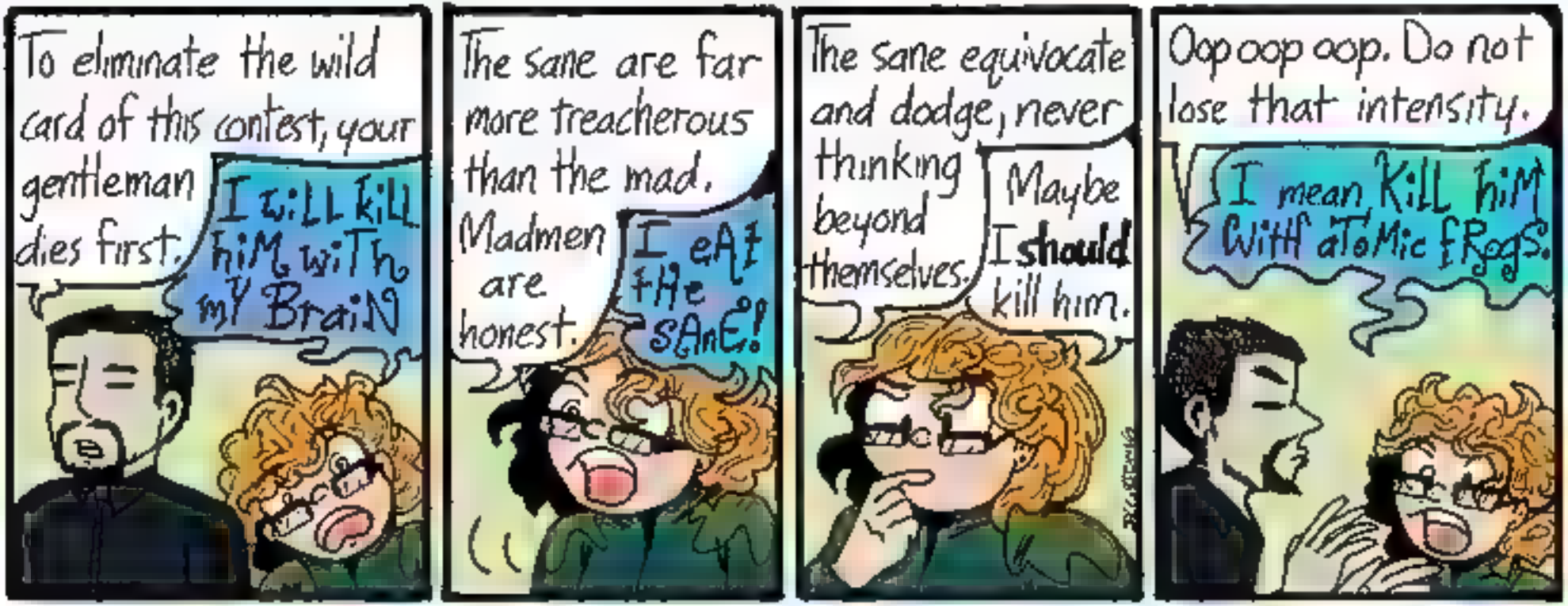

...meet me here and perish.
Psst! What's going on?
The Dane's gone too far!
He built a doomsday device, and now he's calling out your boyfriend.
What? Why?
Out of everyone here, why would he see Chris as the threat?
The silverfish army awaits your command.
I'm knitting a harness for your dragon.
If I must have disciples...

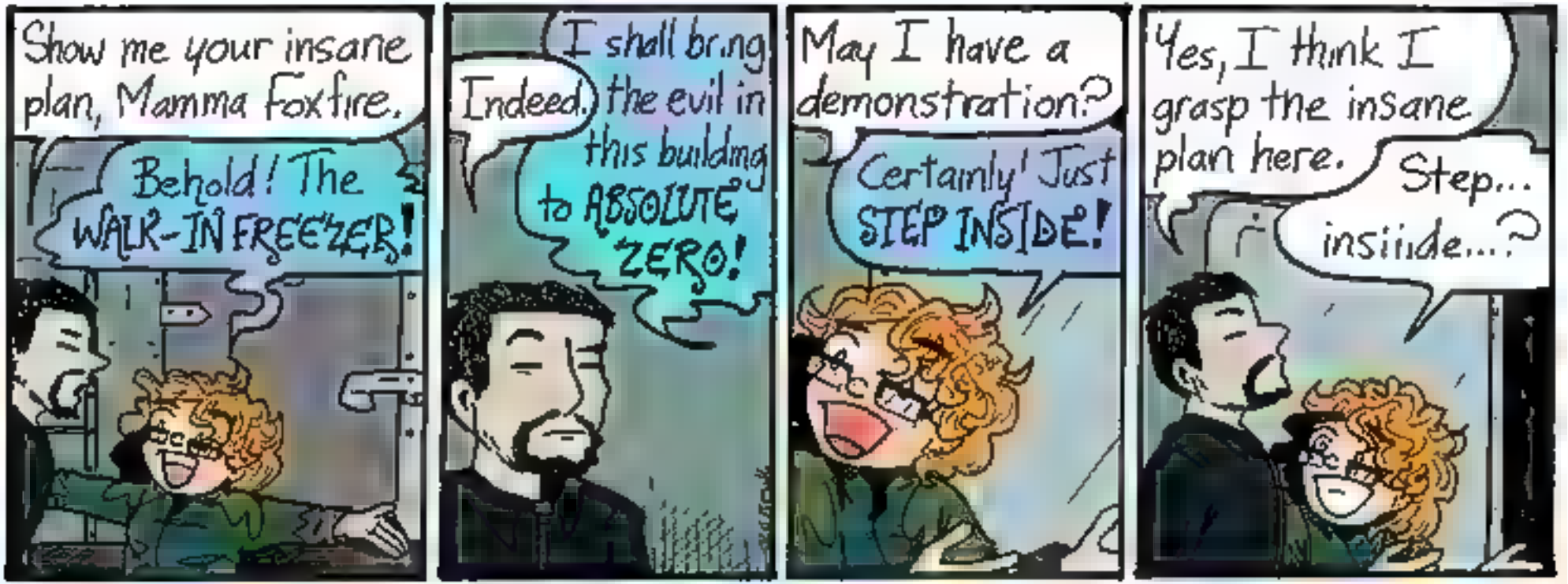
What's the Dane's deal, anyway?
He wants to wipe out mad geniuses.
So he's, what, like really sane?
Um...
I get the super-charged oven and the blender array, but why the dominoes?
"On" switch.
You can rig a pizza oven to vaporize skin, but you can't build a button?
Dr. Walske, you lack joy.

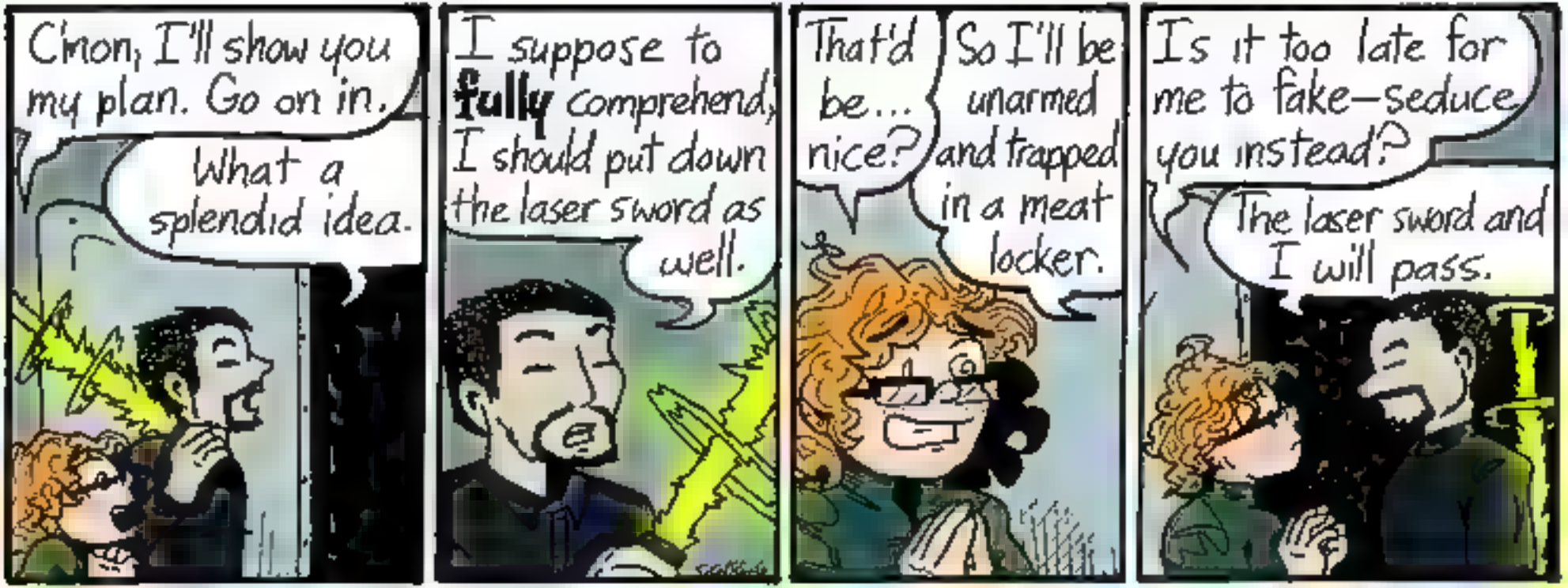

We've got to stop the Dane.
That's impos– I mean, highly improbable.
We'll just put a spin on the oldest trick in the book
Mutating an army of martis-men?
No! How would that be the oldest trick?
I'm from St. Charlie. We've bred martis-men since the Wilson administration
Don't know why the Dane wants to eliminate you guys.
"Dr. Pinchy's 1001 Party Gags," that's the book.


Sir? The prisoner's not feeling well.
Sikke noget vrøvl. Give her an aspirin.
But—
Go!
As you wish.
MWAHAHA! tHis wiLL coMpLeTE mY ASPIRIN-POWERED DEATH RAY!!!
bonk
That's quite a headache you have.
i'M dRawiNg planS iN noseb/eed!

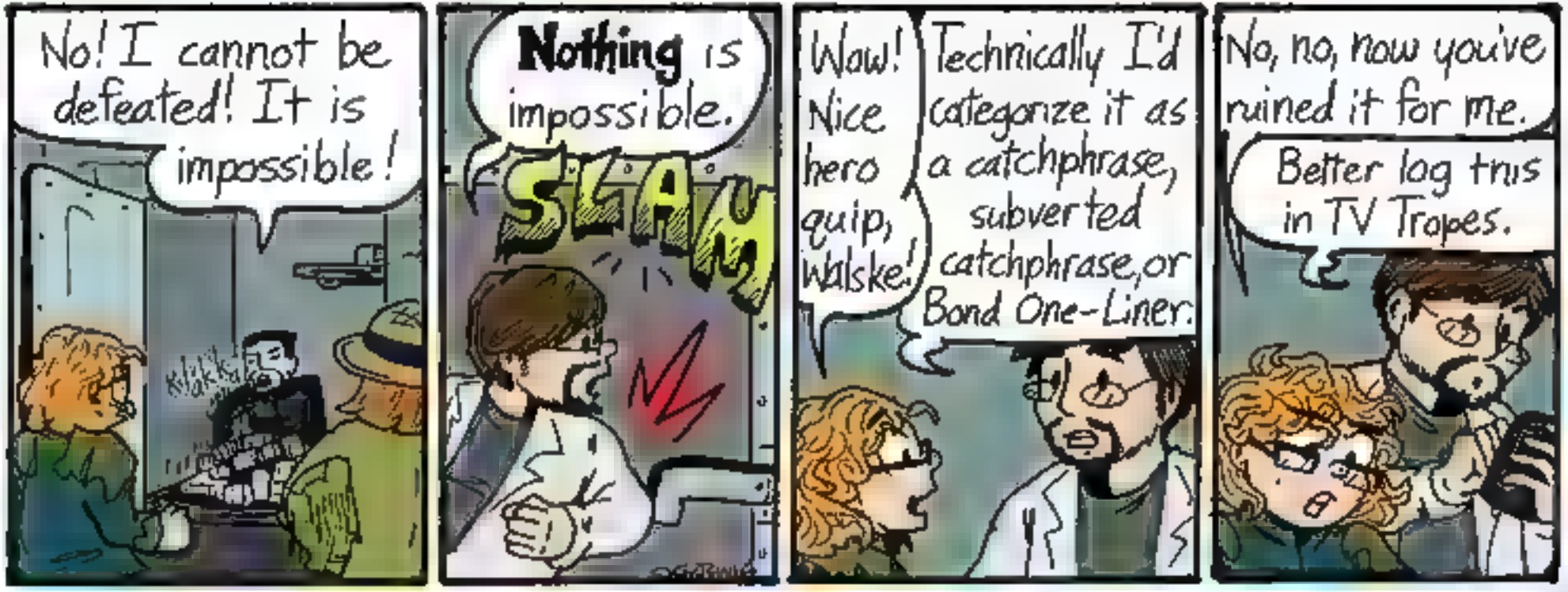
Well, Dr. Riley. The stress of the trials seems to have driven you Mad.
grar grar grar
A fool I would be not to exploit the power of a fresh breakthrough.
grar grar
What say you? Will you aid me?
MaTteR iS eNergY! EnErgY iS mAtTer! eXploSioNs aRe asCensiON!
I appreciate the enthusiasm, but I still need a "yes" or "no."
could it ns de you

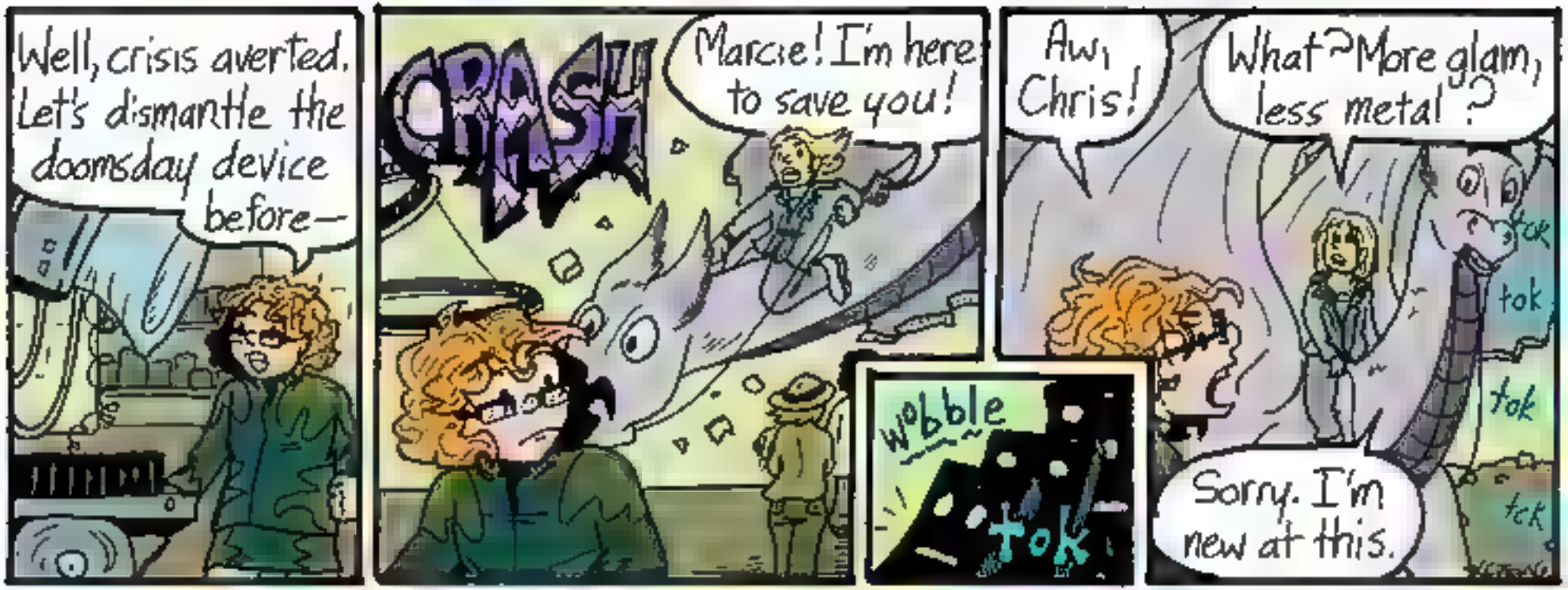

To eliminate the wild card of this contest, your gentleman dies first.
I will kill him with my brain
The sane are far more treacherous than the mad. Madmen are honest.
I eat the sane!
The sane equivocate and dodge, never thinking beyond themselves.
Maybe I should kill him.
Oop oop oop. Do not lose that intensity.
I mean kill him with atomic frogs.

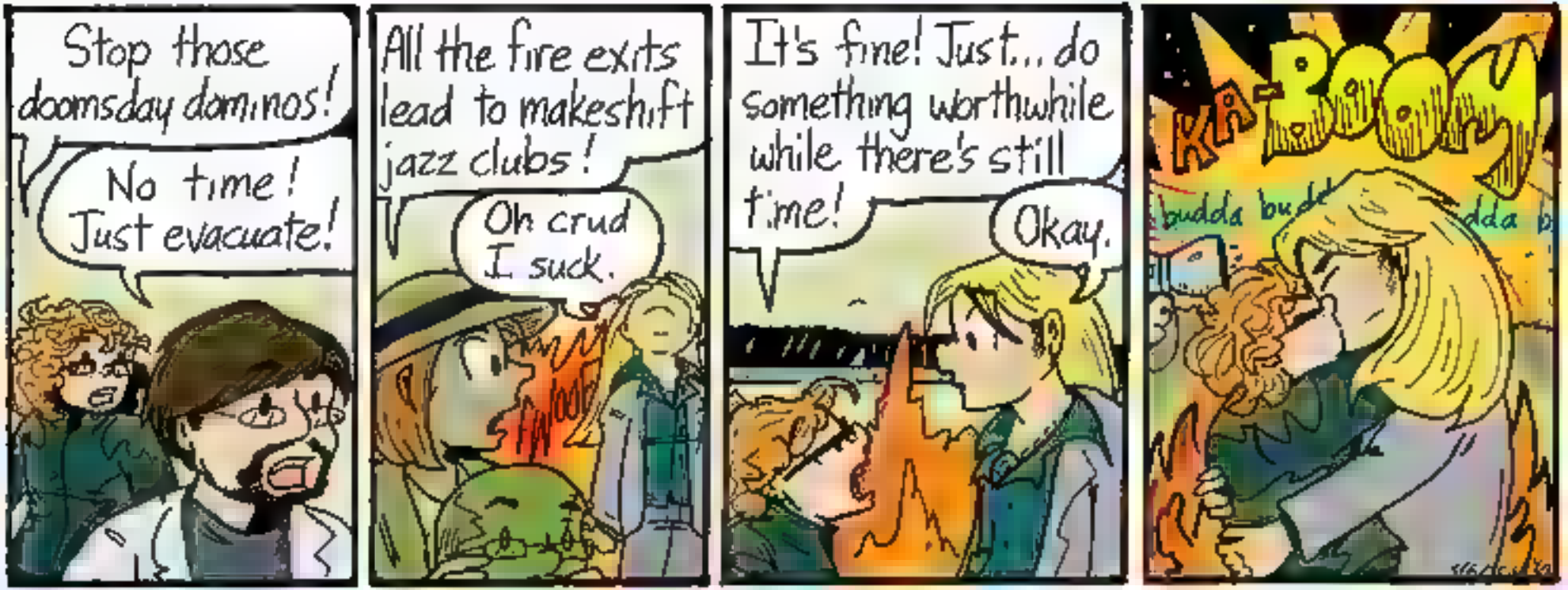

Show me your insane plan, Mamma Foxfire.
Behold! The WALK-IN FREEZER!
Indeed. I shall bring the evil in this building to ABSOLUTE ZERO!
May I have a demonstration?
Certainly! Just STEP INSIDE!
Yes, I think I grasp the insane plan here.
Step... insiiide...?

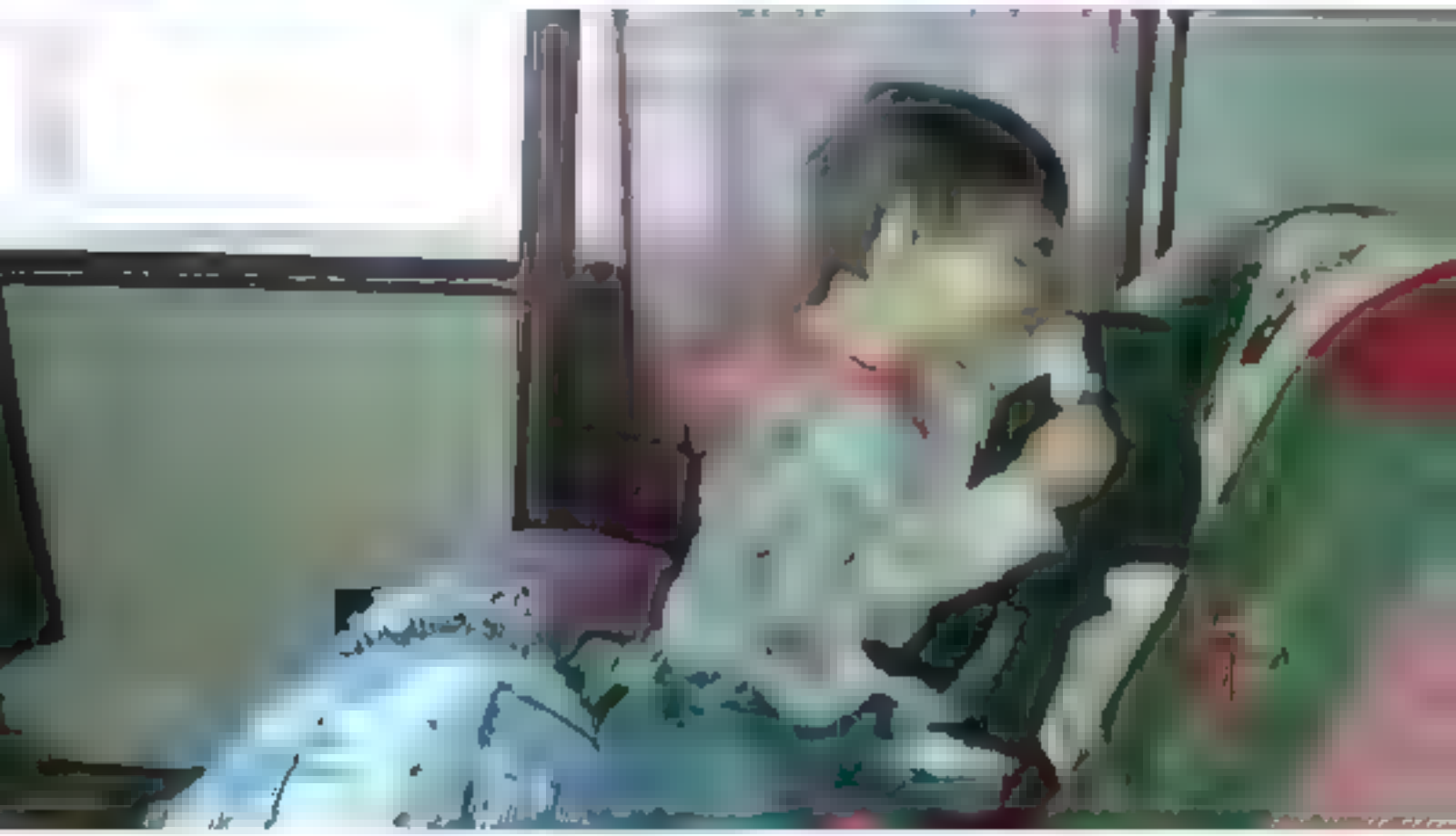

C'mon, I'll show you my plan. Go on in.
What a splendid idea.
I suppose to fully comprehend, I should put down the laser sword as well.
That'd be... nice?
So I'll be unarmed and trapped in a meat locker.
Is it too late for me to fake-seduce you instead?
The laser sword and I will pass.

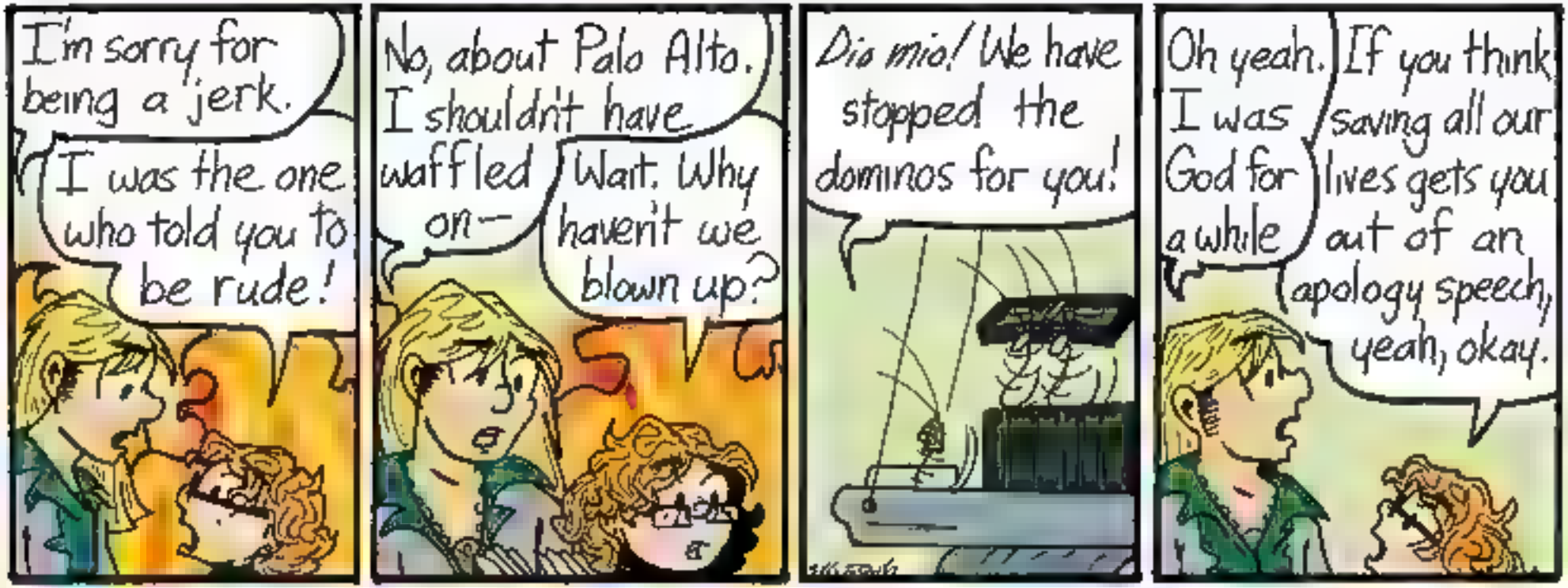
Sorry, but you will have to do better than that.
Okay, Guys, now!
OOM
Zombie fastball special!
Oof!
THWAK
Ha!
SLAM
CRASH
Oh, that oldest trick in the book.

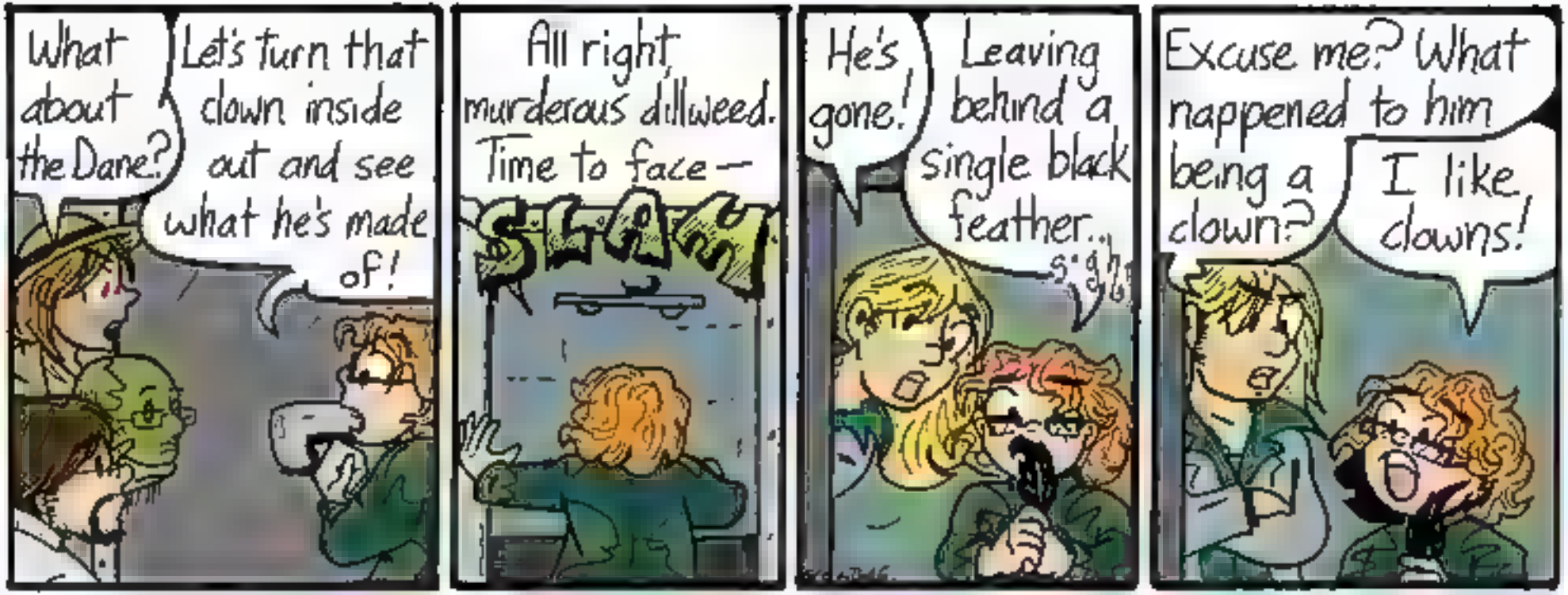

No! I cannot be defeated! It is impossible!
Klak Klak
Nothing is impossible.
SLAM
Wow! Nice hero quip, Walske!
Technically I'd categorize it as a catchphrase, subverted catchphrase, or Bond One-Liner.
No, no, now you've ruined it for me.
Better log this in TV Tropes.


Well, crisis averted. Let's dismantle the doomsday device before—
CRASH!!
Marcie! I'm here to save you!
wobble
tok
Aw, Chris!
What? More glam, less metal?
tok
tok
tok
tck
Sorry. I'm new at this.


Stop those doomsday dominos!
No time! Just evacuate!
All the fire exits lead to makeshift jazz clubs!
Oh crud I suck.
FWOOF
It's fine! Just... do something worthwhile while there's still time!
Okay.
KA-BOOM
budda budda

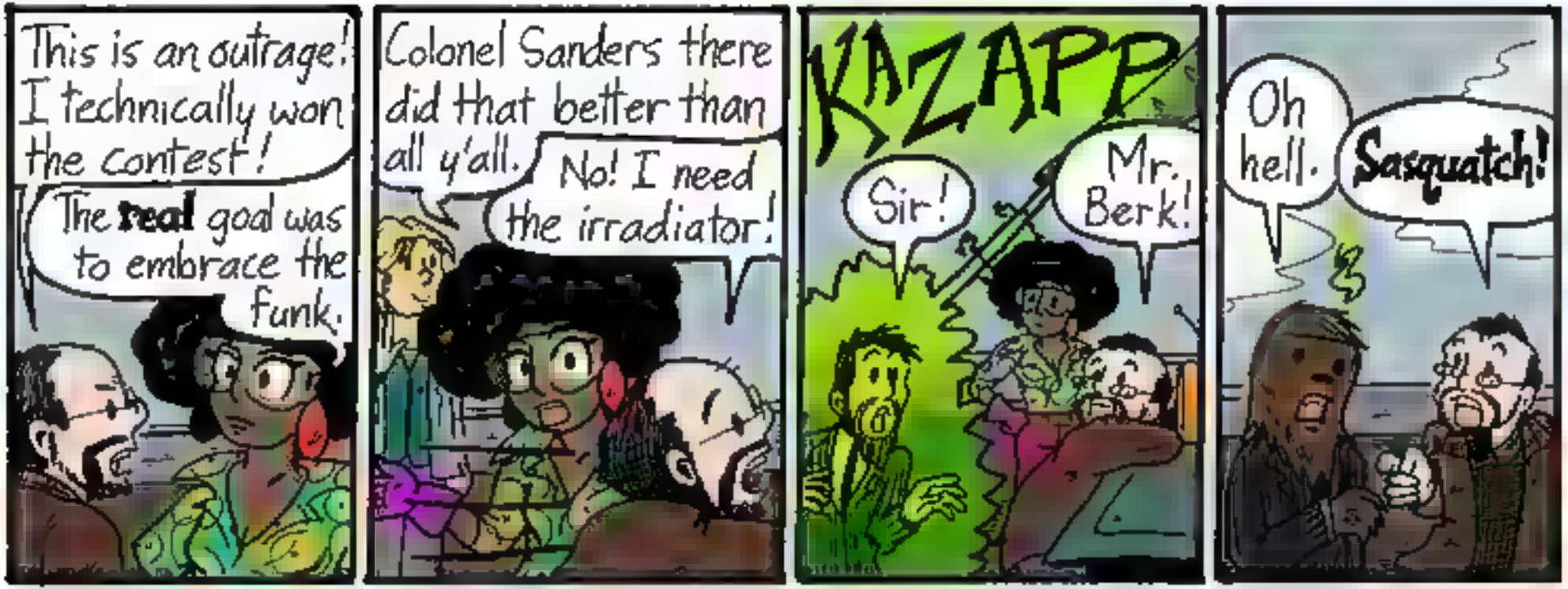



I'm sorry for being a jerk.
I was the one who told you to be rude!
No, about Palo Alto. I shouldn't have waffled on—
Wait. Why haven't we blown up?
Dio mio! We have stopped the dominos for you!
Oh yeah. I was God for a while
If you think saving all our lives gets you out of an apology speech, yeah, okay.


What about the Dane?
Let's turn that clown inside out and see what he's made of!
All right, murderous dillweed. Time to face—
SLASH!
He's gone!
Leaving behind a single black feather...
sigh
Excuse me? What happened to him being a clown?
I like clowns!

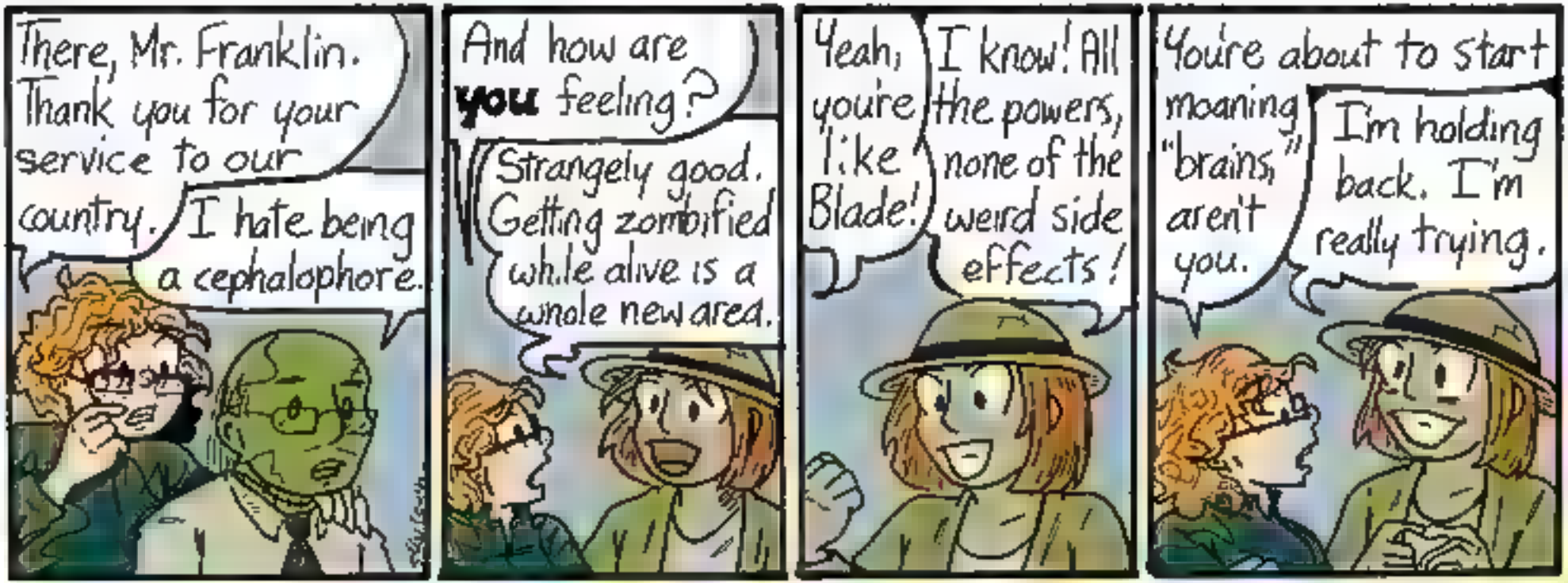
So, um, who won the contest?
I already forfeited. I'm heading out to my car.
The innocent bystander beat us all? Impos—
Ha!
Let this be a lesson to we mad geniuses: an ordinary person outsmarted us a—
CRASH
BLEEE
It's also reassuring that they can be as dopey as us.
Can someone call me a cab?

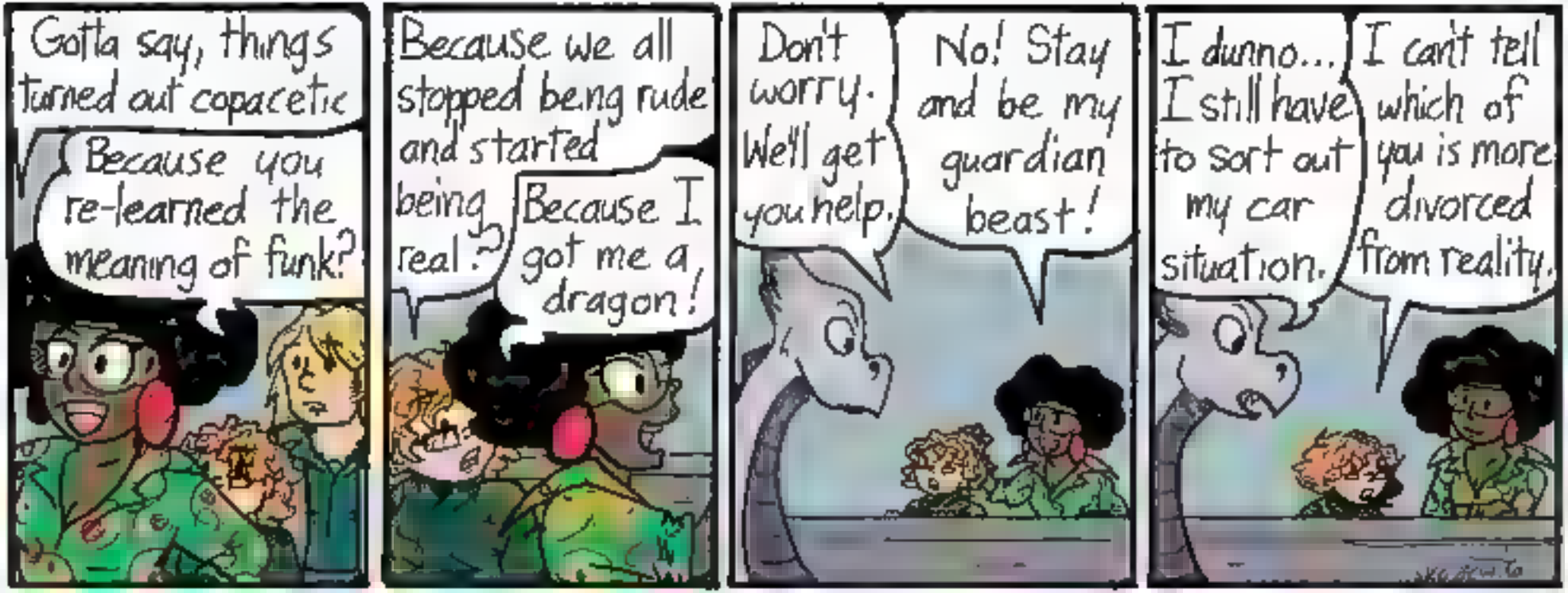
Before we continue, I want to say I'm sorry for disrespecting you all.
I squished a silverfish, stranded Phillips in the basement, and was generally rude.
I got better!
After all that, I don't deserve the irradiator.
You know you won, right?
Yeah, but I thought some humility might push it over the line.
I shoved a guy in some darts.

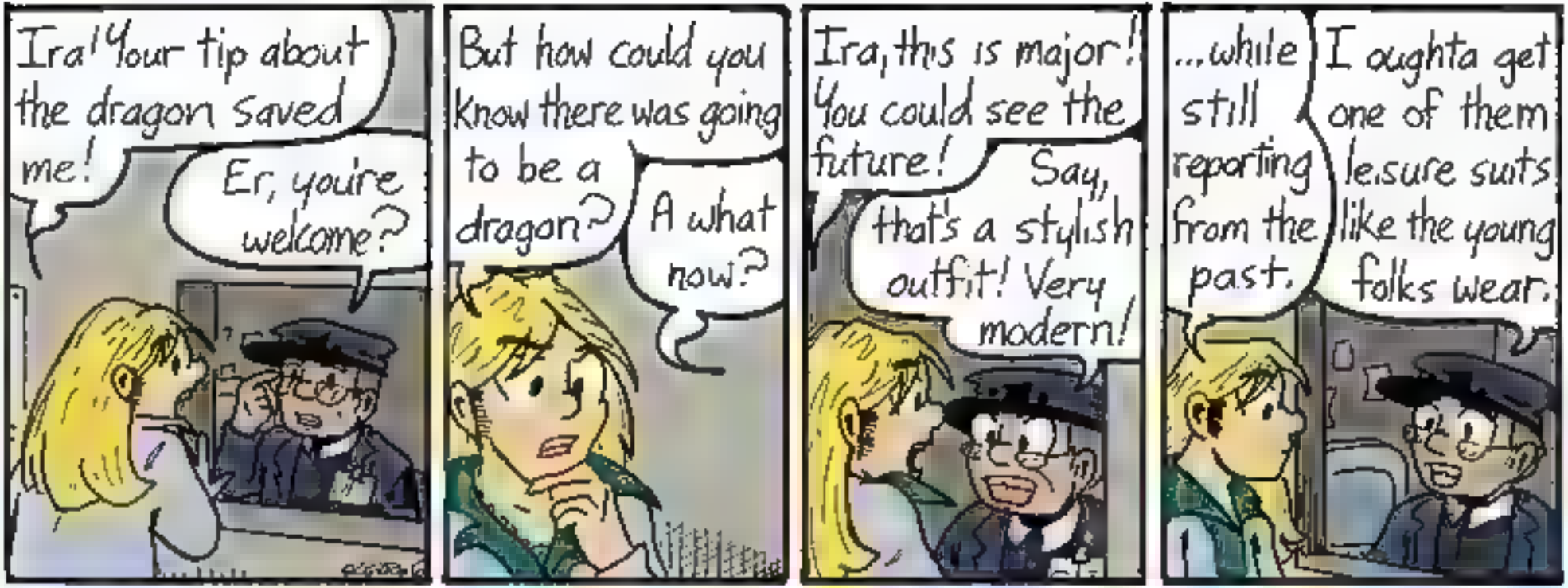

This is an outrage! I technically won the contest!
The **real** god was to embrace the funk.
Colonel Sanders there did that better than all y'all.
No! I need the irradiator!
KAZAPP
Sir!
Mr. Berk!
Oh hell.
Sasquatch!

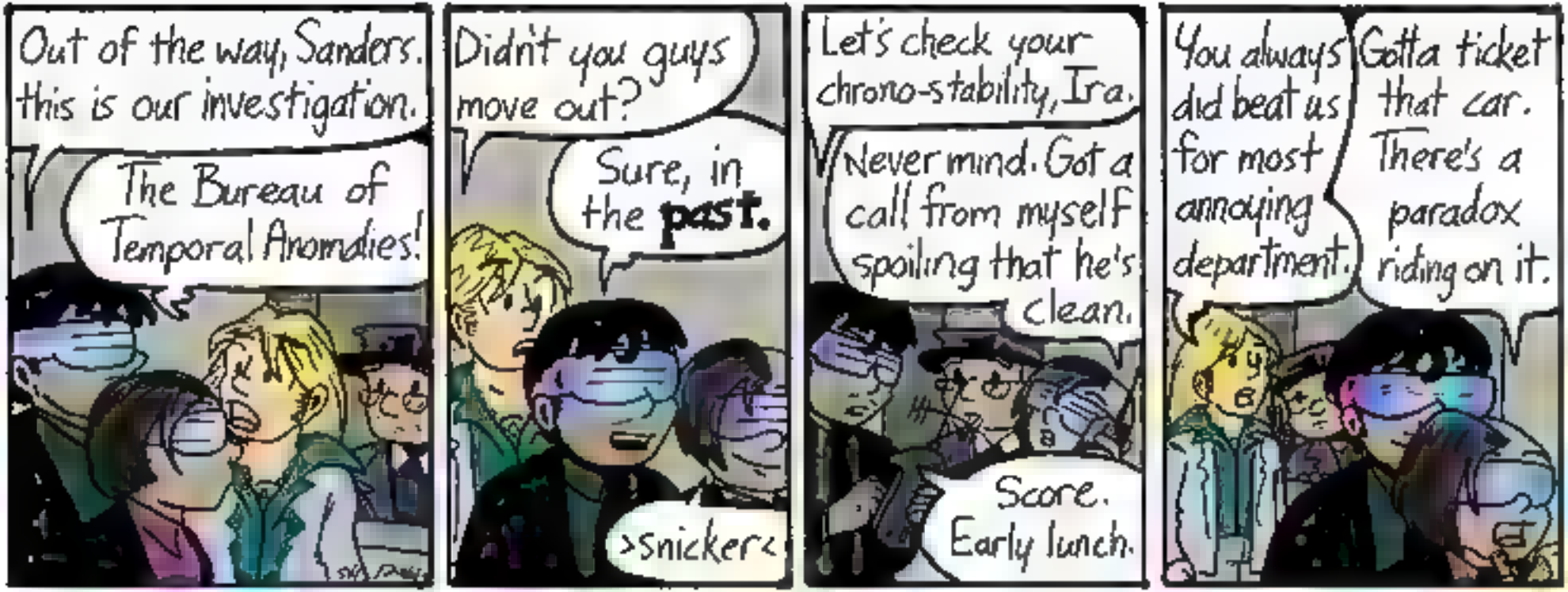
Mr. Berk! You've become a Sasquatch!
I was always a Sasquatch. The gamma rays revealed my true form.
I've been undercover, distracting you with goofy quests to protect my hidden people.
Seek us no more, Doctor!
Nooo! My reputation!
POOF
For real—are we all on drugs now?
Girl's gotta have her secrets.

TINY PRINCESS!
CLEAN PRINCESS!
ANTLER PRINCESS
ORIGAMI PRINCESS
MOLE PRINCESS!
ENGINEER PRINCESS!
ENGINEER PRINCESS
CEILING PRINCESS!
SCREAMING PRINCESS!
PANDA PRINCESS!
Look at them
All the princesses
Even the princesses
Of cloth and cans and things
They are lovely except
the ones that kind of aren't
But please enjoy them all!!!
And there will be a drum solo
here when I get my drum
Kit set up
It's at the looooottom
Of the stage

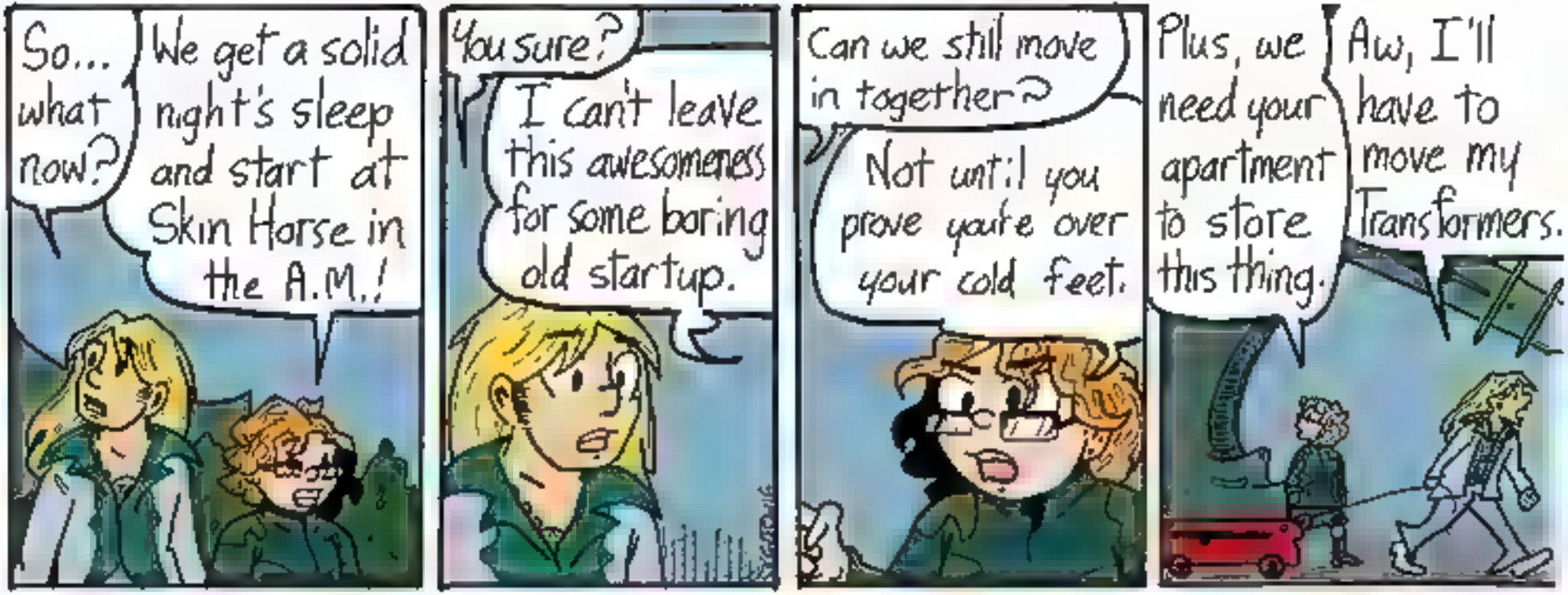

There, Mr. Franklin. Thank you for your service to our country.
I hate being a cephalophore.
And how are **you** feeling?
Strangely good. Getting zombified while alive is a whole new area.
Yeah, you're like Blade!
I know! All the powers, none of the weird side effects!
You're about to start moaning "brains," aren't you.
I'm holding back. I'm really trying.


Gotta say, things turned out copacetic
Because you re-learned the meaning of funk?
Because we all stopped being rude and started being real?
Because I got me a dragon!
Don't worry. We'll get you help.
No! Stay and be my guardian beast!
I dunno... I still have to sort out my car situation.
I can't tell which of you is more divorced from reality.


Ira! Your tip about the dragon saved me!
Er, you're welcome?
But how could you know there was going to be a dragon?
A what now?
Ira, this is major! You could see the future!
Say, that's a stylish outfit! Very modern!
...while still reporting from the past.
I oughta get one of them leisure suits like the young folks wear.

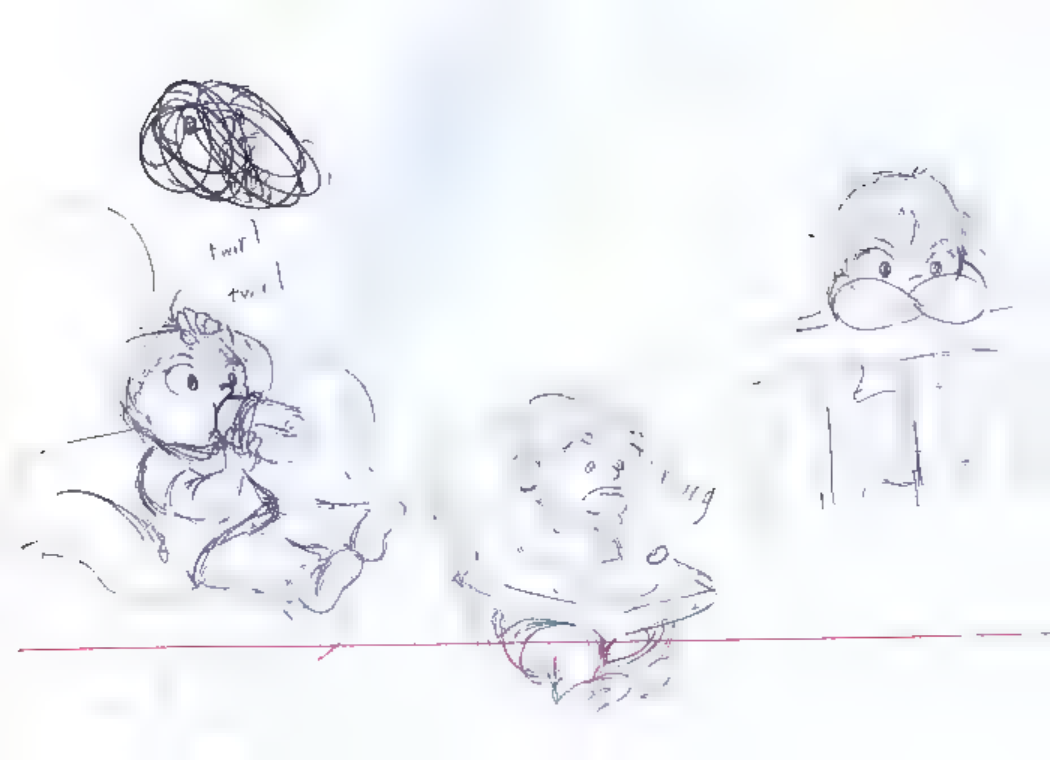

Out of the way, Sanders. this is our investigation.
The Bureau of Temporal Anomalies!
Didn't you guys move out?
Sure, in the past.
>snicker<
Let's check your chrono-stability, Ira.
Never mind. Got a call from myself spoiling that he's clean.
Score. Early lunch.
You always did beat us for most annoying department.
Gotta ticket that car. There's a paradox riding on it.

Well, we didn't get the irradiator
I see. How disappointing and enraging.
Nobody warned me there'd be a dance-off!
Relax. I won't eat you yet.
While you've been away, our enemies have stepped up their timetable. We need to act.
..."yet"?
Everyone is somewhere on his "to eat" list.


So... what now?
We get a solid night's sleep and start at Skin Horse in the A.M.!
You sure?
I can't leave this awesomeness for some boring old startup.
Can we still move in together?
Not until you prove you're over your cold feet.
Plus, we need your apartment to store this thing.
Aw, I'll have to move my Transformers.

LOADING
LOADING
SKIN HORSE
skin-horse.com

Sun Horse is BACK on line at www.sun-horse.com

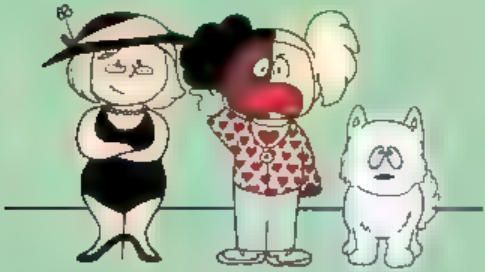

twirl
twirl

I'm Science!

SKIN-HORSE.COM

The U.S. government wants joy and magic

by Shaenon K. Garrity
and Jeffrey C. Wells



With a foreword by Shaenon's mom

A Skin Horse collection

HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE ISN'T FAIR?

DYING BEFORE YOU'RE *FOURTEEN.*

THE
PARTY THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW ABOUT
IN
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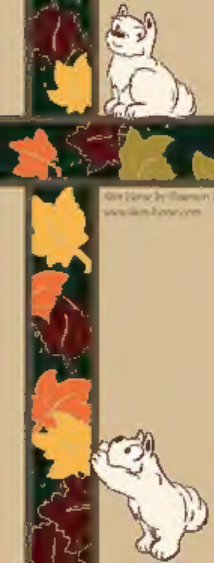

WHY IS THIS HAPPENING

BE
MINE